25 CENTS

AUGUST

# The RING

PETE
SANSTOL
eading Contender
or Bantam Crown

IN THIS ISSUE

THE RING'S MOST
VALUABLE BOXER
AWARD

# The Ring Book Shop

**11 West 42nd Street, New York City**

## Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

*Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical. Books on the above sports for sale.*

### BIOGRAPHY

**Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana**—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00

**Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle**—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents

**"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons.** By Bob Davis. Price...$1.00

**William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport.** By Ed Van Every. Price....$3.00

**John L. Sullivan.** By R. L. Dibble. Price.....$3.00

**The Life of Battling Nelson**—Written by himself. Price.....$1.00

**In And Out The Ring** (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

### MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

**Knockouts I Have Seen.** By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents

**Everlast Record Book.** Price 45 cents, by mail.

**Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book.** Price.....$1.00

**Bound Volumes of the Ring**—1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927—Price each. ..$10.00 1928-1929—Price $9.00. 1930—Price $8.00

**Andrew's 1931 Record Book**.....45 cents, by mail.

### BOOKS ON WRESTLING

**Complete Science of Wrestling.** By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50

**Scientific Wrestling.** By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents

**Wrestling.** By Frank Gotch. Price.50 cents

**The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu.** By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

**Text Book of Wrestling.** By Ernest Gruhn. Price..... 85 cents

### BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

**Muscle Building.** By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

**Secrets of Strength.** By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

**Endurance.** By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

### BOXING BOOKS

**Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey.** By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

**How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett.** By Nat Fleischer. Price.$1.00

**How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady.** By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

**Favorite Ring Tricks.** By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

**Ring Strategy and Tactics.** By Freddy Welsh. Price.....85 cents

**Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film.** By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

**Blocking and Hitting.** By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents

**Scientific Boxing.** By James J. Corbett. Price.....50 cents

**The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It.** By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

**Scientific Boxing.** By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00

**Modern Boxing.** A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents

**Hitting and Stopping.** By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents

**The Art of In-Fighting.** By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents

**Text Book of Boxing.** By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25

**Out-Fighting.** By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

**Ringcraft.** By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

**Scientific Bag Punching.** By Harry Seeback. Price.....50 cents

### HISTORY

**Ten and Out.** By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. **No books sent C. O. D.**

---

# *The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published*

**This is the endorsement of famous boxing critics like Jack Dempsey, James J. Corbett, Benny Leonard, Tom McArdle, Madison Square Garden matchmaker; Jess McMahon, Ted Broadribb, famous English manager; Jimmy Braddock, Izzy Grove, Tony Canzoneri, Johnny Dundee and Cannonball Eddie Martin**

***There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by* THE RING *and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.***

## "HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

## "HOW TO BOX"

**(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)**

**(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.**

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00.

**Here is what Benny Leonard, the Greatest Lightweight of Modern Fistiana, wrote to the author about this book:** "Congratulations. You've hit the mark. 'How to Box' is the greatest book of its kind ever published. Every boxer should have a copy for reference. I'm sending ten copies to my summer camp for boys. Best of luck."

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

**The Ring Book Shop, No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired. **No books sent C. O. D.**

Name.....

Street Number.....

City.....

State.....

## "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

**With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey**

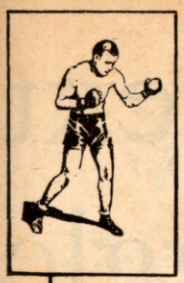
No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

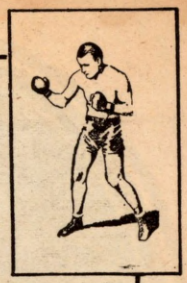
It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters, employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training, or $3.00 for the three books.



# The RING



*World's Foremost Boxing Magazine*

*(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)* *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1931—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. X AUGUST, 1931 No. 7

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

## CONTENTS

WHAT NEXT IN STRUGGLE OF HEAVIES?.....Nat Fleischer 2
LOUGHRAN WINS THE RING AWARD.....Daniel M. Daniel 4
WATCH THOSE FEET!.....Edward Merrill 6
FISTIC CARTOONETTES (A Cartoon).....“Lank” Leonard 7
PETE SANSTOL “THE BLOND DYNAMO” ....E. W. Ferguson 8
POISON TONGUE (A Boxing Novelette).....Daniel M. Daniel 10
NEW ENGLAND'S WELTER KING.....Frederick R. Glassman 12
HISTORIC 106-ROUND DRAW.....Leopold De Sola 13
ARE FIGHTERS THE MARRYING KIND?.....Wilbur Wood 14
PACIFIC COAST FISTIC STARS..... 16
REVIVAL OF BOXING INTEREST..... 17
GREAT BRITAIN'S PUGILISTIC HOPES..... 18
WHEN WASHINGTON THREW ALL COMERS..James Hay Jr. 19
IT'S THE THRILL THAT COUNTS..... 20
MAN OF MANY HOLDS.....Jack Curley 21
MASTODONS OF MAUL (Part 2).....John L. (Ike) Dorgan 22
THOSE CAMPUS WOWS.....Larry Trottier 24
THOSE NO-DECISION BOUTS SAVED TITLES
Charles F. Mathison 26
SOME OF THE MIDDLE WEST'S HEADLINERS..... 28
FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS.....A. D. Phillips 29
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)..... 30
WRESTLING, THE SPORT OF KING AND PEASANT
Charles Webster 32
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER (Part 16).....Jack Curley
As told to Frank Graham 34
CRADLES OF BOXING (Part 4).....Doc Almy 36
TRICKS OF THE TRADE.....Kid McCoy
As told to Dean S. Jennings 38
A WORD ABOUT FIGHTING.....Norman Daly 39
BILL LANG.....George F. Noch 40
IN OUR QUESTION BOX.....Charles F. Mathison 47

*RINGS AROUND THE WORLD*

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....Eddie Borden 48
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY.....Eddie Borden 50
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO.....Frank Mastro 52
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN....Ted Broadribb 54
GREATER BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND.....Doc Almy 56
MONTREAL AND CANADA....Jack Jarvis and Lawson Bampton 61

### *In Our Next Issue*

An analytical discussion of the Stribling-Schmeling fight by Nat Fleischer, who covered both training camps and viewed the heavyweight championship bout from the press box at Cleveland. In addition, there will be several pages of action pictures of this international contest.

“The Knockout Blow,” described by those who have received the punch soporific, is the subject of an interesting article by Wilbur Wood.

This is the age of fistic giants. Charley Freeman, the Yankee Goliath, the American circus athlete was the first of his type to gain the pugilistic limelight. Read the story of his short but thrilling career in the final instalment of Ike Dorgan's series on “Mastodons of Maul.”

These in addition to the usual high class fiction by America's foremost boxing fiction writer, Daniel M. Daniel; wrestling features by Jack Curley and contributions by A. D. Phillips, Charles F. Mathison, Frank Graham and many others equally as well known.

**The Ring** is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

**The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.**

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45. General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City. Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary. Advertising Manager—Norman H. Meiners, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

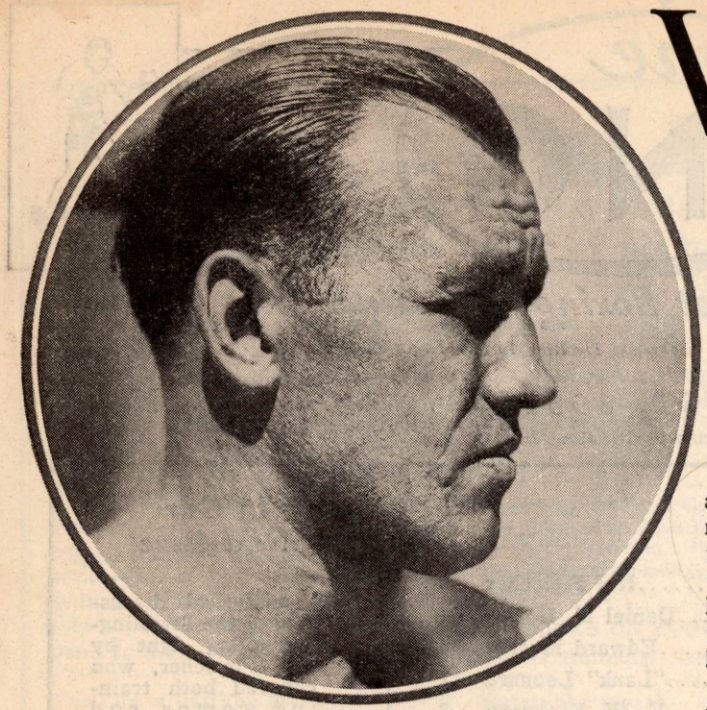
Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# What Next in Struggle of Heavies?



*Jack Sharkey*
*May be final solution*

WITH the Stribling-Schmeling affair out of the way, what now? How has the meeting at Cleveland improved conditions among the heavyweights, and brought us nearer to a clarification of a muddled state which developed with Schmeling's victory over Jack Sharkey on a foul?

To tell the truth, we haven't made much progress in the direction of intriguing the general public, and building a new powerful position among the heavies. However, this is no surprise. When the Schmeling-Stribling match was arranged it was foreseen that no matter who won, the issue would not improve general conditions in boxing.

You see, despite his victory over Sharkey, Schmeling was not rated a really first class fighter when he went into the Cleveland ring. As for Stribling, he had muffed his every big chance, and had been beaten by Sharkey. Efforts to build the Georgia boy's triumph over Phil Scott into an important factor fell flat, and collapsed some time before the Cleveland fight when Larry Gains knocked out Scott with a few punches.

Now we find attention taken away from the contestants in the Cleveland joust, and centered in Carnera. Once more we find the experts as well as the bystanding public asking that year-old question—"Is Carnera really a fighter, or is he a freak without serious bearing on the championship situation?"

* * *

CARNERA'S bout with the gigantic Redmond in Brooklyn on June 15 failed to clear up one iota of doubt on the question of the Italian's rating. Redmond proved a green novice who never should have been permitted in the same ring with Carnera. The Irishman failed to show even a semblance of skill or power and the affair was nothing more than a vaudeville show which reflected no importance on any phase of the night's developments.

However, in so far as Carnera personally was concerned, he did what he was expected to do. He stopped Redmond in the first round, and left himself in the foreground of the heavyweight discussion.

To those familiar with the abilities of the men who are the chief figures in the heavyweight situation, the shoving of Sharkey into the background has been a deplorable event.

Somehow, this man Sharkey has a way of getting on the wrong side. To my way of thinking, he is the outstanding heavyweight in the world and it is simply too bad for the sport that he was shunted to one side to make room for Stribling. No one can blame him for trying to keep busy by signing for the Carnera fight. He felt that if he could dispose of the Italian giant through the knockout route he would force the issue and compel the winner of the Cleveland battle to give him the September titular bout, but unfortunately for the Bostonian, he played with the opposition party, and again he finds himself on the wrong side.

For the sake of boxing, I hope that politics will be thrown to the winds and that Mr. Carey of the Garden Corporation will clear the heavyweight situation by signing him as one of the contestants for the contemplated September championship bout. Nothing will do more to bring boxing into its own again than a heavyweight titular mill in which Sharkey is pitted against the Schmeling-Stribling winner.

However, it is not the province nor is it the intention of the writer to enter into the tangled web of political and other circumstance which has made the boxing situation look so foolish, and at times so hopeless. We are confident that we are passing through a fever which will leave the game slightly weak but in the long run put boxing on a stronger foundation than ever before.

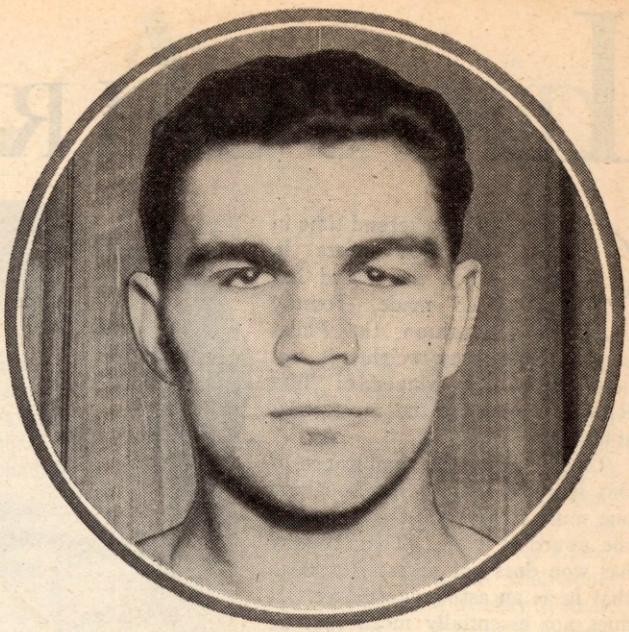
*Primo Carnera*
*Intrigues the game*

The trouble is that those in the game are trying to treat the patient with aspirin instead of putting him to bed and nursing him into health.

No matter what we may think of Carnera, the fact remains that fortune and circumstance have cast him into a leading role. Fortune and circumstance also have operated against Sharkey, but the impression still exists among those who know that in the hands of Sharkey lies the real solution of the vexing problem.

Carnera has yet to prove that he is a real fighter. In fact, he has yet to show that he deserves a match with an

By Max Fleischer



*Max Schmeling*
*What next?*

experienced and tested campaigner like Sharkey. Years ago, a Sharkey-Carnera match would not have been countenanced. Corbett had to walk the streets of New York until his trousers became frayed, shouting defiance to Sullivan, before he could get somebody to listen to him.

However, the Dempsey-Firpo fight gave impetus to strange pairings in the ring, and that fight is being quoted in support of the contention that the Carneras and the Firpos are not the Dunkhorsts and the Plaackes of long ago, and merit a serious chance in an age which has forgotten about skill and concentrated on power.

* * *

THAT being the case, a Sharkey-Carnera fight still stands out despite the result of the competition in Cleveland. While the Redmond bout proved little, it showed Carnera faster than ever—that is, fast for a man of his size. Redmond struck two hard blows to the chin and one to the body and Carnera weathered them—but they were just three punches by a man who was rated among the also rans in Australia.

Sharkey was one of the onlookers at the Carnera-Redmond fiasco and Jack had to laugh at the efforts of the Italian. It was demonstrated that Carnera is wide open. A skilled technician like Sharkey would have to be regarded as a three-to-one shot against the Venetian carpenter.

The way we look at it, Sharkey, who is the cleverest heavyweight in the ring to-day, would cut Carnera to ribbons and then knock him out. Carnera is made to order for Jack. But there is enough of the element of doubt, because of Sharkey's several disappointing fights, and there is sufficient of the bizarre injected into the situation through Carnera's size, to make the match a go.

There is little question that all things considered, Sharkey is the best of the big men. But we also are confronted with the Schmeling fight. Max was no match for Sharkey. The Bostonian outboxed and outhit the German, and no doubt would have stopped Herr Maxie but for the regrettable foul that ended the fight and for the first time in the history of the world title, saw it pass in that way.

Having flopped against the German gladiator, it is conceivable that Sharkey would fumble his big chance in a fight with Carnera. Yes, conceivable if not probable. However, there is the layout in the wake of the Schmeling - Stribling affair in Cleveland.

* * *

WHILE on the subject, we must not overlook possible interference with the plans of the men we have named by Tommy Loughran.

Loughran has made a splendid comeback, and with better health, with more weight, with a clearer mental attitude, he may surprise us all and force the hands of those who now hold more prominent places in the precarious heavyweight scheme. He's a puncher now, is Thomas, and nothing would benefit the game so much as his rise to the title.

* * *

THE heavyweight situation can be cleared up if those whose interest is chiefly at stake, the promoters, will harken to the reason. Loughran is willing to meet Sharkey; Sharkey refuses to give Tommy another chance unless Tommy first disposes of Ernie Schaaf; Schmeling refuses to clash with Sharkey; Stribling will have nothing further to do with the Boston gob—this is the situation now.

How then, can we adjust matters so that the heavyweight division will have a real champion, one internationally recognized, once again at its head? A Sharkey-Carnera battle followed by a contest between the winner of that fight and Tommy Loughran, the winner of such an elimination to meet the winner of the recent Cleveland battle. Mickey Walker, who has relinquished his middleweight title for the opportunity to clash with Sharkey in Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund, that bout can have no bearing on the heavyweight situation should Sharkey win as I expect he will.

If the leading contenders for the crown will forget at least for the present, their fabulous demands, and the promoters will forget, at least for the time being, their politics, the boxing depression could be alleviated considerably. And when the heavyweight champion will have no stigma attached to his crown, then and then alone will the sport receive the boom which we so long have awaited.

*Young Stribling*
*Perennial question mark*

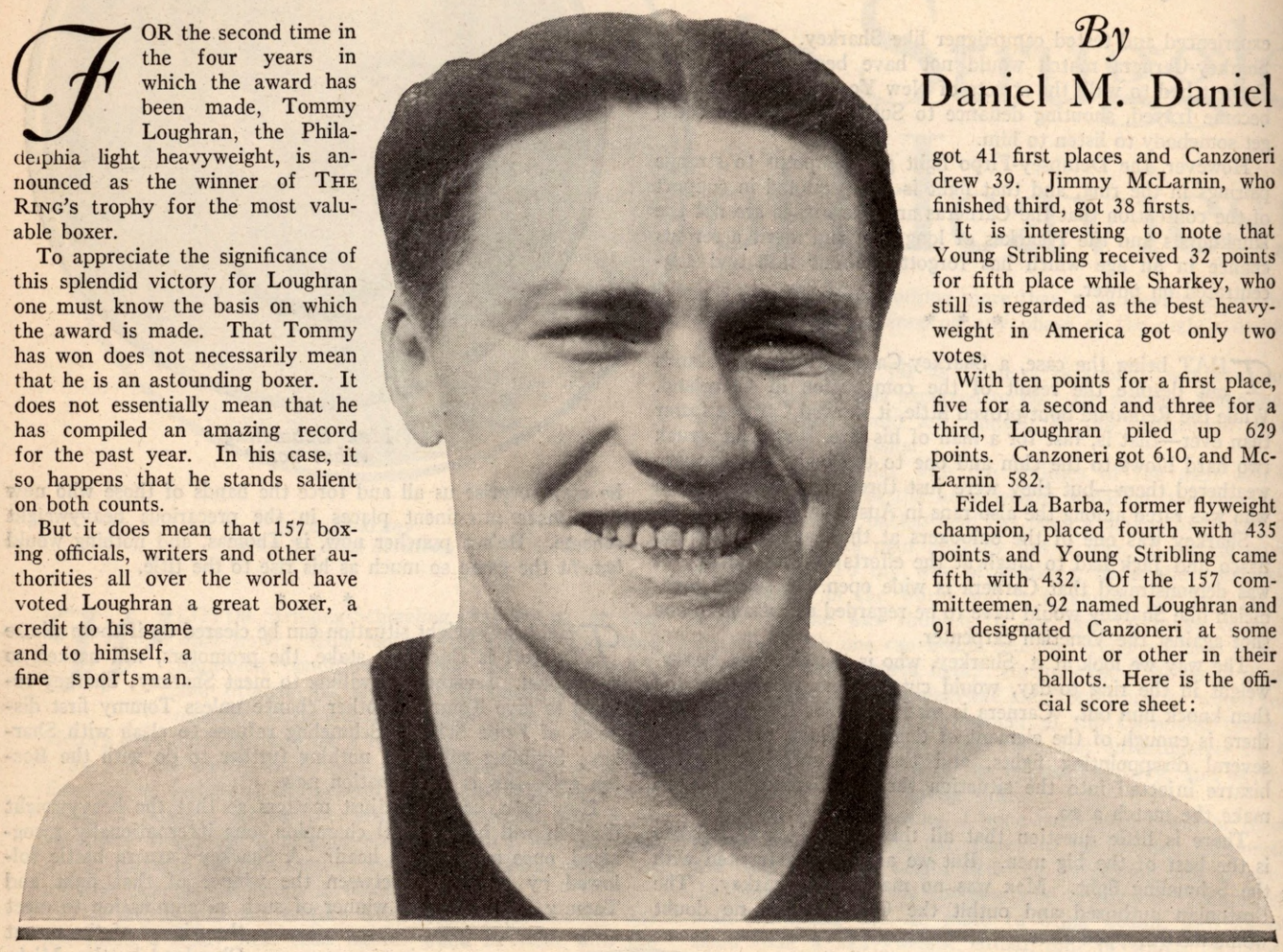
# LOUGHRAN WINS

*By*
## Daniel M. Daniel

FOR the second time in the four years in which the award has been made, Tommy Loughran, the Philadelphia light heavyweight, is announced as the winner of THE RING's trophy for the most valuable boxer.

To appreciate the significance of this splendid victory for Loughran one must know the basis on which the award is made. That Tommy has won does not necessarily mean that he is an astounding boxer. It does not essentially mean that he has compiled an amazing record for the past year. In his case, it so happens that he stands salient on both counts.

But it does mean that 157 boxing officials, writers and other authorities all over the world have voted Loughran a great boxer, a credit to his game and to himself, a fine sportsman.



*Here is that winning Loughran smile, which has helped Tommy battle his way back from the doldrums of the defeat by Sharkey.*

Here are the five points on which the voting was done:

**1.—Foremost in his contribution to the skill and science of the sport; not essentially as a champion.**

**2.—Foremost in combining with his fine position in the ring a high place as a sportsman.**

**3.—Foremost in maintaining splendid public relations and beating down the constant effort to discredit boxers as citizens.**

**4.—Foremost in associating with boxing skill and good public reactions a reputation for clean and moral living.**

**5.—Salient as an example to the growing American boy.**

**Item Number 1 will count for fifty percent and items 2, 3, 4 and 5 will total the other fifty percent.**

**Item Number 4 will count for twenty percent, and Items 2, 3 and 5 for ten percent each.**

* * *

THE representative and capable committee of 175 which THE RING asked to vote on the most valuable boxer nominated no fewer than sixteen contestants, eighteen authorities failing to send in their selections.

While Loughran scored a clean cut triumph, by a margin of nineteen points, he got a great battle from little Tony Canzoneri, the lightweight champion, whose remarkable comeback was one of the big features of the past year. Loughran got 41 first places and Canzoneri drew 39. Jimmy McLarnin, who finished third, got 38 firsts.

It is interesting to note that Young Stribling received 32 points for fifth place while Sharkey, who still is regarded as the best heavyweight in America got only two votes.

With ten points for a first place, five for a second and three for a third, Loughran piled up 629 points. Canzoneri got 610, and McLarnin 582.

Fidel La Barba, former flyweight champion, placed fourth with 435 points and Young Stribling came fifth with 432. Of the 157 committeemen, 92 named Loughran and 91 designated Canzoneri at some point or other in their ballots. Here is the official score sheet:

| | First | Second | Third | Totals |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tommy Loughran | 41 | 30 | 21 | 629 |
| Tony Canzoneri | 39 | 32 | 20 | 610 |
| Jimmy McLarnin | 38 | 35 | 9 | 582 |
| Fidel La Barba | 28 | 19 | 20 | 435 |
| Young Stribling | 32 | 17 | 9 | 432 |
| Jack Berg | 24 | 27 | 10 | 405 |
| Jack Sharkey | 2 | 1 | 0 | 25 |
| Young Jack Thompson | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| Billy Petrolle | 1 | 1 | 0 | 15 |
| Earl Mastro | 1 | 0 | 1 | 13 |
| Benny Bass | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Al Foreman | 1 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Mickey Walker | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Tuffy Griffiths | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Young Corbett | 2 | 0 | 0 | 20 |
| Louis Kaplan | 1 | 0 | 0 | 10 |

* * *

THE competition this year was conducted on a bigger scale than ever before and was the most representative of the four. The award was originated by THE RING in 1928, when Gene Tunney was the winner. In 1929 Loughran got the call and in 1930, when Max Schmeling was declared the winner, the contest was changed to take in only ring services and achievements. This year THE RING returned to the old basis and Gentleman Tommy came home in front.

As a symbol of his success, Loughran will receive a bronze

# THE RING AWARD

## *"Gentleman Tommy" for Second Time Adjudged Boxing's Most Valuable Figure*

trophy. In 1929 Tommy elected to take a belt made of silver.

Of the sixteen boxers who landed in the voting, six are from the East, four from the Middle West, one from England, one hails from Canada, one from the South and three come from the Pacific Coast.

Loughran got a severe setback when he was knocked out by Jack Sharkey, but since then the Philadelphian has made up for that defeat with victories over Max Baer, Ernie Schaaf, Victorio Campolo and Tuffy Griffiths.

Loughran became a bit discouraged after the Sharkey fight and practically had decided to retire. But he had a notion that he was far from through, and proceeded to work it out in his spendid comeback campaign. Now Loughran isn't merely a boxer. He is a fighter with a punch.

Loughran is one of the highest type boxers now before the public. He is a polished gentleman, well educated and at home in any company. He is quiet and unassuming, exceptionally clean in his personal habits.

In the last two years Loughran has gained in weight until his marvelous boxing skill now enables him to cope successfully with the big men of the ring.

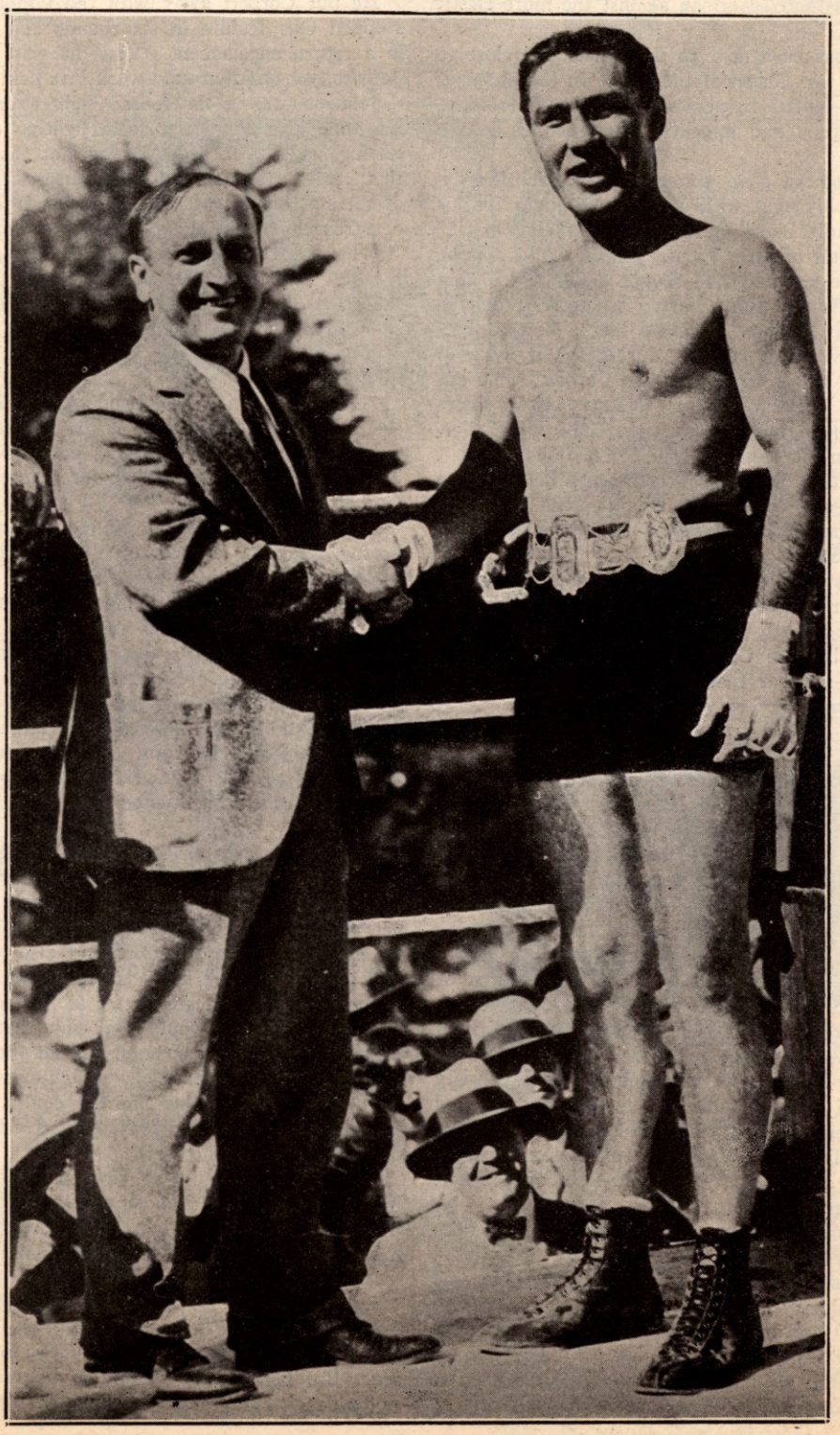
He held the world's light heavyweight championship from 1927 to 1929 and was never defeated at 175 pounds, retiring from the cruiserweight class to fight Sharkey. The Philadelphian's record is exceptionally clean.

Tommy is 30 years old and has been boxing professionally for twelve years. He won the light heavyweight title from Mike McTigue in New York in 1927 and was the most active of champions during his reign. Challengers who were defeated by him include Jimmy Slattery, Leo Lomski, Pete Latzo, Armand Emmanuel and Mickey Walker.

Loughran is highly intelligent and has become a great boxer by meeting high-class opposition. He was a youth of twenty when he boxed Tunney eight rounds to no decision in Philadelphia. Loughran was generally credited with winning.

Among other good men he has defeated are Stribling, Schaaf, Johnny Risko, Georges Carpentier, Harry Greb, Chuck Wiggins, Tony Morullo, Roland Todd and Ted Moore, of England, Martin Burke, Yale Okun and King Solomon.

Tommy has reached the point where he feels he is entitled to a match for the world's heavyweight championship and in his line of reasoning he has many supporters. He is far more entitled to the September bout with the Stribling-Schmeling winner than is any other fighter with the exception of Jack Sharkey.



*Loughran receiving the first award from* THE RING, *in 1929. He is shown getting the belt from Nat Fleischer, editor of* THE RING.

# Watch Those Feet!

## *They Tell an Interesting Story— Schmeling-Stribling Opposites*

### *By* EDWARD MERRILL

THE Schmeling-Stribling match was of particular interest to students of the fistic art and pugilistic science. Why? Because it pitted a flat-footed fighter against a man who boxed on his toes. It sent the flat-footed German against the more elastic Stribling.

Now, this subject has been dear to the hearts and close to the tongues of all the Old Guard of the ring. In the old days they held that a flat-footed fighter was not the fistic ideal, but along came Dempsey and knocked their theories into a cocked hat.

When Tommy Loughran gave a marvelously scientific exhibition of boxing in his fight with Vittorio Campolo for his ninth consecutive victory since the start of his "come-back," James J. Corbett, master of fistic science, gave it as his opinion that no great fighter ever lived who fought flat-footed. That declaration by "Gentleman Jim" started widespread debate.

Billy Madden, a great trainer, once got into a heated argument with Corbett over that subject, during the training of Jack Johnson for his battle with Jeffries. Corbett, who was helping Jeffries in his effort to return the heavyweight championship to the white race, tried to teach the California Boilermaker how to fight on his toes.

Corbett's work caused widespread comment, both among the old-time trainers and the scribes who declared that Jeff would be sadly whipped if he attempted to fight Johnson as Corbett fought Sullivan.

Corbett himself was a toe artist. He was a dancing master, like Loughran and Stribling of the present era. That he got away with it and was able to whip the Mighty Boston Strong Boy so handily, was because Corbett was the exception. He was so extraordinary a boxer that Sullivan couldn't get near enough to do any damage.

* * *

BUT how many Corbetts are there now? How many Corbetts have been developed in boxing since "Gentleman Jim" was in his prime? How many Gene Tunneys or Loughrans are developed in the field of fistiana during every twenty years? Not enough to count on the fingers of one hand.

That is why the fight fans care so little for the scientific boxer. They see too little of this style and have become so hardened to the boring-in, mixing, aggressive type, that when a fighter does show extraordinary ability in the science of boxing, he usually receives no credit for his performance.

Yet there is no prettier exhibition to watch than a fight in which science plays a leading part. It is like the no-hit ball game or the low-hit contests in which the great Christy Mathewson, Mordecai Brown, Eddie Plank, Jack Coombs and Chief Bender so often engaged. The mound work of these baseball immortals will ever live in the history of our national pastime, just as will the masterly performances of Corbett, Tunney and Loughran in fistiana.

Yet the fact remains that the world's greatest fighters were flat-footed. Probably the greatest puncher that ever lived was Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob was a fighting freak. He was built on such extraordinary lines that he could get in close to the middleweight limit and he could hit with either hand hard enough to lift the ordinary man off his feet.

He dropped Jim Hall with a single punch. He plastered Dan Creedon in two rounds. Everyone who reads about boxing, knows what he did to poor Peter Maher with one punch down at Langtry, Texas. He finished Tom Sharkey out on the Coast but was "earped" out of the verdict at a time when the great Sailor Tom was in the heydey of his prime.

He put Corbett away with the famous solar plexus punch, stopped Gus Ruhlin in six rounds and Tom Sharkey in two in a return engagement. True he was twice knocked out by Jeffries, yet on all-around work Fitz held the palm in greatness.

Johnson was a flat-footed fighter and he, like Fitz, got his mule kick slam, not from fighting on his toes, but from getting set—flat-footed. It was not the weight of these men that turned the trick, but because they possessed the trick of setting themselves so as to bring into the punch every bit of strength within the body.

When moving around, neither Johnson nor Fitz was flat-footed. They were fast as a streak on their feet while getting the range, but when they got set to deliver, then they were as flat-footed as ever a person was.

* * *

LIKEWISE with the two masters of slam—Jeffries and Dempsey. In the case of the Manassa Mauler, there were few men his equal in punching power since the days of John L. But Dempsey had a style far different from that of either Corbett or Loughran.

Corbett was the master of the "hit-and-get-away style" of boxing. Tommy Loughran, Young Griffo, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Tunney followed that style, although Tunney also possessed a tremendous clout which he could deliver with telling effect while on his toes.

Dempsey had a weaving style, with short, snappy hooks that bewildered an opponent. When he hit on emerging from a weave, he carried all the weight of the body behind his punch and made the blow so much more effective. Dempsey's attack was different from that of Corbett or Loughran or Tunney in that he carried speed and punch to his opponent, while the others mentioned depended largely on agility and cleverness.

Corbett declares that a man who fights flat-footed cannot be a clever boxer, but here the facts prove otherwise. Johnson, for example, was one of the cleverest of the heavyweights, yet packed a terrible wallop in either hand. Joe Gans was an exceedingly clever boxer and also was a fine hitter. He was one of the ring marvels of the age. Benny Leonard had no peer as a lightweight so far as hitting was concerned. Yet who is there who would dare say that Benny was not one of the cleverest ring generals of all the lightweight division?

Jack McAuliffe was a clever fighter who retired undefeated as the lightweight king and he could sock. When he prepared to strike out, he always got set. He was flat-footed like other famous gladiators.

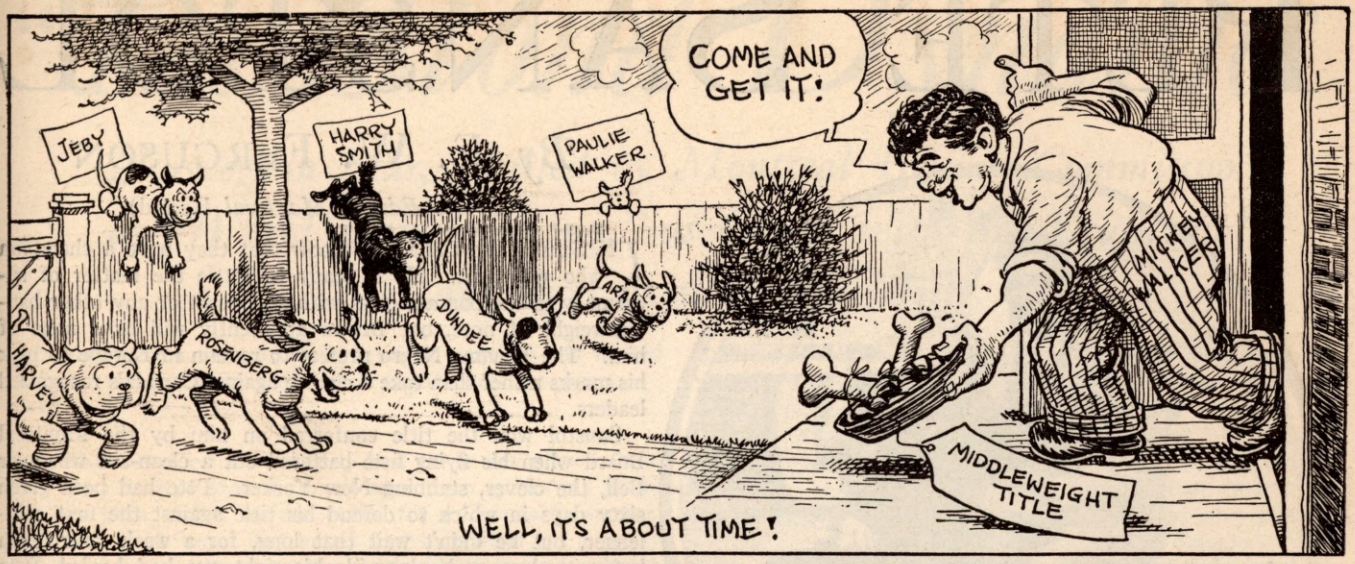
Who among those who saw the great Stanley Ketchel in his prime would call him an ordinary fighter? Stanley carried dynamite in either hand, and he, like others mentioned, fought flat-footed.

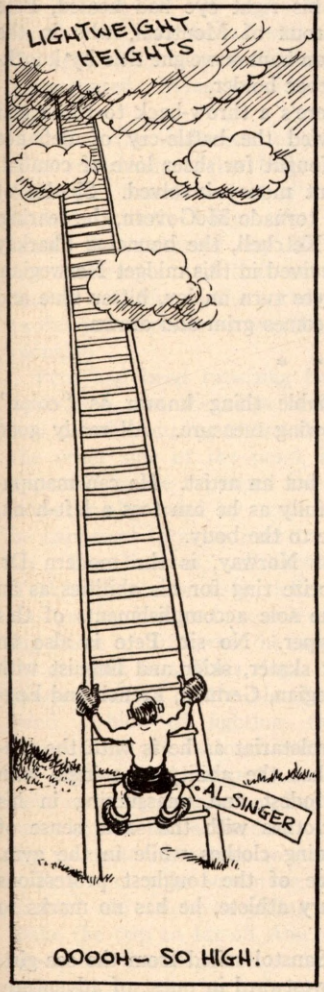
* * *

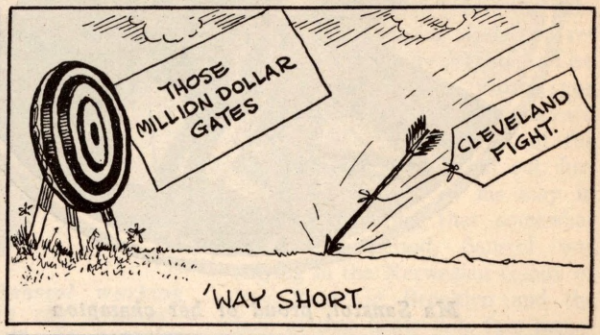
YOUNG GRIFFO was an exception. He was of the same type as Corbett and Loughran—a master of scientific boxing. But here again we find a different stylist. Griffo was not a dancing master. His cleverness (*Continued on page* 42)

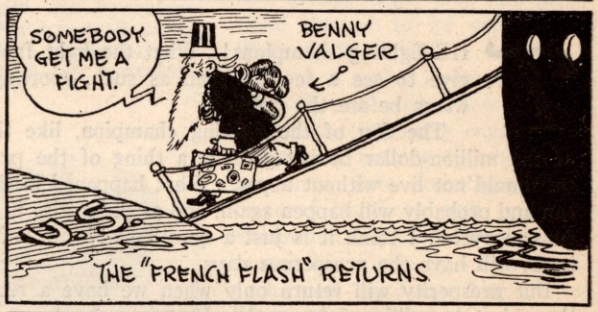
# Fistic Cartoonettes

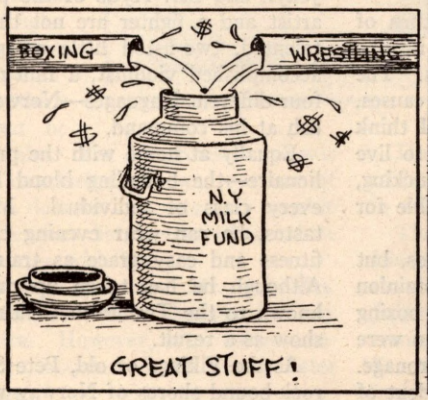
By "Lank" Leonard

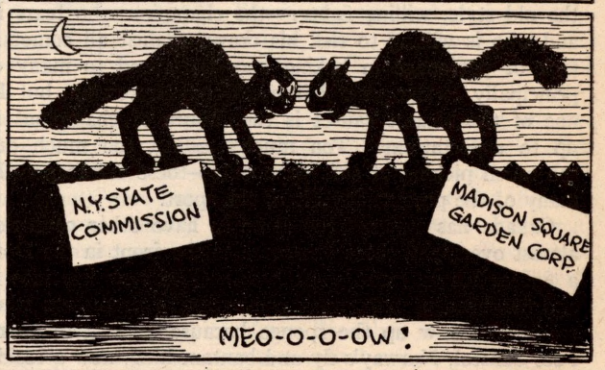


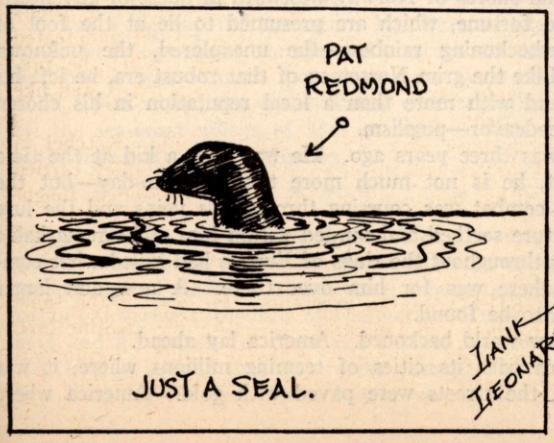



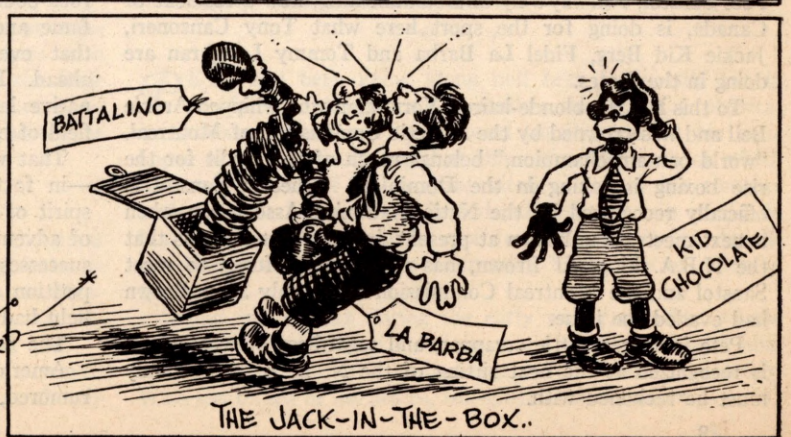


# PETE SANSTOL

## By E. W. FERGUSON

(*Sports Editor, Montreal* Herald)

***Ma Sanstol, proud of her champion***

THE fighting champions! What the fight fan would give to see a few, labelled as such, sporting their wares before the public!

The day of the fighting champion, like the day of the million-dollar boxing gate, is a thing of the past, but we should not live without hopes. What happened in the past can and probably will happen again, and as prosperity in boxing runs in cycles, I think it is just a question of time before we again will have the prosperous days.

But prosperity will return only when we have a return of the old style, willing fighter—the champion who fears no one and who is willing to risk his crown against all comers. The lack of patronage in boxing may be traced to many causes, principally to the general international depression, but I think one of the biggest causes is the failure of champions to live up to expectations. Too much stalling, too much ducking, too much picking of soft opponents—these are responsible for many of the present-day ills of the sport.

Canada has suffered the same as have other countries, but almost overnight, there has come to the front in the Dominion a fighter whose great work has instilled new life into boxing and has brought temporary prosperity to promoters who were ready to throw up the sponge because of lack of patronage. Pete Sanstol, Norway's fly and bantam king, now a resident of Canada, is doing for the sport here what Tony Canzoneri, Jackie Kid Berg, Fidel La Barba and Tommy Loughran are doing in the States.

To this lad, the blonde-haired Norwegian who whipped Archie Bell and was crowned by the Athletic Commission of Montreal, "world bantam champion," belongs much of the credit for the rise boxing is taking in the Dominion. Whether Sanstol is officially recognized by the National Boxing Association when it next meets, is unknown at present, but the fact remains that the N.B.A. king, Al Brown, has repeatedly refused to meet Sanstol and the Montreal Commission acted only after Brown had evaded the issue.

Pete is a great little scrapper, and regardless of whether he is recognized at the next sitting of the N. B. A. he certainly must be reckoned with.

IN Sanstol the Canadians know that they have a champion who will fight. He is ready to settle the matter of supremacy in the bantam class with Al Brown or any other bantamweight of note, but Brown apparently will have none of him. The Panama Negro prefers to remain in Europe to pick his marks rather than take a chance against Canada's recognized leaders.

Sanstol won the title conferred on him by the Montreal Board when his flying fists battered out a clean-cut win over Bell, the clever, stabbing New Yorker. Pete had been given sixty days in which to defend his title against the first challenger, but he didn't wait that long, for a week later, even before a deep gash alongside his right eye had healed, Pete signed up to fight Arthur Giroux of Montreal, who in the same week had won the Canadian bantamweight title by knocking out Joe Villeneuve, the Quebec holder.

Now, it seems to me that here's a throw-back to those real old-time champions who growled the battle-cry of defiance "Let 'em all come!" and who fought for sheer love of combat, rather than for the insignificant money involved. Shades of such really great fighters as the tornado McGovern, the tearing, mighty Sullivan, the dynamic Ketchell, the bouncing Sharkey and the brilliant Corbett are revived in this midget Norwegian. In fighting action those blue eyes turn an icy, bitter blue and the smiling, babyish mouth, becomes grim and drawn.

* * *

SANSTOL has that indefinable thing known as "color". Dempsey had it in overflowing measure. All really good fighters have had it.

Sanstol is not only a fighter, but an artist. He can manipulate a brush on canvas as skillfully as he can toss a left-hook, a right-cross or a zooming drive to the body.

Pete, the Blond Blizzard of Norway, is the modern Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the prize ring for his abilities as an artist and a fighter are not the sole accomplishments of this talented, two-fisted little scrapper. No sir, Pete is also an accomplished violinist, a fancy skater, skier and linguist with four different languages—Norwegian, German, French and English at his command.

Equally at home with the proletariat as he is with the millionaire—the bounding blond has the ability to mingle with every class of individual. Modest and unassuming in his tastes, he can wear evening clothes with the same sense of fitness and easy grace as training clothes while in the gym. Although he has taken up one of the toughest professions known to the Twentieth Century athlete, he has no marks to show as a result.

As the Vikings of old, Pete Sanstol sailed from the sea-girt, rock-bound shores of Norway westward in quest of adventure, fame and fortune, which are presumed to lie at the foot of that everbeckoning rainbow—the unexplored, the unknown ahead. Like the grim Norsemen of that robust era, he left his native land with more than a local reputation in his chosen field of endeavor—pugilism.

That was three years ago. He was only a kid at the time—in fact, he is not much more than that to-day—but the spirit of combat was coursing through his veins and the lure of adventure seethed and burned within him. His remarkable successes throughout the rings of Europe had killed what competition there was for him over there. A new and larger field had to be found.

The new world beckoned. America lay ahead.

America with its cities of teeming millions where, it was rumored, the streets were paved with gold. America where

# "The Blond Dynamo"

## *Norwegian Star, Hailed by Montreal Boxing Commission as "World Bantam King," as Clever with the Brush and Languages as with the Mitts*

prize fighting was an industry of heroic proportions and treated with all the seriousness of Peace Conference buffoonery.

* * *

PETE was ripe for a change. As a kid he had played about the streets of Moi, the small coast town in Norway where he was born, fished in the ocean for a delectable sardine, munched black bread and butter and in general led a pretty hardy existence. It was a hardy life for a youngster, but a healthy one and the lad who was to grow up into Pete Sanstol, the fighter, would need all the strength and stamina that rugged, unpampered living could give.

Under the influence of this environment, he had built the foundation of a healthy athletic body. A health that years of city life would not undermine and that some day was to hurl him to the paradise of a professional athlete—a world's championship.

Pete had been capsizing the best opposition that the rings of Europe had to offer during those days and the other side of the pond, indeed, appeared as the Promised Land. But it was really quite by accident that he happened to come over to America. Lew Burston, well-known New York authority on fistic delicatessen, was touring Europe in search of fighting talent in 1927 when he saw Sanstol at work in a Paris ring. So impressed was he by the blond's whirlwind fashion of fighting, that he immediately got in touch with him. For Mr. Burston, as was his custom, had jumped to a conclusion. It was not one of your ordinary conclusions but a definite, concrete and tangible one which he had arrived at. He immediately essayed to induce the youngster to return to America with him.

Pete was only seventeen at the time and Mr. and Mrs. Sanstol were none-to-willing to have their blond-haired boy make the trip to far-off America. However, after some argument, the Santols, pere et mere, acquiesced and young Peter prepared for the big adventure.

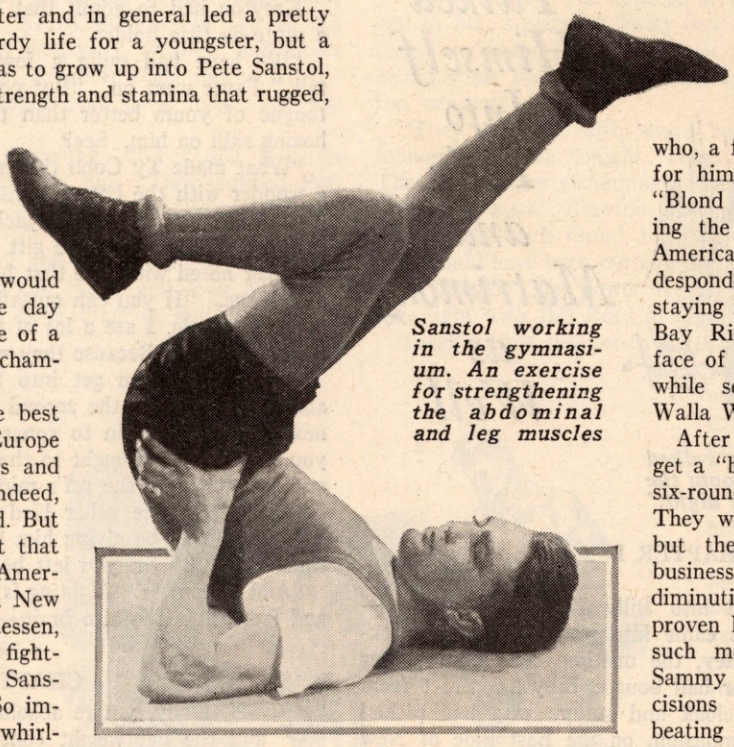
It was a big day for the astute Mr. Burston when arrangements were completed for Sanstol's return to America with him, but it was a much more important event for the little blond Tyke when, not overly-laden with travelling ware, he left the sea-coast village of Moi en route to Oslo and thence to the cities across the Atlantic.

* * *

A WEEK at sea, and then out of the mist the giant proportions of the Statue of Liberty, rising from its massive base of Bedloe's Island, stood silhouetted against Manhattan's towering cathedrals of commerce. Truly this was Atlanta and his search for fame and fortune was at an end.

At least it seemed that way to the youngster as he surveyed New York for the first time. But he was to discover shortly that the battle for existence was just as primordial within the shadows of Gotham's canyons as anywhere else—perhaps a little more so.

It was all very well to know that you were a pretty good fighter and all that sort of ego exiler, but it was an entirely different matter to obtain the privilege of displaying your wares before the public for a decent remuneration. The bashful youngster who, a few years later was to earn for himself the soubriquet of the "Blond Tiger" found that out during the first year of his stay in America. During that somewhat despondent period, Sanstol was staying in the Norwegian colony of Bay Ridge in Brooklyn and the face of that fickle jade fate meanwhile seemed to be centered on Walla Walla, Mich.



*Sanstol working in the gymnasium. An exercise for strengthening the abdominal and leg muscles*

After a while, however, he did get a "break" with a few four and six-round preliminary engagements. They were nothing to rave about, but they were something. Soon business began to pick up. The diminutive little Norwegian had proven his mettle by knocking out such men as Tony Abrusci and Sammy Casuto, and getting two decisions over Joe Ferrintino, and beating both Benny Tell and Nick de Salvo decisively.

During that year, Pete won twelve bouts, knocking out two of his opponents. His only setback was an unfortunate affair in which Joe Eulo was allowed a one-round decision on a foul.

These bouts were but stepping stones, however, for the little Blond Dynamo, leading to his eventual defeat of such outstanding bantamweights as Joe Scalfaro, Dom Bernasconi, Johnny Erickson, Phil Tobias and Archie Bell. A few events transpired, however, before all this came about during which Sanstol changed his habitat from Brooklyn to Montreal and, incidentally came under new managerial reins.

* * *

PETE had been going along hell bent for a title tilt in the fall of 1929 when the sombre shadow of a physical breakdown, brought on by infected tonsils, crashed his fistic hopes to earth. Discouraged at this unforeseen setback which had sapped him of his bouyant vitality, and as his contract with Burston had expired, Pete decided that a trip would do him no harm. As a result he soon found himself in Ste. Agathe des Monts, a village in the Laurentian Mountains of northern Quebec.

Skiing and skating during the early winter months and the crisp air of the northern Dominion must have agreed with him, for it was not long until he had regained his health completely. With the return of his health, the spirit (*Continued on page* 46)

# POISON TONGUE

*"And as Mollie Stopes walked into Billy's dressing room the rest faded out into the night."*

## *Billy Kreyton Talked Himself Into Title and Matrimony as Well*

*By* DANIEL M. DANIEL

### CHAPTER I

IT had been drilled into Billy Kreyton for years—ever since he first came into prominence by knocking out Kid Dreyley, the onetime champion. After that "Dolly" Faver had bought Billy's contract from the syndicate of cloak and suiters who had picked up Kreyton in a little gymnasium on the East Side of New York.

No sooner had Faver acquired title to thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the earnings of Kreyton than he called a conference. They met in "Dolly's" six by eight cubicle in the *Press* Building in the Roaring Forties, and Faver locked the door.

"It's best to have an understanding," chuckled Faver, and he proceeded to expound his theories and tenets for more than two hours.

"You may become the lightweight champion of the world, Billy, but you've got to change your way of fighting, and your entire scheme of action in the ring," Faver began.

The flip Kreyton smiled. "Seems to me I've knocked out a few pretty good ones the way I am going, and they tell me you were only a second rater—stopped by Kid McPartland with one punch, the Kid insists."

Faver frowned. "Listen, my record is none of your business, but your record is plenty of my business. You'll do as I say, or you'll never get that title away from Freddy Teagle. See! Yeh, this McPartland stops me in one heat, but why? Ptomaine poisoning from eating a lobster the night before."

"So you were the kind of guy who was out the night before fights eating lobsters, and steering dames around, eh?" Kreyton laughed.

Faver reddened in confusion. "Oh, things was different in those days. What we are getting at is now."

### CHAPTER II

THEN came the credo, the slogan, the Faver obsession. "Did you ever hear of a dummy being champion?"

Kreyton had to admit that he never had seen or heard of a mute as title holder.

"We have had quite a few good fighters who could not talk," Faver went on. "But you've got to be able to wag that tongue of yours better than the other guy to impress your boxing skill on him. See?

"What made Ty Cobb the greatest ball player? Oh, he was a wonder with the bat and with his legs. But that tongue of his! He once talked Joe Jackson out of the batting championship. Mr. Ty had the gift of that gay reparty."

Faver noted with glee that he was making an impression on his charge. "If you can outtalk the other guy, you've got the ace in the hole. I see a lot of fighters in the old days win big contests, why? Because they were quick with the tongue.

"Now, when you get into the ring, don't begin to think about the dame in the second row, or the date you have for next Tuesday. Begin to concentrate on the man in front of you. Give some thought to the referee. A little language now and then changes the ref's mind.

"Talking to the other bird also keeps your mind on the job. You can't be giving him an earful and at the same time thinking of the girl you left behind in Ashtabula. Savvy?

"And remember. Fighting is power and skill with the hands and feet. But it is also brain—and talk—plenty of talk!"

* * *

### CHAPTER III

"GOSH, Dolly, you're absolutely right," Kreyton told him, and the lightweight contender lost no time in putting his manager's theory into play.

His next fight was with Bull Theron, who had a lot of drive in his right and was one of the most feared of the lightweight contenders. Bull was strong and he had considerable science, but he had little in his brain pan.

When Billy and the Bull came to the ring centre in the packed Garden for the referee's instructions, Kreyton peered at Theron with squinting eyes.

"Gosh, Bull, what the hell is wrong with you?" Kreyton asked. "Been up nights worrying about the fight? Or has that Lascalle dame given you the air? Why, you're as pale as the belly of a flounder, and your eye has all the life of a dead mackerel."

Now, it so happened that Theron was in the pink of condition. His career as a Don Juan had run in smooth waters. He had money in the bank, and visions of the title.

But Theron became worried. During the first round Kreyton continued to work the psychological game. "Just as I thought. No steam in that right. You're a sucker to be worrying about Freddy Trefez and that girl of yours."

That was the last straw. Theron broke into a cold sweat—the sweat of fear, the nervous perspiration of anxiety. In the third round the smiling, cool Kreyton hung the old haymaker on the Bull, and they carried him out of the ring, muttering something about "that skunk Freddy."

"Great work, Billy, you're talking yourself into the cham-

pionship," Faver told him as they sat in the dressing room, Kreyton's hair not even mussed.

* * *

## CHAPTER IV

TWO more contests in which Kreyton scored knockouts produced unending flows of language. Billy was developing into a purveyor of that biting repartee which leaves the average boxer frustrated.

The boxing writers got after Faver and he cooked up an appealing yarn. "Yeh, Kreyton is talking plenty in the ring, and there's a reason," he explained, ingeniously.

"Now, this lad is too smart to keep on fighting until he falls back into the preliminary class. They ain't going to run any benefits for Billy Kreyton. He has brains, and what a tongue! You should be in the corner and listen to the gab that kid hands out.

"Well, it helps in the ring, but he's only practicing. Kreyton is studying law. When he's ready he'll put out his shingle, 'William A. Kreyton, Counsellor at Law.' Pretty slick, what?

"There's a prominent lawyer interested in him, and might even take him in as partner. No, it wouldn't be fair to tell you his name. Has he a pretty daughter? Well—" and Faver smiled in a knowing way. That daughter angle was valuable.

"Yeh, this kid some day might even be a judge, and not at the ringside, either."

Joe Whalen, of the *Star-Telegraph*, first called Kreyton "Poison Tongue." Others fell into line. They dubbed him The Larruping Lawyer. Bart Mellor of the *Gazette* referred to him as "Gabby."

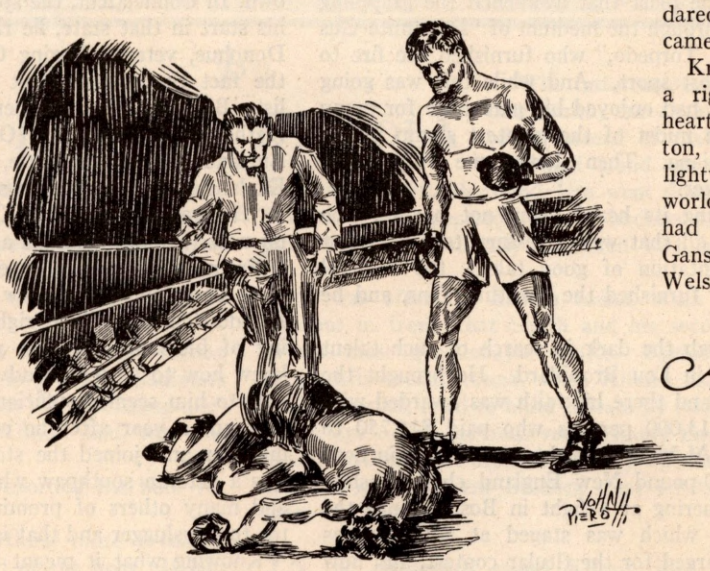
"Listen, mug, when they ask you about the lawyer and his daughter blush—blush, if you can, mug, and look bashful—look bashful if you can. And refer them to me!" Faver instructed Billy.

"Great work. You and me is talking ourselves into the lightweight championship."

And that's exactly how it worked out. Faver landed a fight with Freddy Teagle, the title holder. He was a boxer of the old school, was Teagle. Quite adept and adroit with the tongue himself, was Freddy.

"It'll cost you twenty grand to get me into the ring with that lawyer of yours, Faver," Teagle told Dolly. "It may cost you a thousand to shovel him out when I get through with him. That talking business won't count with Freddy.

"And tell Kreyton to save that right of his. I have seen his last three fights and if he thinks he can pull that one on Freddy—well, twenty grand in addition to my usual cut. Is it a go?"



*"They could have counted fifty over Stopes."*

* * *

## CHAPTER V

THEY sat alone in the dressing room in the Garden, an hour before the fight—just Kreyton and Faver.

"This Teagle is a wise guy," Dolly laughed. "He's been watching your last three fights, he says, and that right won't go. He thinks I don't know he's been scouting you. And that gab stuff. He says he'll beat you at that, too. Well, do like I tell you."

They conspired in low tones. The usual retinue came into the room after a while, and Faver lapsed into silence, with a knowing wink.

The first round was tame. They felt each other out, and Kreyton remained silent. Teagle waited for the repartee to start. The second session was scientific but again devoid of anything startling. Kreyton continued to keep a stiff upper lip. Teagle was watching for the right. But Kreyton jabbed the left. He offered it lightly, almost apologetically.

"What's eating ye, kid?" Teagle snarled in the third round. "Afraid to talk?"

"No, Freddy. I ain't afraid, but Faver tells me that when it comes to being quick and smart with your tongue, why you're a wow and I'm a palooka. So I am waiting for you to start giving me that lesson in public speaking. Looks like you're too busy watching for my right to pay any attention to your great gift of gab, what?"

Teagle's ire rose. "Why, you lousy little punk, I could knock you down with just a little conversation," the champion sneered.

"Yeh, but I am different. I never knock them down with talk. I do it this way," laughed Billy.

He jabbed lightly with his left, then offered the right as Teagle countered. Then came a left to the jaw. Teagle went down for the count of nine, rising groggy and worried.

"Now, Teagle, you look as sick as that night when I saw you in Jake's place on Forty-Seventh Street, a drunken champion surrounded by a lot of two for a nickel punks who were drinking his liquor and framing him behind his back," Kreyton went on.

"They were out with you a lot, weren't they? Well, their money is on me tonight, Teagle. Your friends bet on me. They must know something about you."

Teagle caught Kreyton flush on the button with a hard right in the sixth round, but Billy only laughed. "A year ago that would have been curtains for Billy. Now—just a mosquito bite, Teagle. The power is out of your punch. Now, that fake fight with Bill Reed in London, Teagle—now—"

Teagle threw caution to the winds. It was the sorest point with him—a questionable affair which no other antagonist had dared to throw up to him. He came sailing in.

Kreyton measured him with a right, then a left to the heart—and William A. Kreyton, age twenty-four—became lightweight champion of the world, heir to the mantle that had been worn by McAuliffe, Gans, Erne, Nelson, Wolgast, Welsh and Ritchie.

* * *

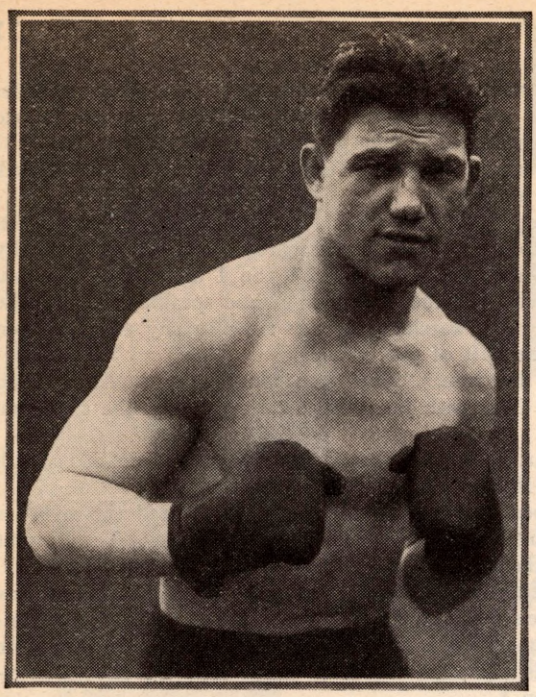
## CHAPTER VI

AFTER a couple of warmups in which he picked up $50,000, Kreyton took on Jake Stopes in an outdoor fight in the big Stadium. Billy likes to talk about that night even now — always with a chuckle. To him it is the highlight of his career, the night which proved the utter efficacy of the Faver theory about the gift of gab and the ring.

Jake was an unorthodox, lefthanded battler who had Billy puzzled. When the crafty champion looked for a left it was a right he got instead. Not that Kreyton was worried. He was confidence itself in any ring. Rather was he amused at his own failure to call the punches, the collapse of his impression that he was a wise ring diagnostician.

In the third round Stopes caught the title holder with a vagrant left to the jaw, and Kreyton heard the birdies sing.

The champion felt himself fall against Jake's chest. In a flash that intuitive ability to talk himself into an opening and out of trouble—for it had become reflexive, intuitive, with him—came to Kreyton's aid. (*Continued on page* 44)



*Lou Brouillard*

# New England's Welter King

## *"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard Looms as Strong Contender for World Crown*

*By* FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

IT took several hundred pounds of "Dynamite" to turn the stagnant waters of New England's wrestling sport into a maelstrom of action. And like the mat game, boxing is undergoing a rejuvenation through the medium of a load of the same explosive.

It was Paul Browser, king of the New England wrestling promoters, who set off the blast that awakened the grappling industry and he did it—through the medium of "Dynamite Gus Sonnenberg, the "Human Torpedo," who furnished the fire to blaze a new trail for a lost sport. And while this was going on, boxing, the sport that had enjoyed big patronage for many years, found itself in the midst of the greatest slump in the history of American Fistiana. Then along came Billy Ames, shrewd Garden matchmaker.

"If wrestling is enjoying its health, why not boxing?" he asked. He decided that all that was necessary to regain lost patronage was the presentation of good talent, the colorful showy kind that Browser furnished the wrestling fans, and he got busy.

He went groping through the dark in search of such talent and he located a starter in Lou Brouillard. He brought the Worcester lad to Boston and there his faith was awarded with an excellent turnout of 13,000 persons who paid $14,750 to see the "Dynamite" stop Al Mello in eight rounds to gain both the welterweight and 160-pound New England championship. This was the largest gathering at a fight in Boston since the Carnera-Maloney fracas, which was staged at $10 tops as against popular prices charged for the titular contest, and now Brouillard has become Boston's favorite performer.

* * *

TO many, the sudden rise to fistic fame of Brouillard, christened Lucien, will seem meteoric, but to his loyal friends it appears as a fulfillment of the inevitable. From an unimpressive preliminary fighter three years ago, he has risen to a respected position as one of the leading contenders in the welterweight division.

Brought up in Danielson, Conn., he left his father's chicken farm about three years ago to come to Worcester and launch himself on a fistic career, either for better or worse. His first workout in a Worcester gym pictured his career as "worse." He was the most unorthodox and clumsiest boxer imaginable. His footwork, if one could call it that, presented a spectacle as seen only in a cinema when the drunk comedian is seized with a violent attack of "seasickness."

As for his "mitts", well, the less said the better. They were about the size of a pair of hams, but for all the good they did him, they might have been hams.

He is built like an Adonis, broad-shouldered, with a tapering torso that is supported by a pair of sturdy limbs; he presents a fine athletic appearance. In fact, he was advised to become a sculptor's model rather than chance spoiling his beauty in the ring. He insisted, however, and he started out to become the most unconventional champion that ever held a New England title.

He is as strong as a bull, can assimilate punishment like a sponge absorbs water, and can hit. He ran up fifteen knockouts in his first seventeen fights, the majority within two rounds. It was then that experts began to take notice.

Now that Brouillard has come to the fore in leaps and bounds, both Massachusetts and Connecticut claim him as their own. In Connecticut, the sports writers insist that as Lou made his start in that state, he rightfully belongs there. Even Tom Donohue, veteran Boxing Commissioner, points with pride to the fact that Connecticut has four champions on the active list—Bat Battalino, featherweight king; Kid Kaplan, former featherweight champion; O'Brien, who recently won the New England middleweight title, and Brouillard, who holds the New England welter crown. In speaking of Lou, Donohue said:

"He was developed in Connecticut and we'll not give him up now that he looms as a world champion."

From the first day he entered the ring he fought from a most unorthodox southpaw stance that seemed unfathomable. In addition, he walked right into an opponent without thinking of blocking, for that wasn't in his repertoire. He only knew how to batter an adversary into the "land of nod" and that to him seemed sufficient.

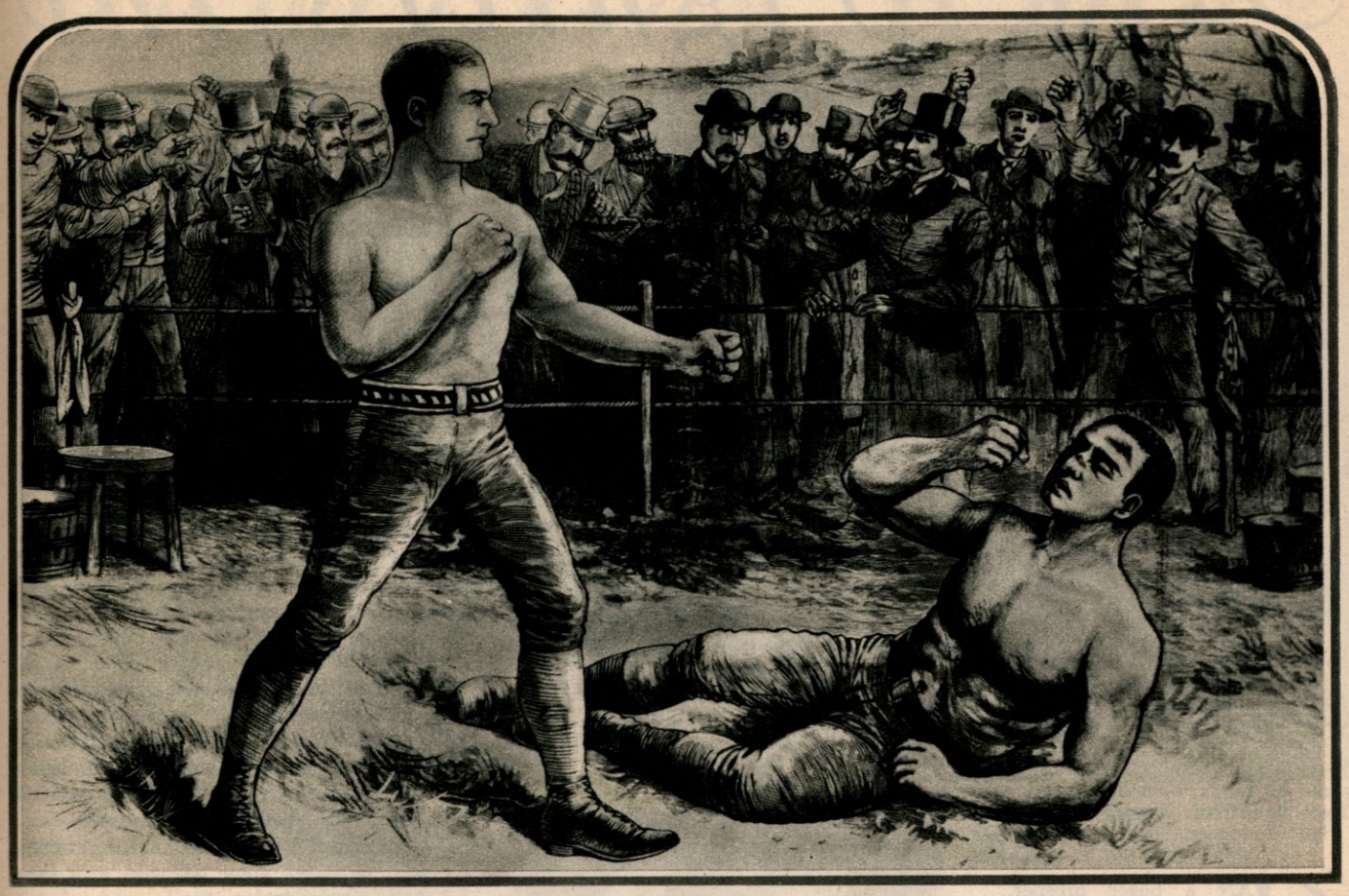
About a year after he came to Worcester he left his first manager and joined the stable of Maurice Lemoine. Maurice was a veteran southpaw who had tangled with Honey Melody and many others of prominence in his day. Maurice was a toe-to-toe slugger and that is what lured Lou to the veteran.

Knowing what it meant to know how to box, Maurice impressed Lou with the importance of learning the rudiments of self-defense. Lou was disappointed at first for he said he didn't want to be a ballet dancer, but wanted to stand up and slug.

Maurice had his way, however, and about a year ago "Dynamite" had his first big shot when he defeated Clyde Hull. Later he stopped Larry Brignola, Frankie Baldi, Al Palladino, Alf Ros and Eddie Moore. Ros is the chap who had stood the route with Fields and Corbett, and Moore had won 23 straight, eighteen by the knockout route. Ros lasted five rounds and Moore two. Then Lou pounded out decisions over Canada Lee, twice, and handed Baby Joe Gans his first loss in about three years. Then he halted Al Mello in eight heats to gain the middleweight and welterweight titles of New England. Some record for a lad of Lou's short experience.

Brouillard is the Young Corbett of the East. He is a terrific puncher and has been tagged "The Assassin" by New England scribes.

# HISTORIC 106-ROUND DRAW



By LEOPOLD DE SOLA

ONE of the greatest bare knuckle fights in the history of pugilism was that between Jake Kilrain, Irish-American heavyweight, and Jem Smith, the British champion, which took place on December 19, 1887, on Pierre Isle in the River Seine near Paris, France, and which ended in a draw after 106 rounds had been fought. The contest lasted two hours and 31 minutes during which the Englishman was forced to take to the grass 36 times.

At the end of the 106th session, with the darkness setting in, the referee called a halt and decided to give the gladiators an even break despite the fact that most of the newspapermen, even the English, thought that Kilrain had won the affair. The bout was vicious.

Blakely Hall, famous English writer, reporting the bout for his paper, said of the encounter:

"It would be difficult to imagine anything more revolting than the condition of the men at the end of the fight. It had grown dusky, and the spectators were shivering in the shrill winter's wind. The two magnificent athletes of two and a half hours before were now battered almost out of human semblance.

"Kilrain's right eye was puffed up like a miniature balloon. His left eye was battered, but still partly open, and he had a heavy cut across the nose. His jaw looked like a piece of raw beefsteak and the bumps on his forehead stood out like eggs. A continual stream of blood flowed from his right ear where it was badly torn.

"All over his body, from the big abrasions where the resin-smeared fists of his opponent had fallen, continual sponging could not keep the blood from smearing the body. But, bad as Kilrain's appearance was, Smith's was worse. He had been pounded until his face was battered out of its former semblance. His lips had been cut by early blows, and each subsequent smash by Kilrain, had puffed and swollen them violently.

"The unfortunate part of the affair is that Smith, our champion, went down so often instead of making it a good old-fashioned stand up fight. Between the first and the fiftieth round Jem went down twenty-two times. Several of the spectators, heavy backers of the British champion, became thoroughly disgusted with his tactics and quit the ringside.

"It was after the fiftieth round, when apparently Kilrain was out in front, that Smith and his second, Baldock, began to use most questionable tactics. Baldock on one occasion in the fifty-second round, when Kilrain had his head down in Smith's corner, tried to blind Kilrain by sticking his thumb into Jake's eye. The previous round found Smith doing the same tactics, actions that aroused Charley Mitchell's ire. He leaped into the ring and sent Baldock clear out of it for the use of such foul methods.

IN the eighteenth round Kilrain shot in a terrific right hander that gave him the first knockdown and which, had it landed on any other fighter but such a sturdy one as Jem Smith, would have ended the bout then and there. Such a smasher, landed so that every ounce of its power took effect, is not seen often nowadays. It lifted poor Smith off his feet and sent him down, apparently knocked out. If it had caught him a little lower on the jaw bone, he never would have been able to continue.

"The second fair knockdown, that in the fifty-eighth round, was another terribly heavy and perfectly judged drive, but it did not have the same effect on Jem's brains as did the first blow. The third knockdown, the same as that which Smith scored on Kilrain, was not brought about as the first two, by a single hit.

"Considering that the two gladiators had been fighting for more than two hours during which there was hard milling and many hard tumbles in the wrestling, it is truly remarkable that their legs were able to stand up as long as they did. Kilrain greatly surprised those who (*Continued on page* 43)

# Are Fighters the

## *Statistics Prove That the Boxer Does Every Bit as Well in Keeping Home Fires Burning as Mr. Average Citizen*

*"Gentleman Jim" Corbett enjoying a game of cards with his pretty wife at their beautiful Bayside, L. I., home*

CAN a boxer prosper, even though married? That question has been debated down through fistic history. Most of the learned minds of the sock market have contended that wedding bells do not harmonize with the clang of the gong. Some have held that it is a good thing for a fighter to take unto himself a wife.

This old discussion has been pitchforked into prominence again by the recent developments in the case of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. The Manassa Mauler was a single man when he won the title by battering Jess Willard, a married man, into a shapeless hulk of humanity that blazing July afternoon on the Maumee.

When Dempsey married Estelle it was over the bitter opposition of his manager, Jack Kearns. In fact, the marriage is credited with being the cause of the breakup of the famous pair of Jacks. Dempsey had been married before and it had failed to take.

*Fatherly love—Jack Sharkey, having a respite from training*

Now, you may ask, why should not a boxer marry, the same as a banker, broker or baker? Isn't a fighter a man, even as you and I?

Well, not exactly. If a boxer wants to reach the top there is room for little else in his life, in the opinion of those who hold it is a mistake for him to marry. It's a hard, rough life, they argue, with no proper opportunity for the home life of Mr. Average Citizen.

Most of those who argue against marriage for the boxer until he nails his gloves to the wall and prepares to enjoy the fruits, if any, of his labors, are old timers, who still look upon the fight game as much the same as it was twenty years ago. Whether or not they realize the fact, the sock market has undergone extensive alterations in the last two decades.

* * *

SOME of the younger generation of fistic authorities have the same opposition to marriage for the boxer. Jack Hurley, that sage of the Dakotas, who brought Billy Petrolle from nowhere—not once, but twice—has a young heavyweight, Charley Retzlaff, who, he is willing to wager, some day will wear the royal purple.

Hurley was reading the young man a lecture about the danger of wrecking his career by falling in love and listening to the chime of the wedding bells.

"I think you're right, Jack," said the fighter, "and I'll promise to forget about marriage until I'm through as a fighter if you'll promise something in return."

"What's that, kid?"

"I want you to promise you won't get married, either. After the way you've laid it out for me I don't think a manager can do himself and his fighter justice if he is married, any more than a fighter can."

That nearly knocked Hurley stiff. But he promised.

"The kid was right, at that," he says. "A manager can't afford to go in for home life any more than his fighter. He must be prepared to be constantly on the move. We shook hands on it and as long as he sticks to his end of the bargain I'll stick to mine."

There is still another view of the question advanced by some—that it will not be a drawback to the average boxer if he marries very young, but that the worst thing he can do is to take unto himself a wife in the middle of his career.

* * *

As in all other arguments, there are two sides, or even three. If we look into the records we find plenty of evidence on both sides.

# Marrying Kind?

By WILBUR WOOD

THE first great figure in the Queensberry era of boxing is that of the Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan. John's first adventure into the realm of matrimony was not a success. He chose for his wife Anne Bates. They had one son, John L. Jr. Sullivan became infatuated with a beautiful actress, Anne Livingston, and his wife left him. Sullivan went abroad with Anne Livingston, but his first wife refused to grant him a divorce and for twenty-five years they lived apart. Then John L. fell in love for a third time, with Katherine Harkins, a former school friend, and in 1910 went to Chicago and there obtained a divorce, which made it possible for him to wed Miss Harkins.

*When they were pals—the beautiful Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey in their Hollywood surroundings*

This was Sullivan's great romance. They were exceptionally devoted. Mrs. Sullivan was ill with cancer during most of their married life and he nursed and cared for her with the greatest tenderness. Her death broke his spirit. He shut himself away from his friends, keeping to himself and his memories with only an occasional visit to his friends in Boston.

Sullivan's experiences would seem to be an argument against marriage for the fighter. But John L. was anything but an ordinary man. To say that others should not hear the wedding bells merely because Sullivan made a hash of his first attempt would be unfair. The banker, the broker and the baker have had the same experience.

*John L. Sullivan and his wife, a devoted couple*

Jim Corbett, who followed Sullivan on the heavyweight throne, has had a long and happy married life with the present Mrs. Corbett. His first venture, like Sullivan's, proved a failure. There is no happier, more devoted couple than Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. Corbett adores his wife and she likewise thinks the world of him.

Moving on down the trail of the heavyweight title we find that Bob Fitzsimmons also made a false start along the matrimonial road. His first wife, an actress, divorced him on the grounds of incompatibility. They played together in "The Fight for Love." The union was productive of one child, a daughter, Rosalie. In telling the story of the break, the first Mrs. Fitzsimmons said that Bob was a devoted husband but that "he didn't understand her." That phrase has a familiar ring to it.

Fitzsimmons then married Rose Julian, a contortionist, who late appeared with him on the stage. This marriage was a success. They had two sons, Martin and Bob. Theirs was a happy home. "Ruby Robert" was devoted to wife and children. He loved his home life with the kiddies at his side.

So, we see that three early heavyweight champions got away to false starts, but later found happiness in another marriage.

* * *

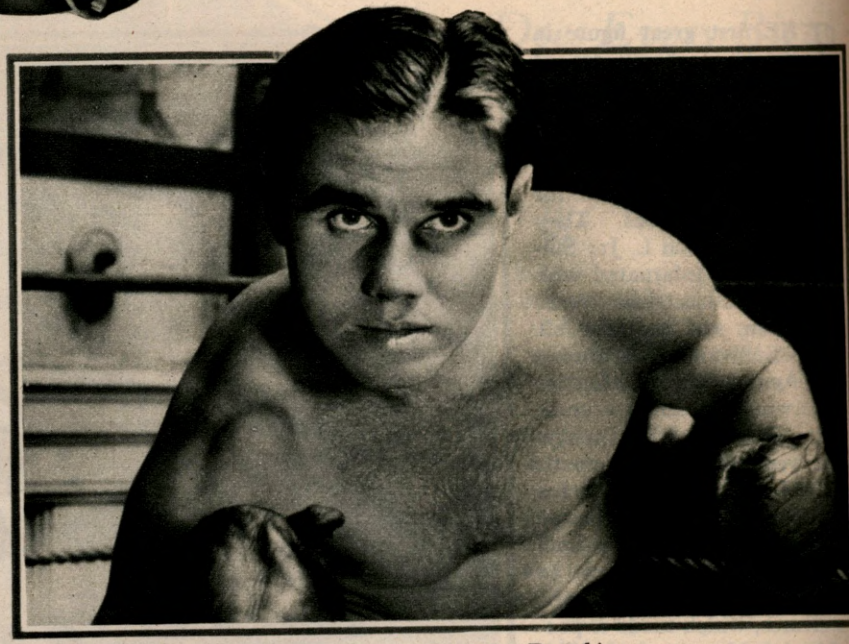
NOW let's look into the status of some of the more modern figures. Among the leading heavyweights now plying their profession Max Schmeling, Victorio Campolo, Tommy Loughran, Primo Carnera, Paulino Uzcudun, Otto Von Porat, Ernie Schaaf, Stanley Poreda and Tuffy Griffiths are single. Johnny Risko married comparatively recently.

On the other hand Jack Sharkey, regarded by many as the world's best heavyweight, married young and has three children. Jack is very keen on home life. He has a fine estate in a Boston suburb where he spends all his time when not in training. And when Sharkey must leave home to go into camp, Mrs. Sharkey accompanies him. Sharkey offers strong evidence in favor of those who argue that marriage is all right for a fighter, but the other side comes back with the statement that most of his misfortunes in the ring—and they have been many—have been due to the very fact that Mrs. Sharkey was more in his mind than the business of fighting.

Young Stribling is another prominent married heavyweight. The Georgian took the leap when in (*Continued on page* 41)

# Pacific Coast Fistic Stars

*Al Citrino, clever featherweight from Frisco, who has been winning steadily*

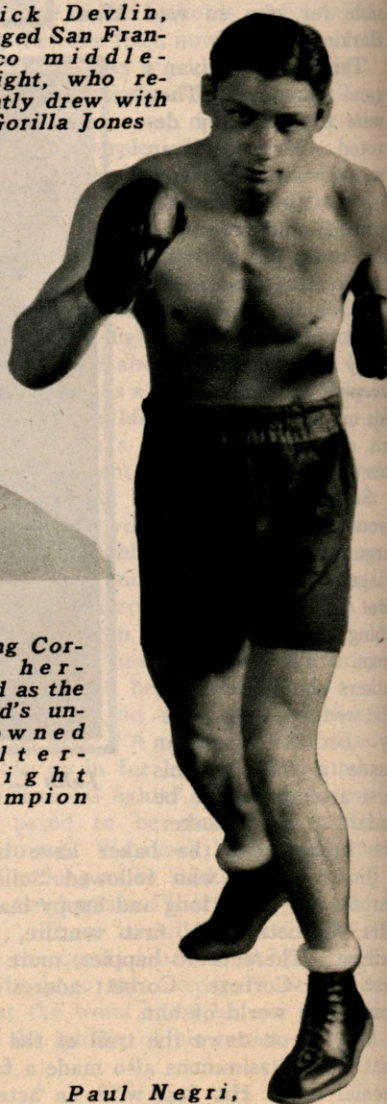


*Chick Devlin, rugged San Francisco middleweight, who recently drew with Gorilla Jones*

*Real Villa, classy flyweight out of Tulsa, Okla.*

*Frankie Klick, Pacific Coast featherweight leader*

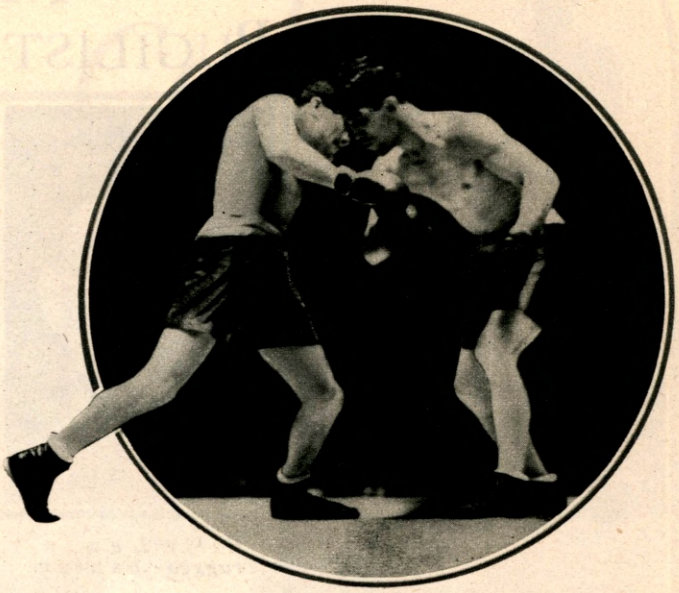
*Young Corbett, heralded as the world's uncrowned welterweight champion*



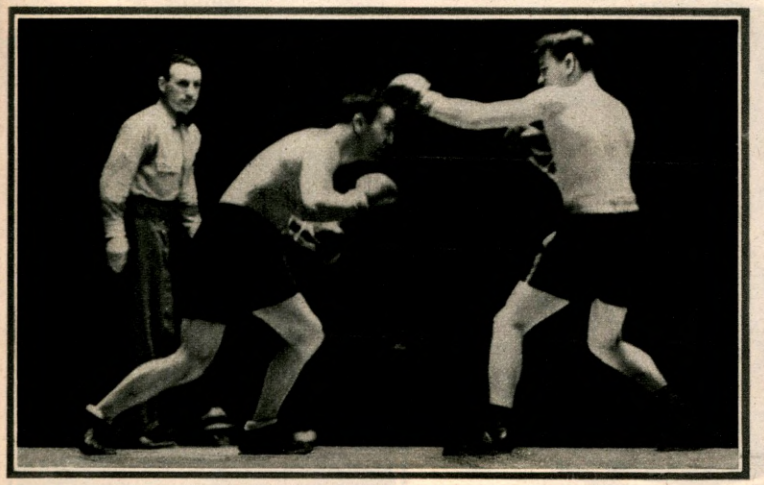
*Paul Negri, fast-stepping welterweight from Frisco*

# REVIVAL of BOXING INTEREST

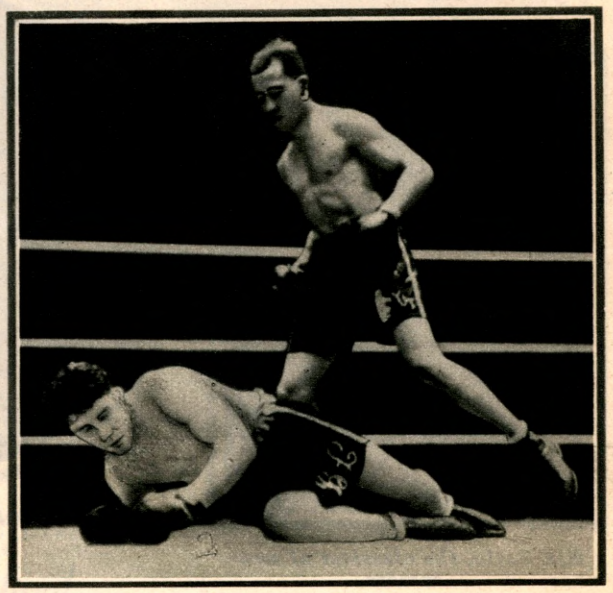
THE last few weeks have witnessed the revival of interest in boxing, an interest that presages a return to good times. The turnout of 18,000 persons who paid $82,377 to see Jimmy McLarnin clash with Billy Petrolle in an engagement in Madison Square Garden, indicates a new lease of life for the sport that has been hard hit since the start of the business depression. The McLarnin-Petrolle battle, the most important of a month of splendid performances, shared the spotlight with the Loughran-Campolo, Thompson-Lawless and La Barba-Battalino contests, each of which drew more than $25,000 at the gate. The biggest surprise was the fine turnout for the Carnera-Redmond "fight" at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, which opened the New York outdoor season. One scene in each of these contests follows:



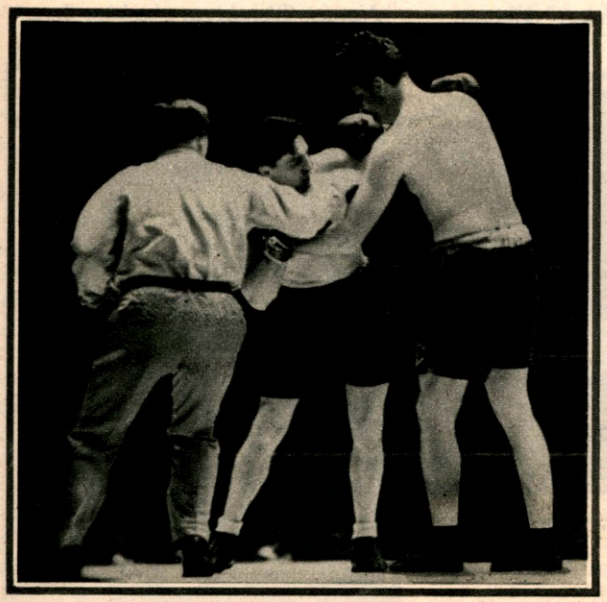
*When Bat Battalino retained his title in fight with Fidel La Barba (left) at Garden*



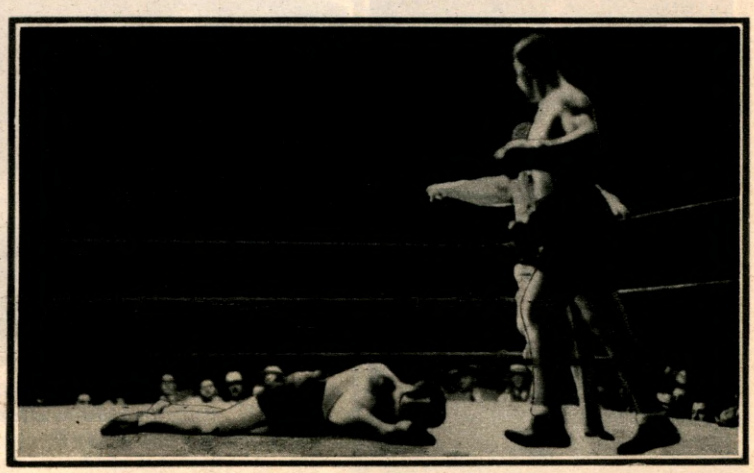
*One of the few left hooks that McLarnin (right) missed in his fight with Petrolle. Jimmy left hooked his way to a great victory*



*Bucky Lawless taking the count in bout with Young Jack Thompson in an overweight match in the Chicago Stadium*

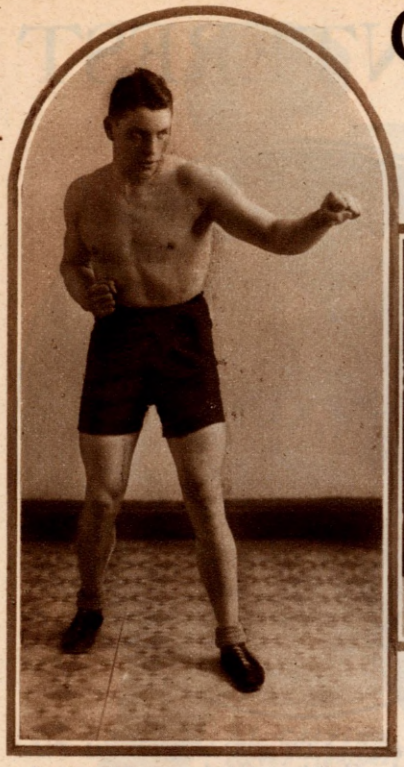


*Loughran and Campolo being separated*



*The Carnera-Redmond fiasco in which Pat went out in 2.40 of the first round*

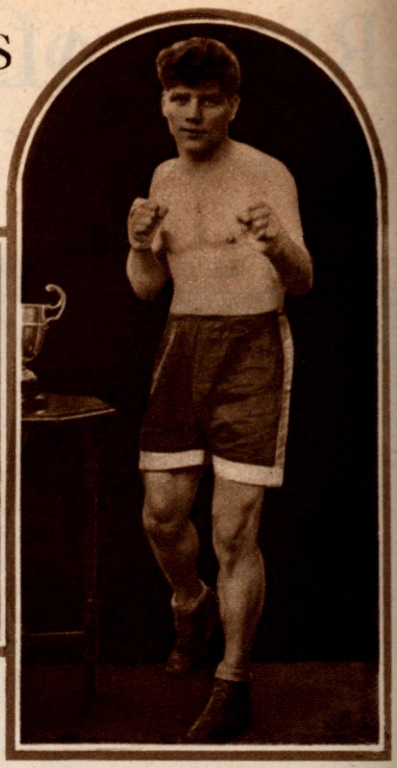
# GREAT BRITAIN'S *NEW* PUGILISTIC HOPES



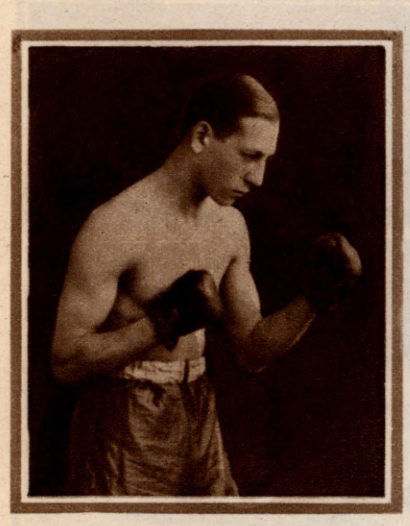
*Jack O'Brien, Irish middle-weight champion*

*Billy Lewis, rugged bantam*

*Sid Raiteri, English-Italian junior-lightweight*

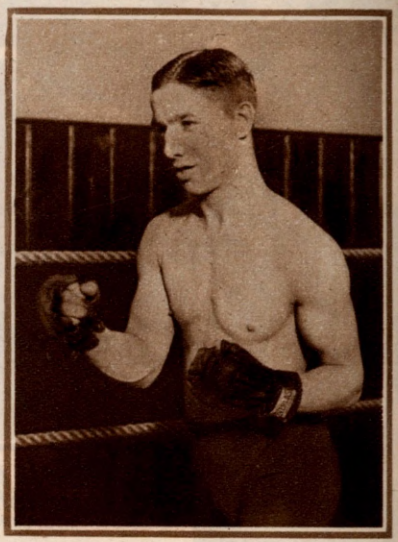


*Selwyn Davies, Welsh welter-weight*

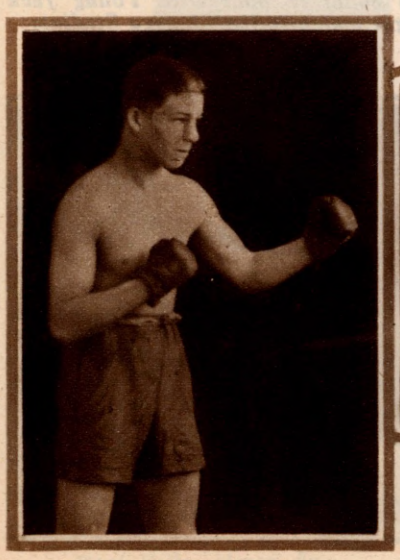


*Kid Farlo, the classiest of new-comers*

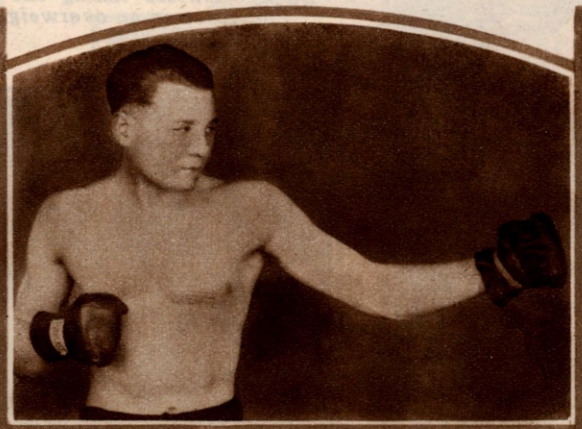
*Joe Bull, strong lightweight contender*



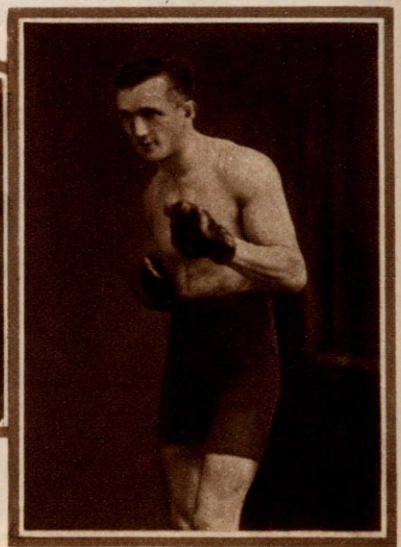
*Jimmy Thornton, slashing London lightweight*



*Moe Moss, rugged English lightweight*



*Harry Jennings, London boy, who packs a hard wallop*



*"Irish" Johnny Hill, Ireland's crack lightweight*

# *When* WASHINGTON *Threw All Comers*

*George Washington on a fox hunt, one of his favorite sports*

## *First President Established Reputation as Wrestler While in School*

*By* JAMES HAY, Jr.

ANNOUNCEMENT that the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission is perfecting its plans for the world-wide celebration next year of our first President's two hundredth birthday anniversary, brings to mind the fact that the Father of His Country was an all-round sportsman and at one time a leading wrestler of the Colony of Virginia.

His wrestling career began at the Rev. Dr. James Marye's school at Fredericksburg, Virginia. At that time Washington was a boarder in the home of a widow, the mother of two big-boned, well-muscled boys of about the same age as Washington, who was then fifteen. Well grown for his years, young George entered the school preceded by a reputation for his achievements as a fast runner and a high and broad jumper.

However, he had had no experience in wrestling. As soon as the other lads found this out, they challenged the newcomer, who was of a diffident nature, taking himself rather seriously in all his pursuits, both studies and athletics. Then, as in later years, Washington never side-stepped an opportunity or a responsibility because of a feeling of inadequacy or inexperience. His theory was that the only way to progress and learn was to take on any job that came along.

So it was that at recess during his first day in the new school the widow's two husky sons, one after the other, seized his sinewy person in crushing embrace and pinned his reluctant shoulders to the greensward. But that was merely a beginning for George. The fact that his opponents, figuratively speaking, had stretched him flat on his back and run up and down his prostrate form in hob-nailed boots, only increased his desire to learn the different holds and master the technique of wrestling.

* * *

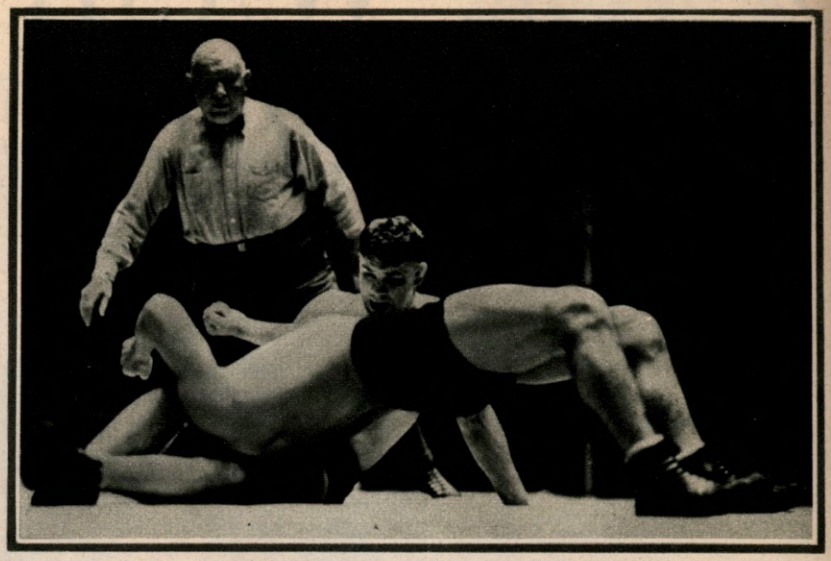
WASHINGTON was ideally built for wrestling and, having had an outdoor life since babyhood, had practically limitless endurance. Like a later President of the United States—William H. Taft, who was the champion wrestler of Yale in his college days—he had, too, plenty of weight.

Although only in his sixteenth year, he was getting on toward his ultimate six feet two inches of height, and his figure was filling out.

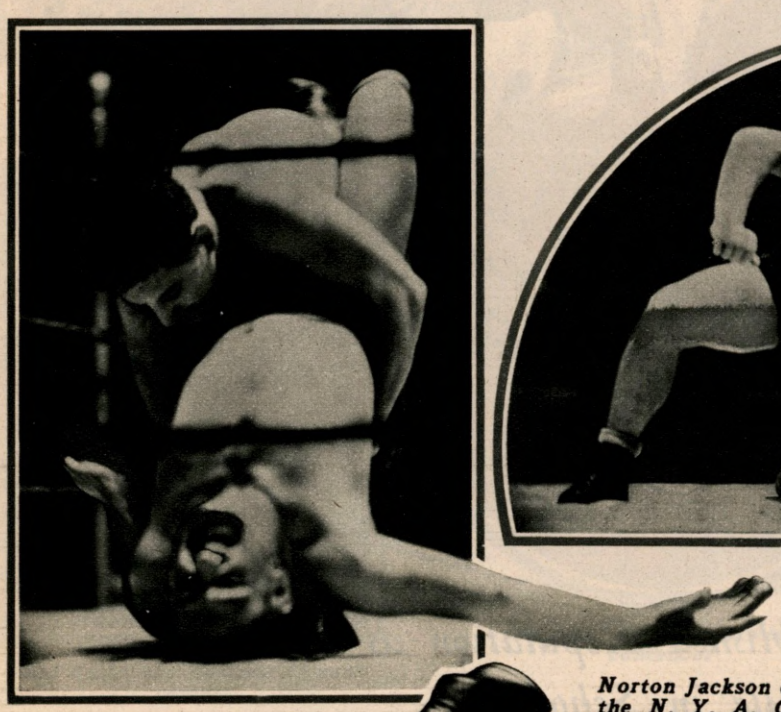
(*Continued on page* 41)

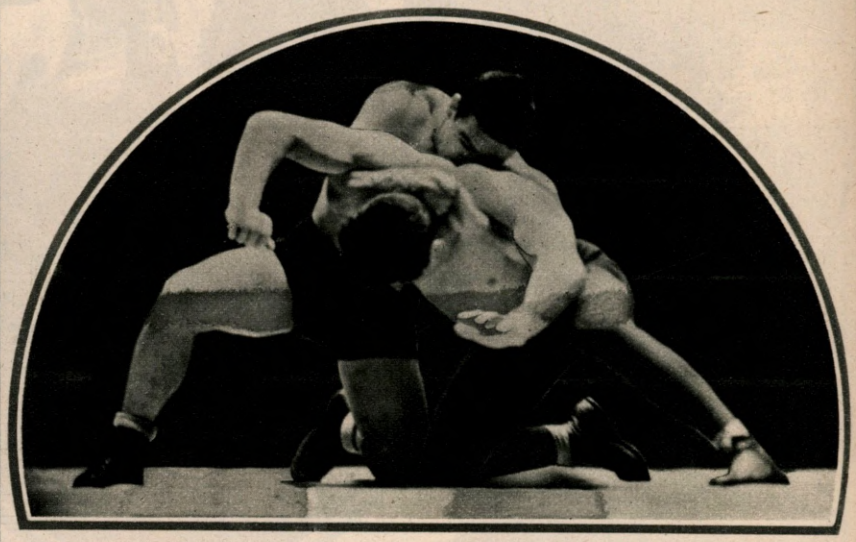
# It's the Thrill that Counts

HERE are five reasons why wrestling is drawing heavy patronage. It's the thrill that counts and lures 'em in, and there are plenty of thrills in the mat sport. Showmen, every one of 'em. While the grappling game continues to play to huge gatherings all over the country, the promoters are beginning to realize that new faces are needed to keep alive the interest and before the summer is over, there will be another foreign invasion with the stars of Europe and Asia on hand to battle the American collegians.



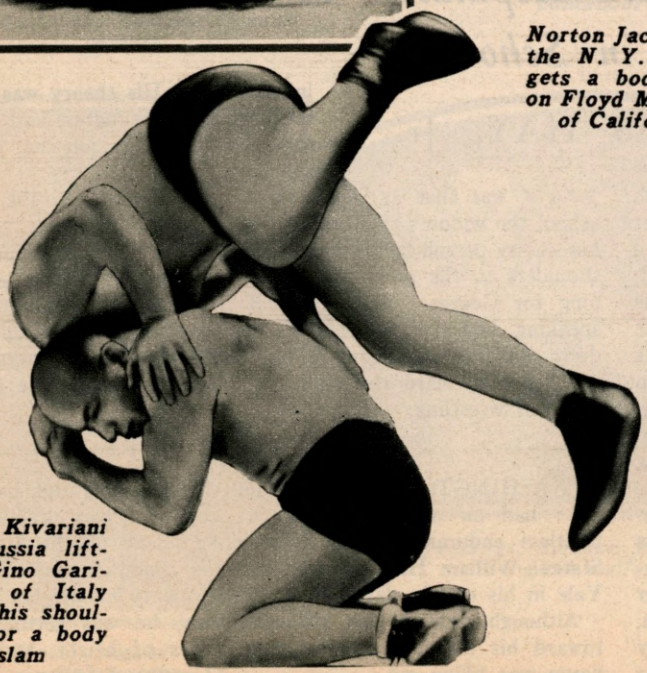
*Jim McMillan applying a scissors hold on Ray Steele in Madison Square Garden*



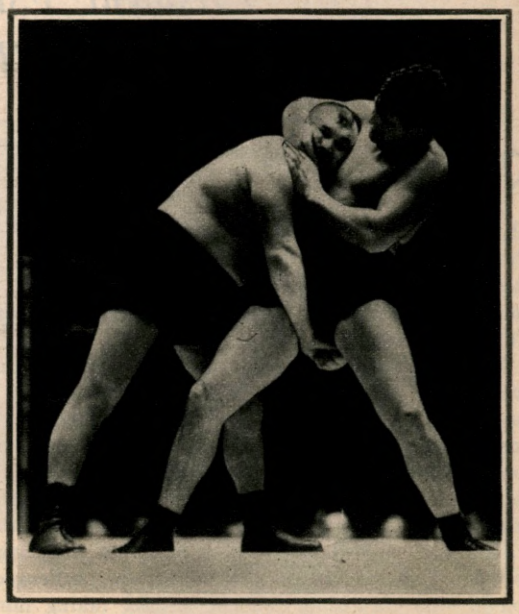


*Jim Londos, world's champion, applying a full nelson on Sandor Szabo of Hungary in Garden bout which Londos won*

*Norton Jackson of the N. Y. A. C., gets a body hold on Floyd Marshall of California*



*Kola Kivariani of Russia lifting Gino Garibaldi of Italy over his shoulder for a body slam*

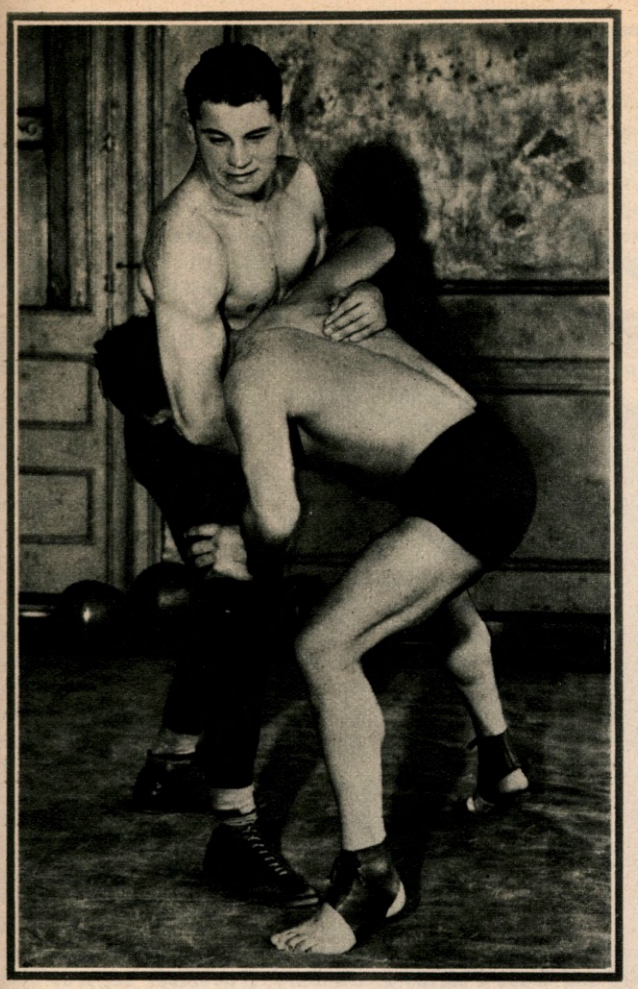


*Earl McCready of Oklahoma inflicting torturous headlock on Sergei Kalmikoff while the Siberian holds on with a hand lock*

# MAN *of* MANY HOLDS

## *Sandor Szabo Represents New Era in European Mat Sport*

### *By* JACK CURLEY



*Szabo illustrates his favorite hold*

THE new era of wrestling that we hear so much about, is one that has brought into existence a new style of wrestler and a new type. During the period when I promoted gigantic shows that featured such men as Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt, Dr. Roller, Alex Aberg, Stanislaus Zbyszko, and a score of other stars, the followers of the mat sport had paraded before them, with but few exceptions, ponderous behemoths, men who relied almost wholly on their strength and weight to carry them through to victory. Unless a grappler was heavy in the mid-section, possessed broad shoulders and scaled above the 240-pound mark, he simply didn't belong.

How things have changed! Like all other sports, wrestling has taken a turn for the better. Progress has been made both in the manner of conducting the sport and the type of men competing in it. Whereas a decade or more ago every wrestler looked like a longshoreman, to-day, like the trim, athletic bluecoats of the New York Police force, the cream of the talent are men who present the appearance of well-trained, symmetrically built, perfectly trained wrestlers. Fleetness, agility, cleverness, hardiness—these have displaced the old clumsiness, bulk and sluggishness of the old school.

Not that the old school didn't comprise great men, for on the contrary, most of the old timers outranked the stars of to-day, but times have changed, and with the change has come a demand for speed and plenty of it in the mat sport and as a result the type that fitted so well into the picture years ago, are passe to-day. That is why, as America's foremost wrestling promoter, I have taken such an interest in the development of college talent. Their work pleases the wrestling fan.

Wrestlers of the type of McMillen, McCready, Dr. Wilson and Sandor Szabo, possess the skill, the cleverness, the speed and the agility that meets with popular approval. That is why the matchmaker of to-day makes it his business to see that at least one of the opponents in each bout staged, is of the college athletic type performer.

Among the members of the new school who has gained his share of popularity and with it the money that naturally follows, is the young Hungarian Adonis, Sandor Szabo. He has not succeeded in wrestling the crown from the present holder, the sturdy Jim Londos, although he has had one chance, yet he stands out as one of the foremost of a splendid group that has come forth with a rush this year.

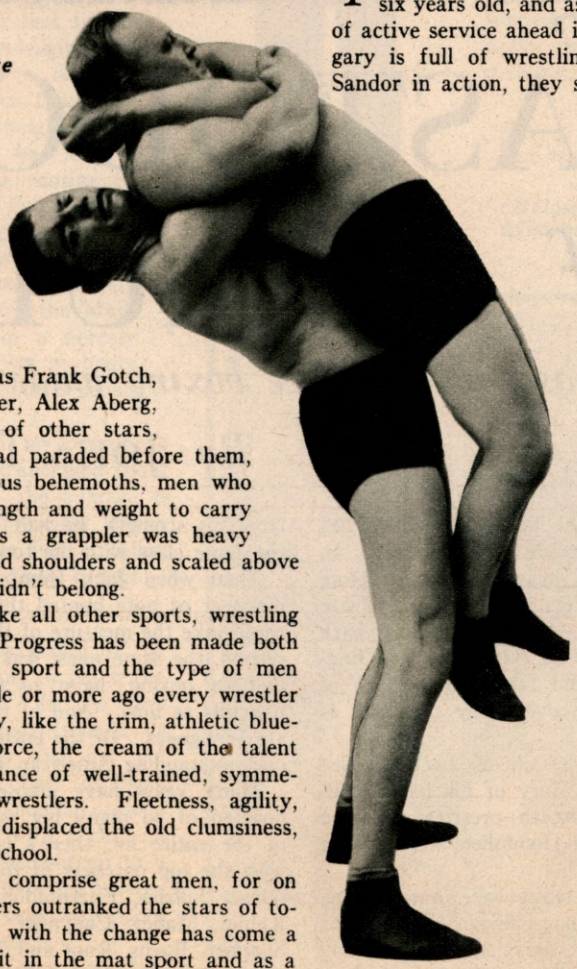
THIS dapper young collegian from Budapest is only twenty-six years old, and as wrestlers go, he still has twenty years of active service ahead if he doesn't meet with a mishap. Hungary is full of wrestling stars and when scouts abroad saw Sandor in action, they shipped him to America pronto. That their judgment was vindicated, is evident by the tremendous following which Szabo has throughout the East where he has made most of his appearances.

In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maryland, and Massachusetts, the Magyars come out en masse to see their favorite in action. When he first came here, he knew little of the American methods and was severely handicapped, but under the able guidance of his manager, Jack Pfeffer, he quickly absorbed them and to-day he has few peers.

He has a splendid physique, has a knowledge of every trick of the game, is a thorough master of the wrestling holds, has grit, gameness and is as agile as a cat. He has the art of tumbling to perfection, has a knack of getting out of the most intricate holds of his opponent.

Szabo started wrestling when he was a boy of fourteen. Although an orphan who had to work to earn his daily bread, he found sufficient time to gain an elementary school education. Being an all-around athlete, a jumper, soccer player and wrestler, he became extremely popular and with this to aid him, he received a position in a butcher shop where he worked behind the counter and

(*Continued on page 43*)



*Lifting a 227-pound opponent*

*From an engraving of 1790 showing Tom Johnson, (left) and Isaac Perrins at Banbury, November 22, 1789*

# MASTODONS of MAUL

## *Lure of the giant has persisted since boxing made its first appearance*

PART II

*By* JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

THE lure of the giant in the field of pugilism has persisted since boxing first made its appearance. In the intensive search for a heavyweight champion, the imagination of the seekers is fired by mere size on the part of the prospect. Years ago, as far back as 1742, the British, through James Figg, scouted all of England to find a heavyweight who could take the measure of the Venetian Gondolier, who was discovered by the Earl of Bath in Italy.

He was brought to England where he and his backer issued a defi to lick any Englishman. The story of his battle with Bob Whitaker, chosen to uphold English prestige, is given elsewhere, but suffice to say that the Gondolier was knocked out in his first bout.

Only a few years ago, when the white race was hunting for a white hope to defeat Jack Johnson, a flood of Behemoths came forth and of the entire number, only three showed any fistic prowess—Luther McCarty, Arthur Pelkey and Jess Willard, and of these, McCarty was killed by Pelkey who from that time took a tumble and Willard, alone, survived. He later became the world's heavyweight champion. Aside from his strength, he had little else to merit being placed in the same class with the top notchers of the past.

Then when Jack Dempsey hit the toboggan, every fight manager of note hunted through the "sticks" for a giant who could take the measure of the Manassa Mauler. When Tunney retired, the same quest was resumed. Never in the history of modern boxing, have so many giants entered the field of fisticuffs as now. And of these Gargantums of the ring, most are foreigners. Of the entire field of newcomers, there is only one outstanding American prospect, Max Baer.

Many years have elapsed since the heavyweight division boasted of so many big men as are in the field to-day, yet of the entire lot, there's isn't one who could take his place with the top notchers of the period which had among its best talent, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, McCoy, Jack O'Brien, Ruhlin, Maher, Choynski, Langford, Johnson, Jackson, Tom Sharkey, Burns, Root and Hart. Even in the later period, in which Jack Dempsey led the field, the general run of heavyweights was far better than those who are in the limelight to-day. Luis Firpo, Georges Carpentier and Gene Tunney would have shown a mastery over the best of the present lot,

including Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling and Young Stribling.

The heavyweights of to-day may be bigger than those who thrived a few years ago, but they are the most mediocre fighters the roped square has had since the advent of the Queensberry code. Most of the middleweights of ten or fifteen years ago, were they in their prime to-day, would, in my opinion, with few exceptions, show superiority over those in the heavyweight ranks to-day.

Stanley Ketchel, Kid McCoy, Billy Papke, Frank Klaus, Harry Greb, would find Santa, Bertazzola, Carnera, Campolo and Ruggirello much to their liking. These giants would find more gloves flung at them than they could see, and it is my opinion each of the above named middleweights would be returned the victor in a contest with each of the new foreign heavyweight menaces.

* * *

THERE are only two outstanding heavyweights to-day—Jack Sharkey, the leader and Young Stribling. The rest all have bulk and height but lack class. Some of the foreigners, especially Carnera and Campolo, may yet make good, but they have not yet exhibited sufficient skill to warrant being classed as leaders.

The attraction of the giant is as old as the hills. The most talked-of big man among the pugilists of the present day is Carnera, whose counterpart in early American fistic history was Charles Freeman, who in bulk, size, amazing strength and acrobatic skill, has never had an equal. Despite his strength, however, he never held a title. In fact, prior to engaging in a ring battle abroad, Freeman never had fought yet fooled the English into acknowledging him the American champion, through a ballyhoo ruse engineered by his sponsor, Ben Caunt.

The biggest man to win a heavyweight championship was Jess Willard. He was a slow thinker, who required considerable rousing to get him into action—a fellow of the plodding type, yet he succeeded in reaching the heights. But Willard, despite his towering height and tremendous bulk, found the comparatively small Jack Dempsey his master, for the Manassa Mauler mowed him down in a fiercely waged battle at Toledo. Willard was so badly battered that he quit before the fourth round was started.

The heavyweights who thrived in Dempsey's time were of ordinary height. They averaged about 6 feet 1 inch. To-day, however, the average is about 6 feet 4 inches. Every heavyweight among the first ten in the list to-day is six feet or taller. Of the first ten, half are more than 6 feet 3 inches tall.

* * *

FROM the days of Goliath, the giants of the ring have found it most difficult to reach the top rung of the pugilistic ladder. In the very early days of boxing, when the sport was in its infancy and the Broughton rules had not yet found their way into print, the Earl of Bath brought over from Italy a huge Venetian gondolier, who came across the channel with a chip on his shoulder and challenged any Englishman to a "fight with the bare fists." This Venetian, so the story goes, had on more than one occasion broken the jaw of an opponent with one punch.

The challenge went unanswered for a time, but persistency on the part of the Italian's backer, finally brought a reply from James Figg, who was the champion of England at sword and buckler, quarter-staff and cudgel and also was professor of boxing. Figg promptly undertook to find an English lad to take up the challenge and the fellow he chose, was Bob Whitaker.

Bob proved a midget compared to the Venetian giant, and in the first few seconds, a terrible blow to the jaw sent Whitaker off the stage. The Englishman, however, far from being discouraged, and taunted by this foreigner, came up smiling and for the next few minutes handed the giant a neat lacing.

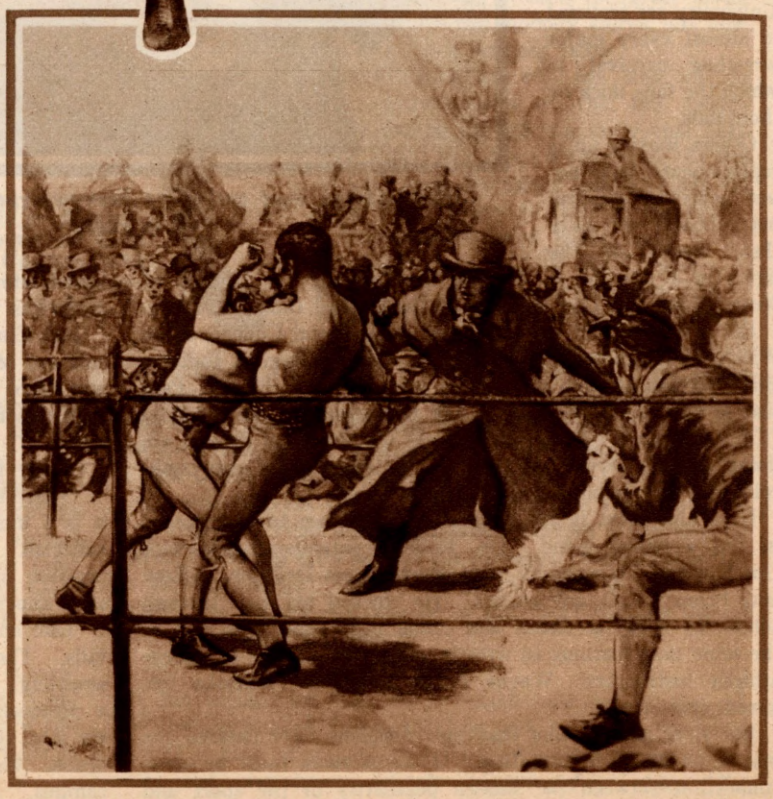
A wallop to the stomach knocked all the fight out of the foreigner. It doubled him up and caused him to cry quits.

That is the story of the first foreign giant to engage in an international fight.

The second important match in which a foreign fighter attempted to wrest the honors from an Englishman was one in which a towering Frenchman, Petit by name, stacked up against John Slack, the conqueror of Broughton, father of boxing rules. Petit had been traveling around Europe exhibiting feats of strength, and when he found business on the wane, he decided to hurl a broadside at British boxers. Despite the fact that he was 6 feet 4½ inches tall and weighed 266 pounds, he found a ready taker in the 5 feet 8½ inch Englishman who scaled only 202 pounds.

Slack, like Whitaker, was taken by surprise with the first blow landed by the Frenchman, for he was hurled over the rails of the stage into the crowd below. But this proved the undoing of Petit, for Slack came back with a vengeance, and keeping artfully out of Petit's clutches, for wrestling was permitted at the time, and darting in and out skillfully, he soon winded the Frenchman and then crashed a heavy right to the belly and knocked the big man out. Thus ended (*Continued on page* 43)

***(Left) Jess Willard, the only giant of modern times to win the heavyweight crown***

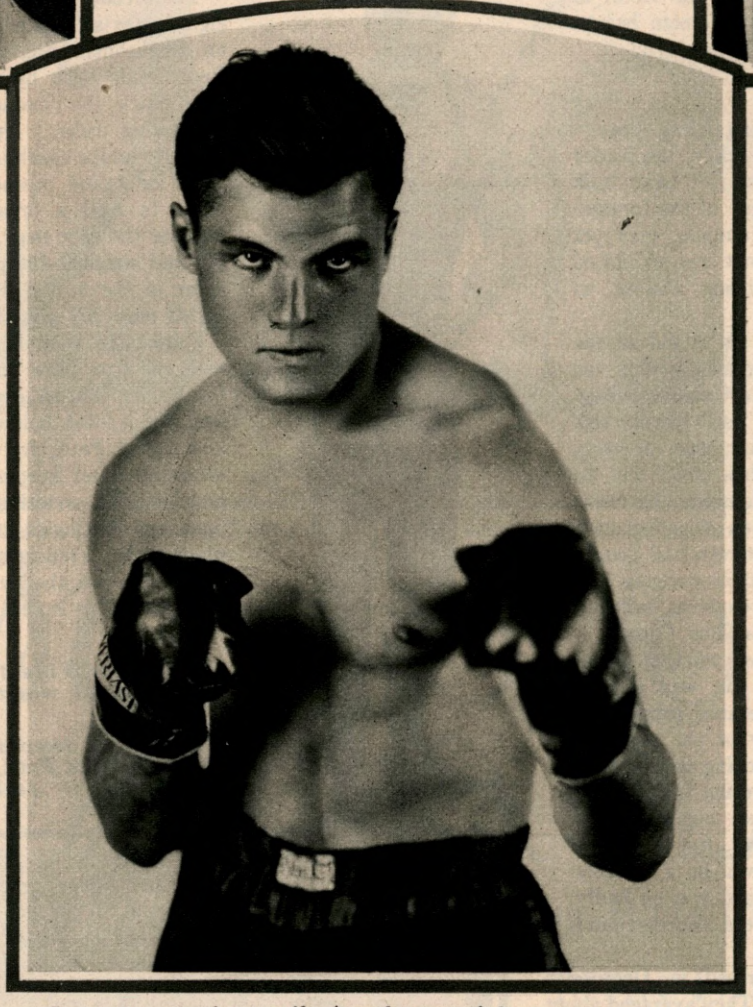


***(Below) A famous print illustrating the fight between Petit, the French giant, and Jack Slack***

# THOSE CAMPUS WOWS

*Monte Munn, Nebraska football star, who could punch and take it, but lacked speed*

*Allie Woolf, another Penn State athlete who may yet develop into a top notcher*



*Steve Hamas, best collegiate heavyweight prospect turned out in years*

THE remarkable rise of wrestling as entertainment for the sports loving public has been coincident with the appearance in the professional mat game of numerous collegians.

The names of Dynamite Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth, Don George of Michigan, Jim McMillen of Illinois, Herb Freeman of the College of the City of New York, and Sandor Szabo of Budapest University are featured in almost every major wrestling carnival to which the fans flock by thousands.

Others, moving up as replacements, have not yet achieved stardom but probably will have their names in the lights in a year or so, fellows like Jumping Joe Savoldi of Notre Dame and Tiny Roebuck of the Haskell Indian Institute.

Earl McCready of the Oklahoma Agricultural College, Firpo Wilson of Oklahoma University, Dr. Ralph Wilson of Indiana, Billy Bartush of Ohio State, Billy Middlekauf of Florida, Paul Harter of Dallas University, Dick Daviscourt of the Franklin (Calif.) Normal College and Harold Cornsweet of Brown are doing yeoman service on the mat, fattening their own bankrolls and entertaining a sports-loving public.

Here and there in the past a collegian rose to prominence in the wrestling game. Dr. Roller, contemporaneous with Gotch and Hackenschmidt, held degrees from DePauw, Indiana and Pennsylvania universities. He worked his way through school by washing dishes and doing other odd jobs and at the same time learning to wrestle under the tutelage of college athletic instructors. Wayne (Big) Munn of Nebraska followed years later.

But it is only of late that the collegians have entered the mat sport in mass formation. It seems there must be some connection between the sudden popularity of the sport and the appearance of the collegians.

At this writing wrestling has taken the play away from boxing to such an extent that fistic promoters are beginning to wonder what it is all about. If, as seems likely, the influx of collegiate figures has whipped up interest in wrestling, can the sock market be revived by a blood transfusion of a similar nature?

* * *

I ASKED a well-known wrestling promoter how much the collegians had helped wrestling. He waxed enthusiastic.

"Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth has done more for wrestling than any other single individual," said this promoter. "Gus recruited a new and enthusiastic class of patronage. Those who have followed him from the college campus have heightened it. The game has taken on an entirely new aspect."

Jack Curley, New York mat impresario who has several times sold out Madison Square Garden with his wrestling spectacles, was asked if he deemed it likely the collegians would ever play such important roles in boxing as they now fill in the grappling sport.

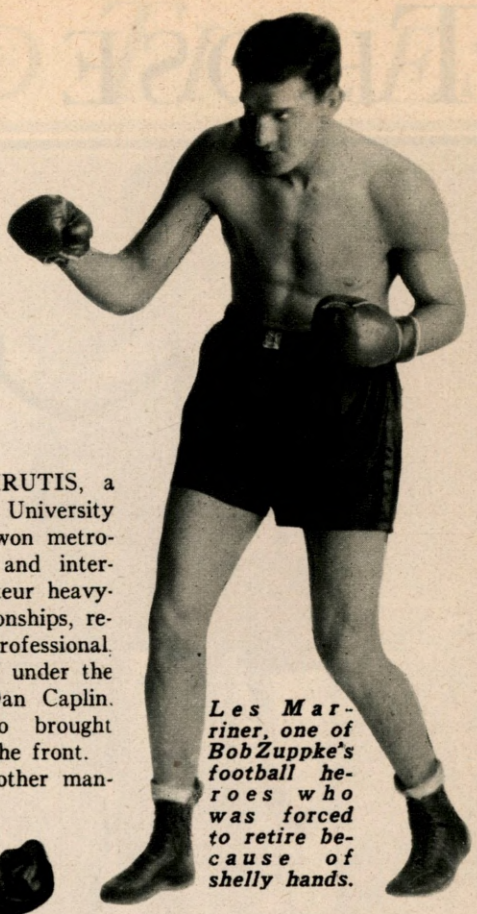
Curley is doubtful.

"There is a great deal of difference," he says. "In wrestling it is a much more simple matter to bring along a promising collegian. A defeat on the mat does not leave such an impression on the physical and mental makeup of the athlete as a knockout in boxing.

"One knockout does more harm than the loss of thirty pin falls. There is no especial shock to the nervous system in wrestling. It is different in a fight. One knockout may ruin a promising boxer. Two or three early knockouts usually are fatal to a boxer's chances. Wrestlers never become punch drunk. Fighters do, whether they come from the gutter or the campus."

# *Steve Hamas, Penn State Star, Leads Assault of Collegians Who Seek Fame and Fortune in Cauliflower Industry*

## *By* LARRY TROTTIER



*Les Marriner, one of Bob Zuppke's football heroes who was forced to retire because of shelly hands.*

Still, if one looks over the fistic field there are signs that the collegians are moving in, that within a year, or two, or three, some of them will be reclining on fistic thrones.

* * *

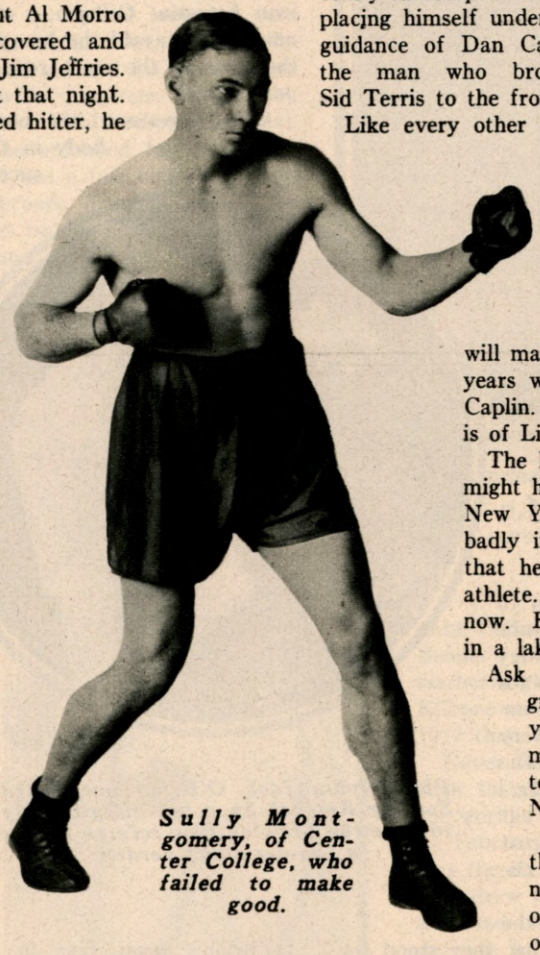
A COUPLE of months ago a Madison Square Garden crowd rose up and yelled itself hoarse when Steve Hamas of Passaic, N. J., belted out Al Morro of California, the big fellow discovered and tutored in the Queensberry art by Jim Jeffries. Hamas looked like a great prospect that night. Of the Dempsey type, a two-handed hitter, he waded in from the opening gong and soon had the Californian in trouble.

Hamas, unlike most beginners, did not lose his head when he saw his chance to score a knockout. Without sacrificing any of the ferocity of his assault, he switched his attack here and there like a veteran and soon finished the job.

That was his sixteenth professional bout and his fourteenth knockout. He won the other two by decision.

Now just who is this Hamas, anyway? If you are a follower of collegiate football he is no stranger to you. For three years he starred at fullback for Penn State. He also was a forward on the basketball team and found time to pick up points for the Nittany Lions in putting the shot and hurling the javelin and discus.

Steve's first public appearance with boxing gloves on his hands was at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1927, when he appeared in the intercollegiate championship tournament as a last minute substitute and battered his way to the 175-pound championship.



*Sully Montgomery, of Center College, who failed to make good.*

Right now Hamas weighs 190 pounds and is convinced that he is on his way to the heavyweight championship and all that it means in fame and fortune.

"The fact that I am a college man should not hold me back in boxing," he argues. "My athletic training in college should help rather than hinder me. In college I learned what condition means to an athlete and that a fellow must bend every effort to learn from those who are trying to teach him any game. I like to box and if I don't get to the top it will not be for lack of trying."

Tex Hamer, another Penn State football player, also is seeking heavyweight glory. What a story it would be if these two some day were to meet for the title. They are only two of many college football stars who are seeking fame either in wrestling or boxing.

YUSTIN SIRUTIS, a New York University student, who won metropolitan, state and intercollegiate amateur heavyweight championships, recently turned professional placing himself under the guidance of Dan Caplin. the man who brought Sid Terris to the front.

Like every other manager, Caplin's dream is pilot of a heavyweight champion. Dan believes Sirutis will make that dream come true for him. Three years will be all the time needed, according to Caplin. Sirutis, a huge, square-jawed fellow, is of Lithuanian descent.

The heavyweight division lost a prospect who might have scaled the heights when Al Lassman, New York University's famous tackle, was so badly injured in a football game in Pittsburgh that he never was able to appear again as an athlete. Lassman has crossed the great divide now. He was drowned, nobody knows just how, in a lake at a boy's summer camp.

Ask Jimmy Bronson, who has seen all the great heavyweights of the last twenty years, and he will tell you, sadly, that Lassman would have been a champion. It was to have been Bronson's task to guide the New York U. boy to fame in the ring.

Other college bred boxers now before the public include Allie Wolff, winner of nine letters at Penn State; Milton Hutner of New York University, and Mickey Terry of Trenton, a student at Ryder College. Two collegians who won the titles in the national amateur championships also hope to win fame in the professional game. They are Al Gomez, a graduate of the University of California, and Ed Flynn, who is studying dentistry at Loyola University in New Orleans. Gomez is a lightweight; Flynn a welterweight.

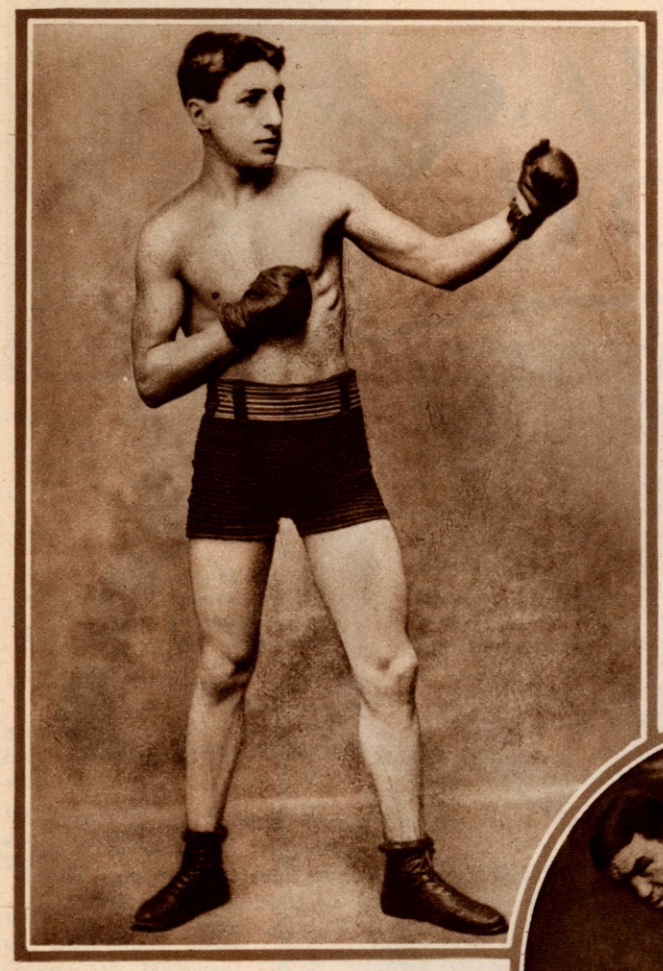
It would help the collegiate score to include Fidel LaBarba. It is true that Fidel attended Leland Stanford University for a year, but it was after he won the flyweight championship that he went to college. Others, like Eddie Mack, Western lightweight, are earning the money to put them through college by their labors in the ring.

* * *

ONE factor that may be a considerable aid to the collegians in their invasion of the sock market is the inclusion of boxing among the sports encouraged at many universities and preparatory schools. (*Continued on page* 42)

# THOSE *NO-DECISION*

## *Frawley Law Made New York Haven of Champions of Doubtful Class*



*Abe Attell, although knocked out by Tony Bender, had the bout recorded as a "no-decision" affair*

THE letters "N. D." which began to grace the pages of pugilistic history with the enactment of the Frawley law, that made New York a haven for lazy champions, and which seemed unobtrusive, even diffident, have played a very important part in the affairs of the ring. The letters might stand for "Nothing Doing," "Needless Drubbing," or "No Defense," but whatever their significance, they were a great and lasting comfort to many a knight of the padded mitt.

Those responsible for the insertion of the cryptic letters in boxing events explained that they stood for "No Decision," indicating that if a contest ended with both men on their feet, the result should be entered in the records as "No Decision." And as a result, the boxing records for many years were crowded with the letters "N. D."

A boxer might have beaten his opponent on points from Harlem to the statute of Liberty, but if the beaten man was on his feet at the close of the bout, the winner had to be contented with the neglectful and doleful "N. D." Due to this practice, the boxing records for many years are absolutely meaningless to the student except where a contestant won on a knockout or by a foul.

* * *

MANY of the most exciting contests of the ring are hidden behind the deceptive letters "N. D." and many a boxer entitled to credit for a knockout, has had to be content with the information that it was a "No Decision" bout. On the other hand, many instances of a boxer winning by a knockout and being put off with an "N. D." verdict are to be found in the published records.

No more remarkable case of a boxer who outpointed his man in every round of ten, and then was knocked down in the tenth and last round, the three minutes ending before the count of ten was completed, ever took place than that of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in his sensational battle with Stanley Ketchell at the Pioneer A. C. on March 26, 1909. For ten successive rounds O'Brien peppered the lion-hearted Ketchel with an assortment of jabs, hooks and uppercuts that would have discouraged a less gallant fighter than the Michigan Assassin. O'Brien, a clever and resourceful ring general, managed to avoid the heavy shots aimed by Ketchell, and, at the close of the ninth round, the Quaker boxer led by 1,000 points to 0.

O'Brien resumed the bombardment of Ketchel's face and body in the tenth round and continued his successful attack until the closing seconds of the final session when the beaten but valorous Ketchel let loose a right hand smash that connected with O'Brien's jaw and sent him to the canvas like a struck steer. During the wildest excitement, the referee began his count over the inert body of the Philadelphian, and as the victim of the blow never moved, it looked like a sure knockout.

But just as the referee said "seven", the gong ended the tenth and last round. Therefore O'Brien was not knocked out, although he was still unconscious when the round ended, and did not recover from its lethal effects for half an hour later.

Yet the record books enter the bout as a "no decision" contest.

*Philadelphia Jack O'Brien outpointed Stanley Ketchel by a big margin, only to have the Frawley Law referee render a "no-decision" verdict*

O'Brien's great feat in winning nine successive rounds from the Grand Rapids Terror meant nothing to the referee nor any one connected with the dispensation of the Frawley Law and the Quaker has little to be thankful for. Had the knockdown blow been struck in the earlier rounds of the battle, and the count stopped at seven, O'Brien would have been dragged to his corner and doubtless revived so as to come out for the succeeding rounds.

Thus under the faulty "N. D." rule O'Brien was deprived of a decision to which he was entitled, while the one knockdown scored by Ketchel was noised about in a way to give him credit for a knockout.

* * *

ABE ATTELL was also the gainer by the "N. D." rule in at least two of his battles, in one of which he was knocked out and in the other outpointed. Attell made a

# BOUTS *SAVED* TITLES

## *By* CHARLES F. MATHISON

match, which was contested on March 7, 1906, with a Jerseyman named Tony Bender. This young man was a heavy hitter, but doubtless Abe thought his superior boxing would keep his jaw out of danger.

The bout took place in Billy Elmer's Gym, 110 West 42nd Street, New York, and there was an understanding as to heavy hitting, and that Bender had forgotten it.

The bout was limited to three rounds, "N. D.," and it seems likely that Attell felt that no one was going to hit him on the jaw in three rounds. The first round went off according to expectations, Attell outboxing and outgeneralling his opponent.

* * *

THE second round also went along for a couple of minutes just as the records of the men indicated it would. Attell outpointed his man from A. to Z, and looked a sure winner on performance, if not by knockout. But suddenly the right arm of young Mr. Bender shot out and his gloved hand crashed against the Attell jaw with disastrous effects, the famous featherweight hitting the floor with a resounding thud.

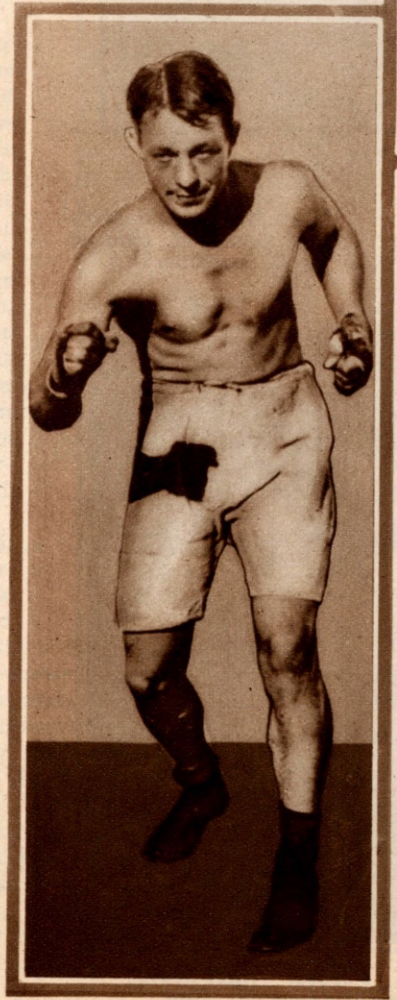
The referee was so upset by the unlooked for occurrence that he forgot to count although it was a fair knockdown and an apparent knockout. Attell's seconds dragged him to his corner and used all known remedies for the revival of stunned boxers, but it was fully three minutes before the stricken Californian recovered sufficiently to sit up and take notice.

* * *

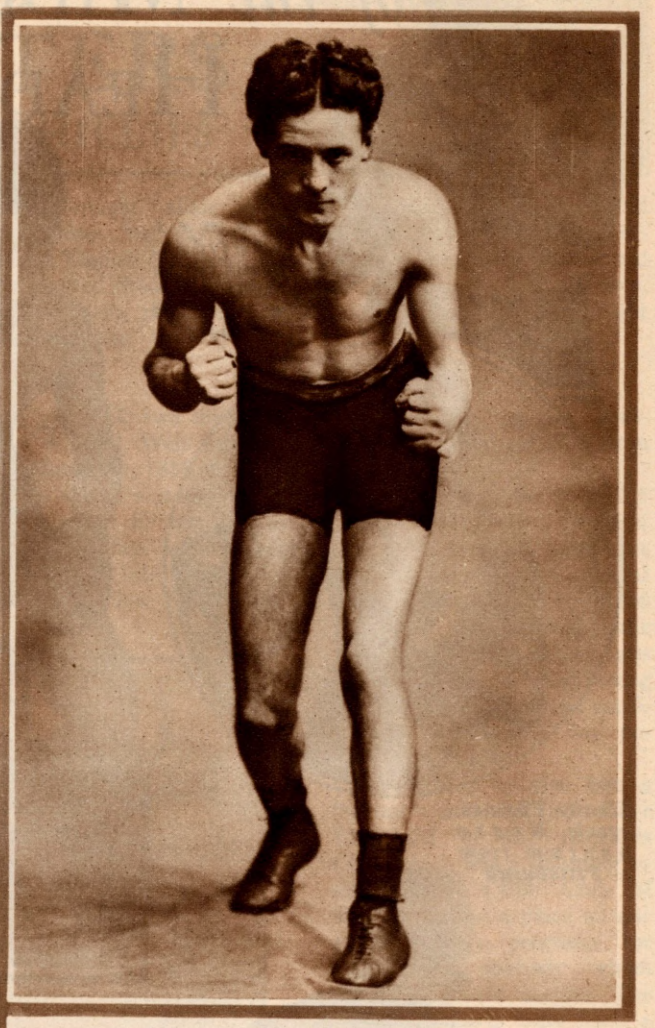
IT was then explained by the referee that Attell was the victim of an accident, and that he would oblige the spectators by boxing the third round. Evidently Bender had been roundly criticised for his indiscretion in knocking down the leading aspirant for the featherweight honors and had promised to be more careful in the final round. He kept his word and the three rounds, minus the one in which Attell regained his composure, ended without any more tragedy.

Despite the fact that Bender scored a fair and legal knockout over Attell, the Jerseyman got nothing more satisfactory than a decision of "N. D." Bender, by his knockout punch, should have been in a position to demand an elimination bout with Attell for featherweight honors.

It is true that Attell did not hold the championship on the occasion of his knockout by Bender, but he was the leading contender for the crown, which he had lost by a knockout in the fourth round to Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan in 1904 and regained from the same Sullivan in 1908 by k. o. in round four. Had Bender's hitting powers been turned loose in the featherweight scramble of that period, it is possible that Kilbane would have had a more dangerous opponent in 1912 than Attell proved to be.



***Stanley Ketchel, who K.O.'ed O'Brien in tenth, the bell saving him at the count of seven***



***Jem Driscoll, clever English featherweight who outclassed Abe Attell during the Frawley Law period***

Never was there a more farcical ending to a bout than that between Abe Attell and Jem Driscoll, for the world's featherweight title, in the Old Pioneer S. C. on February 19, 1909. When they faced each other, it was the meeting of two of the cleverest ring men that ever drew on boxing gloves. Driscoll was eager for a 20-round bout at New Orleans where there would be a decision by the referee, as there was hardly a doubt the bout would go the limit. Attell said "N. D." suited him and so it went. Driscoll won by a mile but all he was presented with in the records was an "N. D."

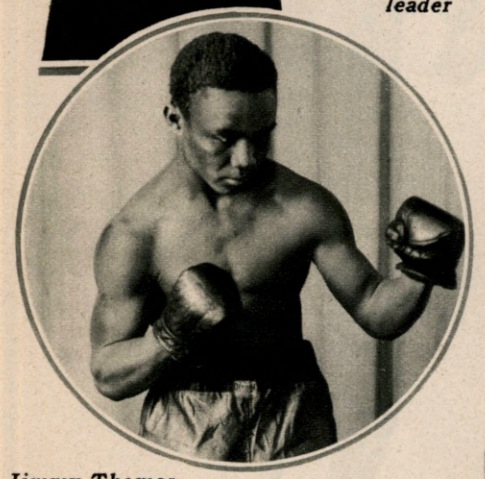
* * *

As in other contests in which Driscoll figured in this country, he simply amazed the spectators by his flashy footwork and the speed with which he shot out his punches. Attell, whose reputation for cleverness had gained him world fame, looked like a novice as he stood, bewildered, and tried desperately to defend himsef against the speedy, wily attack of the British champion. That Abe was wise in holding out for New York as the scene of the encounter, became more and more evident as the bout progressed for it was Driscoll's fight all the way. He was pressed in even one round.

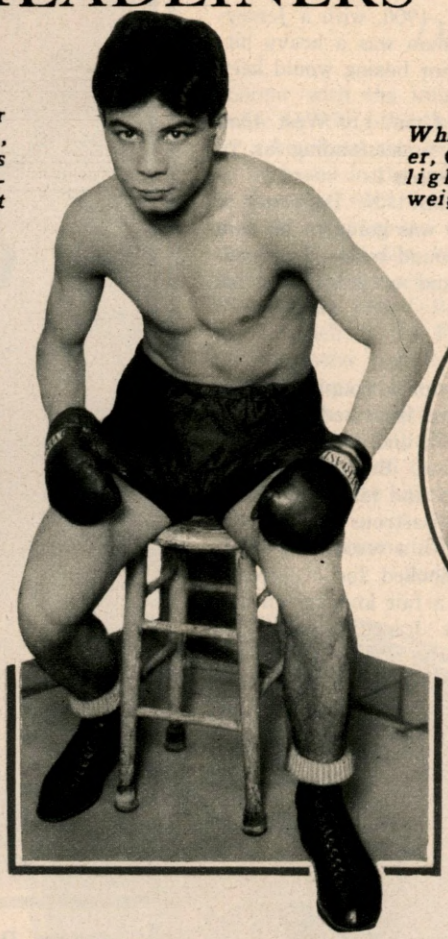
# SOME *of the* MIDDLE WEST'S HEADLINERS

*Homer Sheridan, Sioux City's middleweight leader*

*Whitey Walker, Cleveland's light-heavyweight entry*



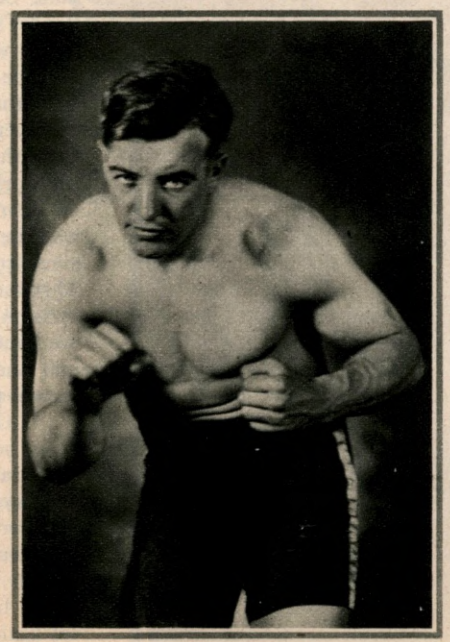
*Jimmy Thomas, crack Negro bantam from Pittsburgh*



*Earl Mastro, Chicago's fine piece of fighting machinery*

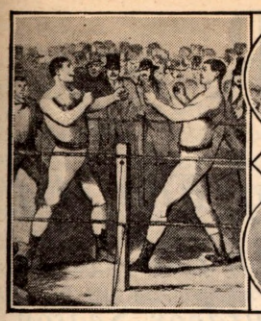
*Barney Ross, latest Chicago lightweight sensation*

*Buster Mallini, one of Chicago's best middleweights*



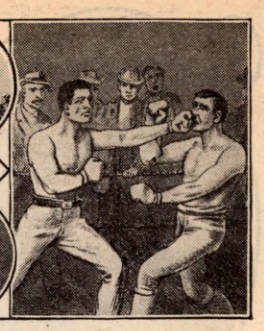
*Dave Forbes, light-heavyweight from St. Paul*

*Ray Tramblie, middleweight comer from Rockford, Ill.*



# FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

## *By* A. D. PHILLIPS



IKE WEIR, the "Belfast Spider," a clown who could hit, was a star in everything he did, "even in his bad break," but it was as the featherweight champion of the world that he shone at his greatest brilliancy, although he also won fame as a jockey, a trainer and exhibitor of show horses for wealthy patrons, a marksman of rare ability, a musician and an entertainer par excellence.

He flourished at a period when London rules were passing out and the more humane Queensberry code becoming the vogue, when the big gloves of to-day were unknown except for exhibition purposes and when skin gloves were used to keep as close to the borderland of legality as possible. These gloves, it may be said here, were nothing more than kid gloves and at most driving gloves with the fingers cut off. They were, if anything, more effective in cutting an opponent than were the bare knuckles of the London rules.

Later 2-ounce gloves were used, and with the adoption of boxing laws by the various States, came the present day five and six ounce hand coverings.

* * *

IT was with skin gloves that Weir was at his best, for he used peculiarly delivered blows that tore and ripped the flesh of an opponent. Yet it was his persistent use of such small gloves that brought about the condition of his hands that made it practically impossible for him to win in his later fights. Despite the handicap, however, so wonderful was he in his ring skill that he was able to prevent defeat, even though the battles were often endurance tests, as in the cases with Havlin and Frank Murphy, when the bouts went 61 and 80 rounds, respectively.

Weir was born at Lurgan, near Belfast, Ireland on February 5, 1867. He early took to horses and became a noted jockey before he was 15, with a reputation for daring that was not equalled by riders of greater experience. This, added to the fact that he was tremendously strong, although he weighed only 100 pounds, brought his services into great demand. His father, however, had other plans, just as many other Irish fathers had, and that included having Ike study for the priesthood.

Ike ran away from home and went to Manchester, England, where he entered a 136-pound boxing tournament in which he conceded as high as 30 pounds to opponents and knocked out three. This was in October, 1885. So marvelous was his work in this tournament, that he was matched against a local champion named Harlow at Salford, which bout he won in ten rounds.

His next essay was in another tournament at Manchester, an "all-weight" affair, in which he won over Bill Joyce and Tom Jones, but was nosed out of the finals by the then 130-pound English champion, George Holden, who afterward visited the United States and engaged in a number of matches here, among them, the fight with Frank White for the lightweight championship.

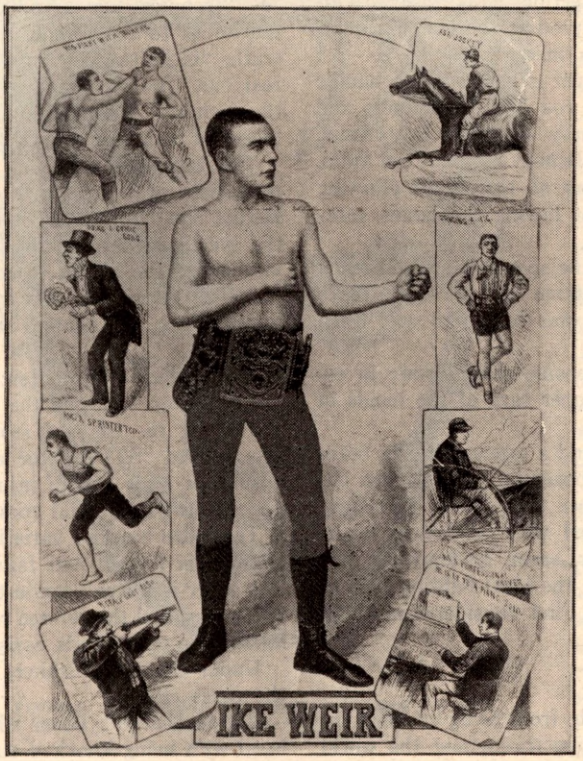
* * *

AFTER two more winning fights at Preston and Liverpool, Weir sailed for America and arrived in Boston on March 10, 1886.

Ike was a scrawny kid at the time, weighing not over 105 pounds, but he was tall for his weight, standing 5 feet 5¾ inches. When he appeared at the New England newspaper offices and told of his desire to fight, there was a general laugh, for few could associate his peaked face with rugged pugilism. Ed Holske, the former champion walker, was at the time promoting boxing and something about the cockiness of the British boy appealed to Holske.

He decided to give him a "tryout" and induced Dave Blanchard of the Athenian Club, which was a successor to the original Cribb Club of Boston, to find a place on one of the club's programs for Weir with anybody whom Blanchard could secure. The man chosen was Billy Snee, a good lad who also was seeking fistic fame. The purse was $15 to the winner and $10 to the loser, and Weir copped the fifteen. In the four rounds he was in the ring Ike displayed more originality, more speed, greater potential ability than any of the old timers had ever seen during a like period by anybody, no matter how great their reputation.

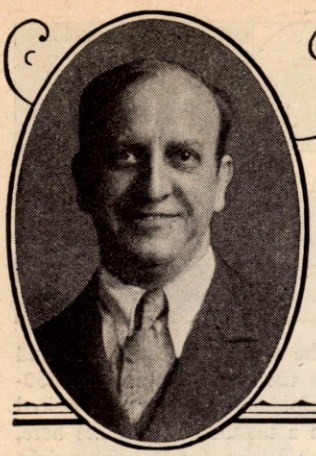
Not only was his fistic skill exceptional, but so were his antics in the ring. He had a peculiar method of raising the left shoulder, and wiggling the lower part of his body, then rapidly moving his hands like a windmill until his opponent was so bewildered that he fell an easy mark for the sharp-shooting left hand of the man who was to become known everywhere to boxing lovers as "The Belfast Spider, the clown who could hit." He was the master mechanic of pugilism.




*Ike Weir*

Weir was truly a jack of all trades. As a gentleman jockey he had few peers. He was a fine sprinter and won many thrilling races before he came to this country. He also was adept in the handling of the reins and hired himself out as a professional driver and won many victories.

In clay bird shooting he was an ace. When Weir was in vaudeville he sang comic songs, danced a jig and played the piano. In face he excelled in so many things, that one didn't know from day to day what next he would be doing.



# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *Seconds Should Show Knowledge of First Aid*
## *Too Many Are Unfit to Be Permitted to Serve*
## *Jimmy McLarnin a Big Shot for Outdoor Season*

THE fact that present-day pugilists use boxing gloves in their contests, had led many of them to neglect the care of their hands. They fail to give them the necessary care to keep the maulers in proper condition. Recently I paid a visit to Primo Carnera's camp on Long Island and there I was surprised to see several of his sparring partners, men of experience, working on the heavy bag without any gloves. All they used was a small bandage wound around the palm of the hands.

At the Pioneer Gymnasium in New York, I heard Jimmy Deforest and Charley Doesserick hand out a little sound advice to several boys in training who were working on both the heavy and small bags without proper protection. Likewise at Gus Wilson's Orangeburg camp, which is used as the training quarters for Madison Square Garden headliners.

I often wonder what type of manager is permitted to handle the affairs of boys nowadays! Can you imagine trainers and managers like Jimmy Deforest, Jimmy Bronson, Ray Arcel, Whitey Eckhardt, Whitey Bimstein, Bennie Seeman, Sol Gold, Art Winch, Tim McGrath and others of their skill allowing one of their charges to train without having the hands carefully guarded against injury?

How often do you glance through the sports pages and read: "The bout was stopped by the referee because Tom Jones broke his thumb," or, "Frank Smith was forced to quit when he fractured his hand."

Fractures and dislocations have become an epidemic in recent months and all because of improper care of the hands in training.

While skill, a good pair of hands and a quick thinking brain are a perfect combination for any boxer to possess, yet the hands come first. Without the proper weapons to carry out the other two, a fighter is confronted with an almost insurmountable handicap. Ask Jimmy McLarnin, he knows.

Without good, strong, hardy hands, the ideal fighting face or the perfect fighting build, is naught. First consideration at all times should be given the maulers.

* * *

TO prevent boys still in their youth, from being crippled for life, the governing bodies of boxing throughout the world should place the ban on managers and seconds who know absolutely nothing about handling a fighter. I would like to see the various boxing commissions put into effect a rule which would compel all persons who apply for a seconds' license to pass an oral test pertaining to the duties of a second. For example here is what recently happened in Los Angeles:

"Tommy Santos, a preliminary fighter, dropped into a corner at the end of the third round of milling with Martin Zuniga. One of his seconds hurriedly shoved a bottle to Santos's lips. The fighter took a huge swallow—and that was the end of the fight. The bottle did not contain water. It was filled with smelling salts in solution. Zuniga won when Santos was unable to continue."

A second, before being permitted to take charge of a boxer, should be compelled by the commission to show that he at least is acquainted with the elements of first aid.

Likewise the managers. There are too many cloak and suit professors acting as professors of boxing. They try to instruct boys who have just entered the professional ranks, yet know less about the elements of the sport than do the fighters. For such mentors to look after the financial end is at least plausible, but for them to give advice in a fighter's corner, is dangerous and should be stopped.

Let us have a clean up. The boxing game can stand it. Seconding a fighter is an important job in boxing and none but those fully qualified should be granted permission to do so.

* * *

### Let's Do Away With "Technical K. O."

THE frequency with which boxers win or lose by "T. K.", or "technical knockout," has brought to THE RING many inquiries as to the significance of the initials quoted. In plain truth, "technical knockout is not a technical headache, but a real one. Before long we shall have the technical black eye, the technical bloody nose, the technical sprained wrist, and a technical name for every injury that may be suffered in boxing.

The technical knockout appears to have been invented by publishers of boxing records with the object of indicating a Defeat Not Due To A Knockout. If a boxer receives a cut over the eye that bleeds so freely that the referee considers it inadvisable for the victim to continue, it goes into the records as a technical knockout. The recipient of the cut is by no means knocked out, nor beaten, and frequently fights to continue the bout.

Nevertheless the contest goes into the records as a "technical kockout," despite the fact that the victim was strong and willing, at the time of stoppage. In such a case the record should read "STPD," the abbreviation of stopped. However, no matter what sort of injury prevents a boxer continuing, the decision is "T K," and goes into history as a knockout.

There are but two variations of the knockout. One is where a boxer is floored and fails to arise before the count of ten. The other is where a contestant is hit so hard that he loses consciousness, and the referee realizing he cannot possibly get on his feet within ten seconds, assists in helping the victim to his corner.

Under the circumstances "K. O." is quite properly used in the cases cited.

But to charge a boxer who suffers from a cut or an injured hand with being knocked out is outrageously unfair and should be discontinued.

* * *

### Jimmy McLarnin Back in Limelight

JIMMY McLARNIN, the smiling Irish youth from Vancouver, has "come-back," and with his successful return to the ring, he has assured the boxing game of at least one good outdoor attraction. Jimmy's victory over Billy Petrolle in their return bout in the Garden of New York, was a masterpiece. The boy who was almost knocked out several months ago by the Fargo Express, fought a battle that won him the plaudits of the biggest gathering in attendance at a show in New York in many months, a crowd of 20,000 persons paying $82,377 to see the boys repeat.

Although not as spectacular as their first engagement, the bout had its thrills. McLarnin didn't make good his boast to knock his rival silly, for Petrolle was too aggressive, but he did left hand Billy to a state of bewilderment. This mode of

attack was entirely unexpected and won the fight for Jimmy.

Unlike previous occasions when he used his vicious right with telling effect, in the return mill with Petrolle, Jimmy abandoned the right almost wholly in favor of a straight left and a left hook. Thus McLarnin proved that he not only is a terrific puncher, but a most brainy fighter. It was his brains, more so than the force of his wallop that turned the tide and again placed McLarnin into the limelight as the leading contender for the welterweight title.

* * *

## Harvey Displays a K. O. Punch

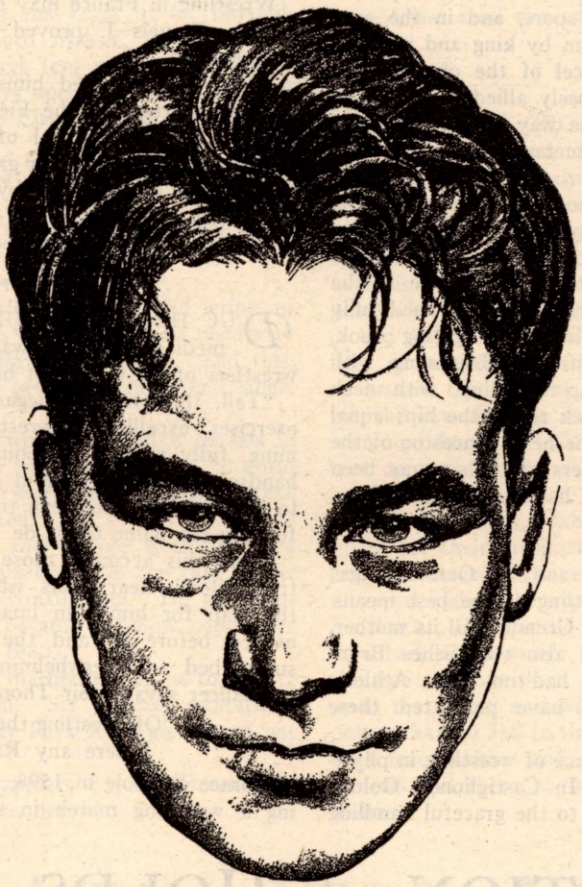
APPARENTLY climatic conditions in England are more agreeable for Len Harvey than in this country for England's middleweight champion who failed to make the impression here that his friends had anticipated, proved that he possesses a wallop by sending Rene De Vos into dreamland in the first round in Len's first fight in England since his return from the American trip.

That Harvey is a far better fighter than he demonstrated in his three bouts in Madison Square Garden, two with Vince Dundee and the other with Ben Jeby, is a certainty, but he lacks one great essential for a fighter who seeks to gain a world's title —the fighting spirit.

When in front, there is no stopping Len. He repeatedly proved that to the satisfaction of New York fans. But when his opponent refused to be halted or even temporarily checked, Harvey seemed to lose all interest in his work. His performances here, except in the first Dundee mill, were not above the ordinary.

If Len could show the aggressiveness and fighting heart of either Dundee or Jeby, he would now be in line for a shot at Mickey Walker's crown. In fact, the stage was set for just such a match for the outdoor season here, but Len himself killed that and I doubt, regardless of the knockouts he may now roll up, that the golden opportunity which he had when he arrived here, will ever be his again.

His American friends were happy to hear of his knockout victory over De Vos. But others have accomplished it in this country so that, in itself, will not suffice to obtain for Harvey a championship bout.



*Jimmy McLarnin who has returned to the fistic limelight*

* * *

## "No-Foul" Rule a Big Success

THE New York Boxing Commission has reason to be elated over the success of its "no-foul" rule. Since its enaction, there has been only one disqualification for fouling in this state, and that was brought about by repeated low hitting.

No more do we hear the cries of quitters. No more do those who lack the fighting heart take the easiest way out. No more is the public gypped by unscrupulous fighters and their managers. The rule has worked wonders in this state and should be adopted by every state where the sport is legalized.

I was among those who felt that the "no-foul" rule would be a failure. But now that it has had a year's trial and has proved its worth, I am willing to acknowledge that my judgment was wrong and now advocate its passage by other states. New Jersey, after many sad exhibitions of "foul claims," has taken the bull by the horns and followed New York in the adoption of the "no-foul rule," and others should follow.

* * *

## Carnera Should Receive the Acid Test

THE victory of Primo Carnera over Pat Redmond, so-called champion of Ireland, was expected. Although the Italian giant is still a novice, his opponent had no business being in the same ring with him. There was nothing in Redmond's record to prove that he was a fit opponent for Carnera. On the contrary, the general opinion was that the Irishman was inviting disaster and their judgment was correct.

Yet that one-sided victory of the Venetian, added nothing to his laurels. Notwithstanding his triumph, the Italian has yet to show that he merits consideration as a heavyweight title threat on grounds other than his tremendous size.

But we cannot get away from the fact that even in the two minutes fighting against Redmond, Carnera displayed the speed of a bantam. There were only two blows landed by Redmond and both were of a stinging variety. They landed flush on Primo's chin and apparently angered him for the Italian tore in and let loose club-like blows that sent Paddy to the canvas, down and out.

However, that speed and punching power, alone, will do Primo little good in his quest for the title if he meets a man who can wallop and possesses all the ring science of Jack Sharkey or Tommy Loughran. Either can take Carnera into camp.

Yet that wouldn't be the worst that could happen to the Venetian. It would act as a blessing in disguise for the one thing Primo needs more than any other, is experience against real top notchers, against the leaders of his division, even if such experience should bring about a temporary setback. Fighting against men of the Redmond type will get Primo nowhere. He has a fighting heart, a good punch, possesses courage and speed but is as wide open as a gate. A good, scientific puncher can whip the Italian. I venture to say that he wouldn't last more than four rounds against Sharkey because of his inexperience, yet a year from now, if developed properly—not against setups—he will be the world's champion.

Primo has everything. Then why hold him back. What he needs is four good battles with the cream of the division and his handlers should see that he gets them. He is a fine prospect—the best we have had in years, but he will get nowhere under his present mismanagement.

* * *

## A. A. U. Boxing Under State Control

TWO important changes have been made in the Massachusetts boxing law, both of which should aid the sport considerably. Governor Ely, at the (*Continued on page* 46)

# WRESTLING, *the* SPORT

## Was part and parcel of physical life of ancient Romans

*Jacob is reported in the Bible to have wrestled with an angel. "And by his strength he had power with God. Yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed."—Hosea, xii, 4.*

WE don't know who the Jack Curley or the Tex Rickard of that time was, but we feel quite certain that no sport can lay claim to greater antiquity than the grappling art. On the tombs of the Pharaohs have been found carvings of wrestlers which show that it was a popular game in the dynasties of the Egyptian kings thousands of years ago. From these decorations on the mausoleums of the long-dead kings of Egypt it may be gleaned that Strangler Lewis was not the inventor of the headlock, for that was one of the favorite holds depicted.

Literature teems with tales of the sport, and in the ages long gone by, it was held in high esteem by king and peasant. Wrestling was not only part and parcel of the physical life of the ancient Romans, but it was closely allied to the intellectual. This may be judged from the way Quintilian draws upon wrestling for his similes and metaphors in his book "Institutes of Eloquence."

Wrestling as practiced throughout the Holy Roman Empire, and particularly in mediaeval Germany, is fully discussed in a book published in 1443 and written by one Talhofer. There are several other works written about the same time in the German language in which the grappling art is described fully and illustrated. In Talhofer's Fechtbuch or fighting book, illustrations show the following positions: The beginning, with the equal arm grip; warding off; hip wrestling, with neck hold; its counter or parry; the arm lock round the hip; equal grip around the legs; the throw over the head (ancestor of the "flying mare" of today), and many others which have not been improved on much in the centuries that have gone by.

* * *

IN the early Anglo-Saxon literature and the German sagas the hero of Beowulf chooses wrestling as the best means of overcoming the enchanted monsters, Grendel and its mother, and the hero of the Nibeungen Lied also vanquishes Brunhilde by wrestling. Apparently they had no State Athletic Commission, else they would never have permitted these mixed bouts.

During the Renaissance, the importance of wrestling in physical culture was emphasized strongly. In Castiglione's Golden Book he eulogizes good wrestling next to the graceful handling of weapons both for horse and foot, and states that it generally accompanies all exercise of arms on foot.

One of the leading exponents and devotees of wrestling of which Castiglione speaks, was no less a personage than the Master of the Horse to the King of France. He engaged the best teachers and he entertained Pietro Monte because he was an admirer of his skill in wrestling, vaulting and fencing.

Wrestling in France may be traced back to the most remote origin. Francis I. proved himself to be no slouch in the grappling art.

Henry VIII. prided himself on his wrestling ability, and when he started for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he took in his entourage a band of trained wrestlers. He was not content to watch the other grapplers, but after a drinking party, he took the French King by the collar and insisted on trying a fall with him. After one or two preliminary twists, Francis, who proved to be a very good wrestler, threw King Hal.

* * *

DUC HENRI DE GUISE, one of the heroic figures of mediaeval days, was considered one of the finest wrestlers of his time. Of him Mme. de Gretz said:

"Tall, thin, robust, elegant, admirably built for all bodily exercises, excelling in wrestling, able to cross a river swimming, fully armed and equipped, unrivalled as a fencer, his handsome face, with vivid glance and curling hair, displayed to all the world from eye to ear that glorious scar which won for him the name Guise de Balafre (the Scarred.)"

From this account, those who have read in history of his tragic death near Blois when his King, Henry III., baited the trap for him, can imagine the struggles and grips that ensued before he and the forty-five squireens of Gascony succumbed to overwhelming numbers.

Chaucer says of Sir Thomas:

"Of wrestling there are none his peere
Where any Ram shoulde stonde."

Horace Walpole in 1598, speaks of the Lord Mayor attending a wrestling match in state, on horseback, with sceptre,

# The EVOLUTION of HOLDS in OLDEST

*The approach before the grip*

*The lifting arm-grip and striking the thigh*

*The double bend*

*Right arm under chin and right leg behind thigh*

# of KING and PEASANT

## of ALL ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

By CHARLES WEBSTER

sword and cap borne before him, and the Aldermen in scarlet gowns and gold chains, also mounted.

Wonder if the Aldermen of those days got in on Annie Oakleys, as many of them do now?

But this wasn't the first time that a Lord Mayor had attended a match, for back in 1453, in the reign of Henry VI, the Lord Mayor of Clerkenwell got in bad at a wrestling match. A contemporary writer speaks of this incident thus:

"In the month of August, about the Feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs of London, placed in a large tent near unto Clerkenwell, of old time, were divers days spent in the pastime of wrestling where the Officers of the City . . . were challengers to wrestle."

* * *

WRESTLING is one of only two forms of exercise which Milton selects for commendation in his treatise "Of Education." He says:

"They must be practiced in all the locks and grips of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to hug, to grapple and to close. And this, perhaps, will be enough wherein to prove and heat their single strength."

Pepys writes in his diary of a "wrastling" match he saw in St. James' Park in February, 1667, before the King, a world of lords and other dignitaries. It was for a purse of £1,000, and "many greate sums were betted."

Just how many men of brains and culture were attracted by the sport of wrestling is well illustrated in the case of Sir Thomas Parkyns, of Bunny, near Nottingham. He was educated at Westminster School and became a fellow commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1680.

There he was sufficiently good a mathematician as to attract the attention of Sir Isaac Newton. Sir Thomas established an annual wrestling match in Bunny Park for a gold laced hat valued at twenty-two shillings.

Some of our so-called star grapplers of the present era ought to be wrestling for the brown derby.

The favorite servants of Sir Thomas were wrestlers who had given him a fall. His lordship never objected to take the most sinewy man by the loins and try for a fall for the gold laced hat which he himself had donated. History records that he never had a day's illness until his seventy-eighth year, when "death gave him the back heel." He was buried in the chancel of Bunny Church, where there is a figure of him modelled in a wrestling posture.

On the monument is inscribed a Latin verse, the translation of which is:

"At length he falls, the long contest is o'er,
And Time has thrown whom none e'er threw before;
Yet boast not Time thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again and conquer thee."

* * *

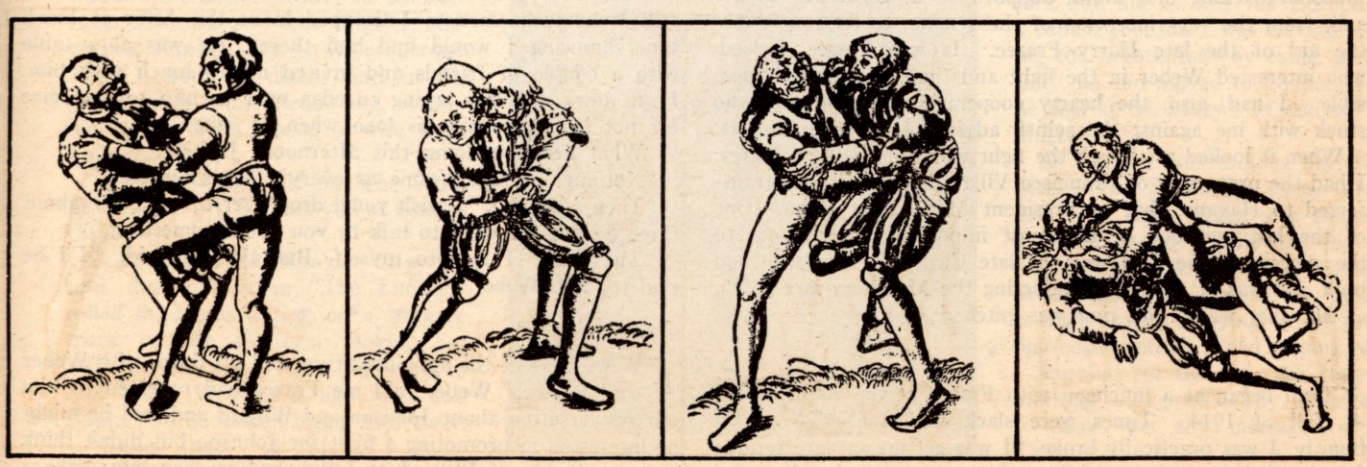
MILO OF CROTON, who in his day was the champion wrestler of Greece, flourished in 511 B. C. In his time, wrestling was always a death struggle. There was no winner until one of the contestants was sent into eternity.

The kind of wrestling we now see and which some of the spectators hiss and boo, while others cheer themselves hoarse over, is child's play compared to what history tells us took place when the old Grecian gladiators got together.

And what a man this Milo was! It is said of him in the data on wrestling of 2500 years ago that he could carry an ox around the stadium, and kill him with his hands and then eat the raw flesh in one day. He could raise a 300 pound man and hurl him 20 feet away with one hand. He could tear up trees by the roots, carry a filled chariot on his head and could kill a person with one blow of his fist.

Such was the man whom the Greek wrestlers of to-day look up to for their inspiration.

Milo's strength proved his undoing. As a wrestler he had no equal and in the application of his wrestling holds, he met his death. He chanced to pass a tree into which some woodmen had left a wedge when they found they could not split the tree stump with it. He assayed to turn the trick and got upon the stump and with his bare hands loosened the wedge only to have it fall to the ground. With that, the split snapped back into position and caught his hands. He couldn't release himself and there he was held an easy prey for the hungry wolves.



*The outside lock backward* — *Break over the short hip* — *A break over the hook* — *The hook or modern inside lock*

# MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

## BY JACK CURLEY

*As told to Frank Graham*

PART SIXTEEN

THE Willard-Johnson fight in the spring of 1915, which marked the passing of the heavyweight championship back to the white race and stirred the world as had no other fight since that between Johnson and Jeffries nearly five years before, imposed upon my capacity for promotion a more severe test than any venture which I have yet assayed.

As I reconstruct it, countless details must be left out of the picture for lack of space, yet many of them represented what seemed at the time to be insuperable obstacles and all of them left a lasting imprint on my mind. I worked unceasingly for six months and travelled more than 15,000 miles. I had many difficult decisions to make, some of them on the spur of the moment. Here and there I made mistakes, of course, but on the whole I figured—or guessed—correctly.

If there is a phase of my career in which I may take an especial—and, I hope, pardonable—pride, it is that given over to bringing Willard and Johnson together in a ring in Havana.

*The Big Three in the Willard-Johnson negotiations—Tom Jones, manager (left); Jess Willard, the challenger, and Jack Curley, (right)*

Naturally, I could not have done it alone. I had the financial backing and moral support of L. Lawrence Weber and, from the very inception of the scheme to its conclusion, the aid of the late Harry Frazee. It was Frazee, indeed, who interested Weber in the fight and therefore made it possible. I had, also, the hearty cooperation of Johnson, who stuck with me against the selfish advice of other promoters.

When it looked as though the fight would be held at Juarez, I had the protection of Francisco Villa and when it was transferred to Havana, that of President Menocal of Cuba. One of the last, yet one of the most important contributors to the success of the fight was the late Curley Brown, who had built and was at the time conducting the Marianao race track, at Havana, where the ring was pitched.

* * *

IT all began at a luncheon with Frazee at the Astor in the fall of 1914. Times were slack with me. To put it bluntly, I was practically broke. I was getting meagre returns from two or three obscure fighters I was managing but I needed more than that. Specifically, I needed $2500.00 and I asked Frazee to loan me that amount. His fortunes, like my own, were at a low ebb and he said that he didn't have that much money but would arrange to get it from Weber, who was his partner, yet but slightly known to me. During the conversation that followed he asked:

"Why don't you get somebody to beat the Nigger?"

"I've got somebody," I said. "Or, at least, I know somebody: Jess Willard."

"What makes you think Willard can beat Johnson?" he asked.

"Because Johnson is ready to be taken," I said, "and Willard, big and strong and punch proof, is just the man to do it."

After luncheon we went to Frazees' office where Weber, at his request, wrote out a check for $2500.00 for me. I didn't have any security to offer him but he waived that and didn't even take an I. O. U. from me.

A month or so later, with my fortunes still badly impaired, I got a message that Weber wanted me to get in touch with him. I figured he wanted the $2500.00, so I didn't call him, thinking perhaps I could turn up the desired amount within the next day or so.

I was over-optimistic, however, and about three days later, still lacking the money, I dropped in at the Astor at lunch time, knowing I would find him there. He was at a table with a couple of friends and invited me to lunch with him. I sat down and was trying to edge over to him to apologize for not having repaid his loan when he asked:

"What are you doing this afternoon, Jack?"

"Nothing," I said, "same as every other afternoon."

"Then," he said, "I wish you'd drop over to my office about three o'clock. I want to talk to you about something."

"The loan," I said to myself. But aloud I said: "I'll be glad to, Mr. Weber.

* * *

I WAS there at the appointed time and sat down with Weber and Frazee. Weber told me Frazee had repeated to him our conversation about Johnson and Willard and said he might be interested in promoting a fight for Johnson but didn't think quite as highly of Willard as I did, having seen him make a poor fight against Carl Morris.

I replied that, far from having made a poor fight, Willard,

I thought, had made a good one in the circumstances, since on the morning of the fight he had caught his heel in a torn spot in the carpet on the stairs at Dal Hawkin's road house, where he had trained for the fight and had fallen eight or ten steps on his face; that his knee had been so lame he had been plucky to make the fight and that he had handled himself extremely well against Morris.

"Well," he said, "you know more about these things than I do. If you want to go along with us on this, what do you say to sending for Willard to come here? I understand he is in California now."

"I wouldn't do that," I said. "He has a manager, Tom Jones, who must be considered. Let me hop on a train and go to Los Angeles to see him. Then no one will know anything about it and, if we lose out, we'll lose nothing but my fare to the Coast and back."

"How soon can you leave?" asked Weber.

I looked at the clock on his desk. It pointed to 3:15.

"I'll get the 5:30 train from Penn Station," I said.

He looked at me in amazement.

"You work fast," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "I can't do anything sitting here."

"How much money do you want?"

"About $1,000 in case of emergencies."

"I'll make out a check for $1,500," he said, "and you can cash it right down here at the Mutual Bank."

I took the check and rushed to the bank, only to find it closed to the public for the day but I motioned to a man inside and he opened the door. I quickly explained the circumstances and asked him to call up Weber and verify what I had said. He did so and gave me the money. I hurried home, packed my bag and was on the 5:30 train.

* * *

REACHING Chicago the next afternoon, I fully intended to take the night train for the Coast but, on thinking the matter over, I decided to try another plan. I wired to Dick Cole, a friend of mine in Los Angeles, asking him to get in touch with Willard, as I had something important I wanted to talk to him about and would meet him anywhere he said between Chicago and Los Angeles, suggesting Kansas City or Alberquerque. Then I went to dinner and to the theater with some friends and, returning to my hotel, found a wire from Cole reading:

"Willard bound east on 'The Santa Fe Limited.' Will meet you at Kansas City."

I proceeded to Kansas City the next day and, when "The Limited" rolled in, I was sitting on a baggage truck on the platform looking for Willard. It didn't take me long to spot him. Wearing a light suit and a light hat, he looked bigger than ever.

"Hello, Jack," he said. "I knew you'd be down here."

"Hello, Jess," I remarked, starting to get up.

"Don't get up," he said, and sat down alongside me on the truck.

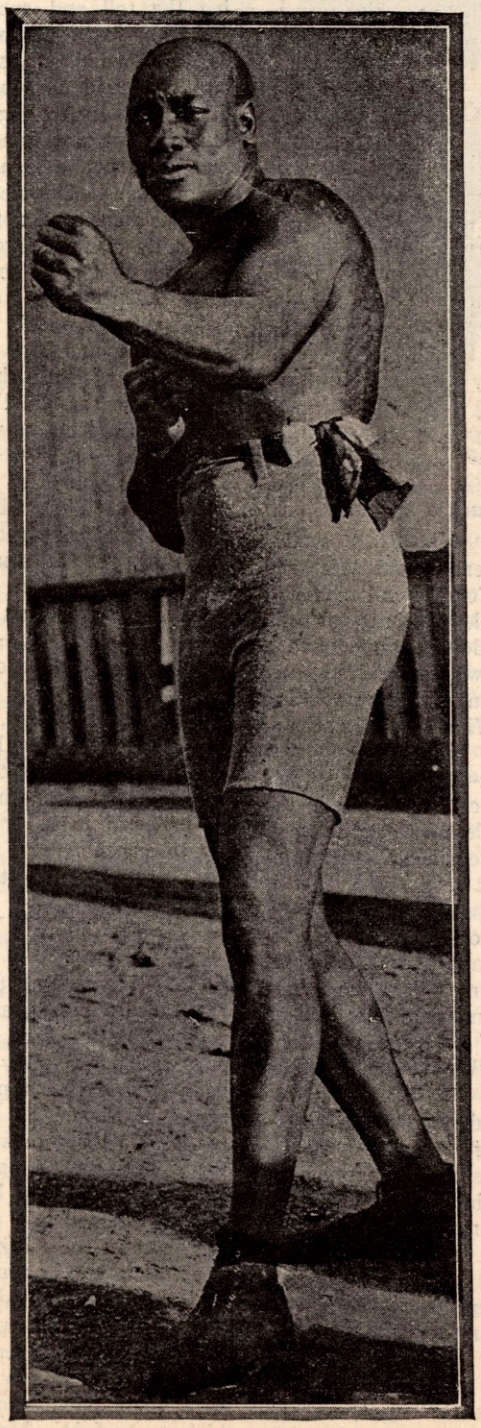
"Jess," I said, "I want to put you into a ring with Johnson. If you string along with me I'll do it."

"I knew that was what you had on your mind," he said. "I was sure you wouldn't send for me to come this far if you handn't."

"Well?" I asked.

"Why, that's just great," he said. "That's what I want more than anything else in the world. I'm sure that if I get the chance I'll beat him. And I'll never forget you for giving it to me."

"Fine," I replied. "I've got the people behind me that can help me put it over. I want you to go right on to New York with me. Of course, I want you to stick to Jones, too. He'll be in on this thing with us."



*Jack Johnson as he looked at the time the negotiations were completed for the Havana fight*

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do first," he said. "I'd like to run up to Topeka to see a friend of mine for a day or so and then I'll go on with you."

"All right," I said. "Go ahead."

* * *

WE waited right there for the train for Topeka and I saw him off. The next day I got a wire from him asking a favor. He wanted to bring a friend of his with him and, as the fellow—who had owned a drug store in Topeka and gone broke backing him—didn't have the price of a ticket to New York, he wanted me to pay his fare. I wired back to him telling him to bring his friend with him and to come right on, which he dd. The friend was Ray Archer, afterward associated in the management of Willard. Meanwhile, I had wired to Jones to proceed to New York.

When we got to New York we went at once to see Weber and Frazee and tied up Willard and Jones. Now we had to get Johnson, who was in Paris. Through a friend of mine there, I got in touch with Jack, who was living on the Rue Blanc. A series of cablegrams followed but I became impatient, believing I could do more in a five minutes' conversation with Johnson than I could in five months of cabling, and I told Weber so.

He agreed that it would be a good idea for me to sail for Europe and I cabled Johnson I was leaving. During the negotiations by cable, incidentally, he had moved to London, where he was at St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington.

As usual, I was moving swiftly. I picked the S. S. *St. Louis* of the American Line, which was sailing at noon on the day following the conference at which it was decided I should go and, having no time to scurry around buying a ticket, I figured on getting it at the gang plank.

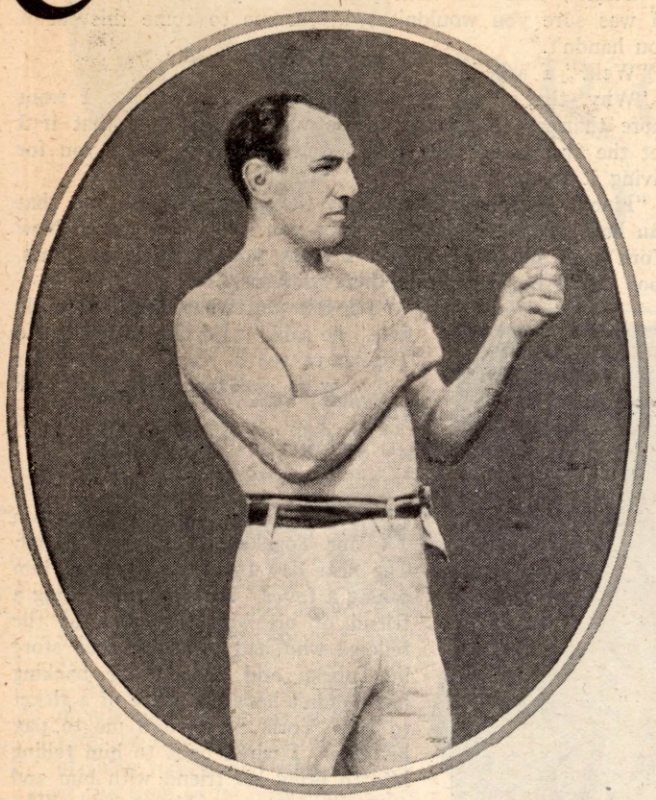
Rushing for the ship the following morning, I stopped at my office to see if there was any message for me. There was. There was a cable from Johnson advising me that he was leaving immediately for Buenos Aires and for me to (*Continued on page* 45)

# CRADLES of BOXING

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's leading boxing authority)

*The fourth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England*



*Joe Coburn, champion bare-knuckle fighter*

ON a February day in 1632, Governor John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and a small company of armed men, while exploring in the vicinity immediately north of Boston, came upon a large pond in what is now known as the Middlesex Fells—at present a huge Metropolitan Park reservation centered within the limits of Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Melrose and Malden.

It is a region of pines, maples and oak—hills, dales, springs and brooks—a wild and beautiful bit of country which in the years that have passed has lost but little of its naturalness. Season after season it continues to impress the thousands of lovers of nature who annually visit that section. Yet, it is but little more than eight miles from the state capital.

As the Winthrop party tarried on one of the hills overlooking the pond, they noted numerous islands here and there scattered over its surface—one much larger than the others which many years later was to become famous in fistic history.

"It is a pond spotted with islands," someone remarked.

"Yes," replied Governor Winthrop. "We will call it Spot Pond."

And, as Spot Pond it went onto the crude map of the time—a name which has remained unto the present day.

The pond is now a Metropolitan reservoir—damming of some of its outlets has raised the height of the water and many of the little islands have been submerged—but the one island about which our story is to center, though much smaller than formerly—remains.

Along in 1850 or thereabouts a carriage road—much of it of the corduroy type, logs laid side by side taking the place of stone and gravel—was constructed by private parties leading to the pond. That they might be recompensed, it was designated as a toll road. All who passed along it were required to pay a fee. A tollgate was swung across the right of way and a keeper installed in a shack near by to collect the toll.

Business was unusually brisk on the morning of May 1, 1856, and the toll-keeper found himself continually taking the toll and opening and shutting the gate. Men in carriages—men on horseback—men afoot, many of them rough and husky individuals, came along the road, paid their fee and continued on toward the pond. There were about 200 altogether—such a big visitation for one morning that it was very evident that something extraordinary was going on. But the toll-keeper, a man in years, kept his own counsel—asked no questions. He knew that all were not fishermen—but that was their business, not his.

Finally along the road came two men in a light wagon.

"Open that gate," bawled one of the pair. "And, be quick about it."

"Pay me the toll and open goes the gate," replied the veteran on guard.

"Say, you, open that gate. To hell with you and your toll. Open the gate!"

"I'll open the gate when you pay me the toll," retorted the keeper.

"I guess you don't know who I am," growled the man in the wagon. "Well, I'll tell you," he continued. "I am Joe Coburn, the prizefighter, and if you don't open that gate I will jump out and smash your face."

It was Joe Coburn, the New York fighting man, all right—an individual who was destined to become an American heavyweight ring champion—a great fighting man in his day, but usually more or less of a cur as a man. He was talking his customary language.

"Don't be that way, Joe," cautioned his companion. "Don't touch the old man. I will pay the fee."

But, as for the veteran toll-keeper, he wasn't frightened a bit. "I don't care whether you are Coburn or who you are," he bellowed back. "Just get down out of that wagon and try to smash me. I have whipped better men than you in my day and can do it again. Jump out if you want a fight."

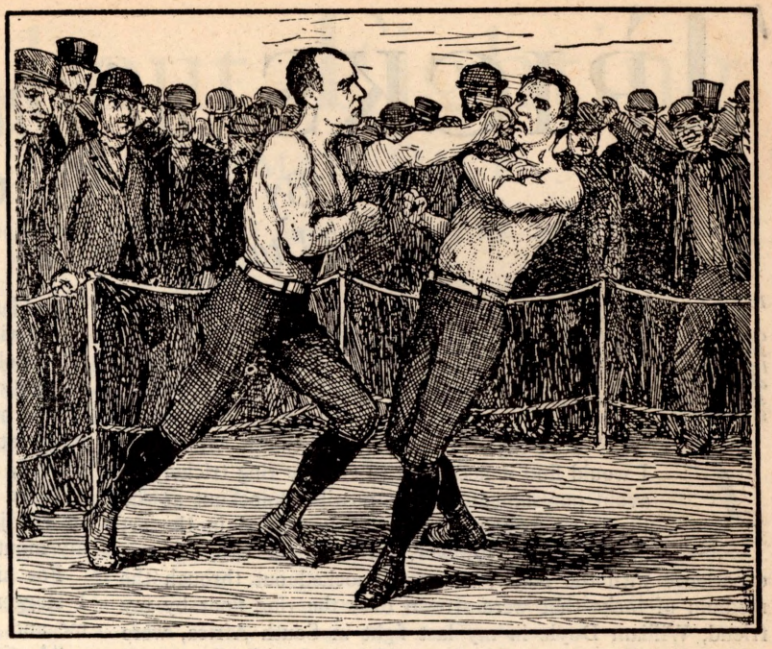
* * *

THERE were all the makings there for a beautiful rough and tumble in an ideal spot for such—Coburn always was willing to kick, punch, bite or shoot on very slight provocation. Happily for the veteran who might have fared badly, Joe and his pal had other matters of more import ahead of them. So, the fee was finally paid, the growling ceased and the gate was opened. The business directly ahead for Coburn was a fight—a bare-knuckle affair to a finish—with Ned Price, the North Street saloon-keeper and sporting man, mentioned in a previous story.

This muss-to-be brings back into print the name of Barney Ford, as it was in consequence of his winning fight with John E. Taylor in 1855, also subsequent mauling at the hands of Price, his former employer, that it all came about.

The talk these events occasioned led to a dispute between Price and one Johnny Mackay, the latter an admirer of Ford, with affairs finally coming to a head when Price challenged his man to fight. Mackay accepted and they planned to have it out within the ropes, but the former, stricken by illness, was unable to go through. Then Ford mixed in and callenged Price.

# *How Boston Got Its Start—The Historic Ned Price-Joe Coburn Battle at Spot Pond, Recalled*



*How an artist, present at the famous Coburn-Price battle, May 1, 1856, pictured the contest. Coburn, (left), is shown crashing his left to Price's jaw in the 147th round*

Price, being in Meriden, Conn., at the time, and probably regarding Ford's defy as mere bluster, was slow in his acceptance. While matters stood at this indefinite stage, a benefit for Ford—a sparring exhibition—was arranged, and the night of April 21, 1856, saw the show in progress at the old National Theatre, a sporting playhouse then located at the corner of Portland and Travers streets. It passed out of existence in 1863 when it was burned to the ground.

Joe Coburn, a native of Ireland, but at that time a budding fighting man of Gotham, came over to Boston to contribute his wares at the benefit, a custom of the times. Ford saw in him a chance to get back at Price—it was so arranged that Joseph should box the boniface and give him a good licking.

On the public stage Price would have to take it and like it. And he did. It was a lively affair of six rounds with padded gloves, both turning loose all they had. To the great delight of Coburn's Irish admirers, also Ford and his friends, Joseph had much the better of the going. The fact that Price was an Englishman, further added to their enjoyment. Feeling between the races was running very high at that time.

* * *

PRICE, fully recognizing that Coburn had tried to show him up—that the bout was far from a friendly affair, left the theatre in a white heat. There was the usual chatter—Ned's friends thought that he should fight Coburn at once—not let him leave Boston without a battle. They talked Price into feeling the same way—yes, he would fight to a finish. Coburn heard the chatter next day—it suited him exactly. He cornered Price and all in a very short space of time the mill was arranged.

Spot Pond was picked as the place of venue, though it was not referred to as such, but rather as "Still Pond", a sheet of water that does not exist within many miles of Boston. The name was used to throw any meddling authorities off the scent and it worked out successfully, so much so in fact that many contemporary writers and historians always have referred to the scene of the fight as "Still Pond"— their actual knowledge concerning the same being decidedly vague.

Dave Blanchard, one of the sporting lights of Boston, a man who later was to give his name to a set of boxing rules known as "Fair Play Rules", which, for many years were almost as well known about the country as the Queensbury code, was selected as referee. The money involved was $300 a side.

Price trained for the fight near the old Glen Hotel in Watertown, a spot well known to the Fancy of the day, while Coburn linked up with one Jack Butcher, a popular sailor boarding-house keeper of the North End who had a small country place in Medford. The time was too short for either man to get himself into real fighting trim.

* * *

CAME the morning of May 1—the day set for the mill—and the gathering of the clan for a festival which was to furnish talk for many years. The island, noted many years before by Governor Winthrop, looked good as the best place for the scrap—it fitted into the big idea exactly. Once out there in the water there could be no chance nor possibility of a surprise attack by the police.

In looking up this story for THE RING, I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of R. T. Davis, a man 85 years old, formerly an athlete and club-swinger of note—a veteran police officer and old Civil War soldier—now residing in Stoneham, Mass. He did not see the fight but several of his neighbors and acquaintances of earlier years had better luck.

"Two of them, Barnes and Sprague, were fishing near the island that May day," he told me, "when a crowd of men began to assemble on the shore of the pond. They thought it was sort of a May Day party—a picnic outfit—and, as the men called to them and wished to reach the island, they rowed in to ferry them across.

" 'Is this a May Day picnic?' queried the boatmen. 'Yes, it is,' replied some of the party, 'and there's going to be a lot of fun. Take us out to the island, will you?'

" 'Yes, sure enough.'

" 'How many other boats are there around here?' was the next query. They were told that there were only a few, also where these could be found.

"While Barnes and Sprague took aboard some of the gang, others of the party got hold of the other boats and rowed them out to the island. The idea was to secure all of the boats and hold them at the island until the fight was over. This would prevent the police, should they happen along, from breaking up the mill.

"The price of the tickets to the fight was $5 each. Neither Barnes nor Sprague had one, naturally, but as pay for their rowing they were allowed to remain and witness the battle. According to all I have heard about it, it was one great fight and both Barnes and Sprague were well pleased over being allowed to see it."

* * *

RETURNING to the records—among the sporty men at the ringside were Billy Mead, Lyme Britton, Jack Stewart, Belcher Kay, Billy Evans, Louis Bieral, Hod Annis and others of equal or less importance. The stakes being driven and the ropes up—all set and ready for the bout to begin—when a dark object was noted swimming out from the shore to the island.

Some thought it was a dog and were about to dismiss the matter when closer observation (*Continued on page* 42)

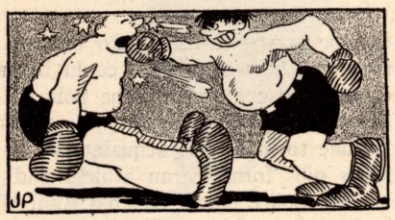
# TRICKS *of the* TRADE

## *By* "KID MCCOY"
## *As told to* DEAN S. JENNINGS

*Editor's note.*
*Kid McCoy, who is in San Quentin Prison, California, was one of the cleverest and most tricky fighters in ring history. Through Dean S. Jennings of the Call-Bulletin of San Francisco, the Kid, known in private life as Norman Selby, has consented to give* RING *readers, in a series of interviews, the story of fights he won through the tricks that are synonymous with his name. In this article, the third of the series, McCoy tells how he learned to take care of the Behemoths of the roped square.*

LITTLE did I dream when I visited South Africa that I would find it necessary to employ ring trickery to avoid punishment, with a possible knockout at the hands of fellows who were unschooled in the art of fisticuffs. However, such was the case and my experience with the Kaffir, whom I knocked out through the medium of tacks that were strewn over the ring floor by my friend, William Doyle in my last fight in South Africa, were such as to convince me that it would be unhealthy for me to remain any longer. Hence I made a hasty exit.

I took the first boat available and sailed for Nice, beautiful, sea swept Nice, the paradise on the French Mediterranean. There I immediately went to work by accepting a fight in which I was groggy during four rounds and was virtually out on my feet. Yet I succeeded in pulling that one also out of the fire and here is how I turned the tide.




* * *

"YOU'RE crazy!"

That's what I told myself after I impulsively accepted the offer for that fight in Nice.

There I was, weighing only 172 pounds, and forty years old, matched with a strong young British naval officer who tipped the beam at 245 pounds and was nearly twenty years younger.

My opponent, Petty Officer Curran, had the reputation of being a slashing, fast fighter who could "take it" and who had never been knocked out. But I was in pretty good shape myself and, if I do say so, I had quite a reputation as a fighter.

The bout was to be held in the Casino de la Jetee, a majestic building that jutted out over the water on the Boulevard des Anglais, the aristocratic promenade. It has since been converted into a theater with adjoining gambling halls.

On the night of the fight, some of the officials came to my dressing room and whispered:

"Go easy on the youngster, Kid. There's a high-class crowd out there to-night and they've paid a lot to see this fight. Don't knock him out for at least the first three rounds."

That request puzzled me, for I knew that the betting was about even and I hadn't figured on a quick knockout. However, I decided to give them their money's worth.

As I stepped into the auditorium, I was dazzled by the splendor that met my eyes. There were beautiful and jeweled women by the score and their escorts were all in evening attire. Among those in the audience was Maurice Maeterlinck, the famed Belgian poet, and several Lords of England.

Young Curran followed me into the ring.

He was powerfully built, with wide strong shoulders and sturdy legs. But I knew that he was not only fighting me, but old man experience as well. He smiled at me and I grinned back at him.

With the sound of the bell, I got up slowly and advanced cautiously. I tried to lead him into a punch, but he held back. So I slashed out at his head with a left.

Suddenly his fist seemed to come at me like a bullet. The blow, with dynamite behind it, caught me flush on the mouth.

I choked and sputtered and tried to say something. But the only sound that came was a meaningless babble.

The punch had driven a bridge with four front teeth on it, back into my throat. For the rest of the round I avoided Curran, who sensed that he had the advantage.

When the bell clanged, I dashed to my corner and tried to readjust the bridge-work. But it clung to the roof of my mouth and before I was able to fix it, the second started.

For nine successive rounds, with Curran piling up points, I staggered around the ring. The loose teeth still bothered me and I was getting weary.

"A stiff drink," the thought came, "will put me on my feet."

I glanced wildly around the ring and tried to tell my seconds to mix me a highball and have it ready when the round ended. But they couldn't understand my request.

During a clinch that followed, I saw the timekeeper sipping a brandy and soda. After each sip, he would set it down on the edge of the ring, in front of him.

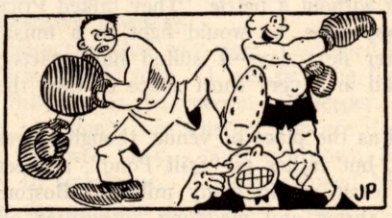
I determined to get it at the first chance.

* * *

IN the tenth round, I manœuvered Curran toward the timekeeper's side of the ring and took one of his side swings on the back of my head.

I pretended to be dazed by the blow and flopped forward on my stomach. As the referee started the count, I reached out, seized the timer's drink and drained it.

And, with the count of eight, I jumped to my feet, catching Curran unawares. He stumbled backwards as I rushed him and I planted a stiff jolt to his jaw. He swayed for an instant, grabbed me and hung on until the bell ended the round.




That stolen drink saved the day for me!

In the succeeding ten rounds, I pounded away at Curran until he was almost out on his feet.

In the fifteenth round, when I felt he was weakening, I shouted: "Hey, look at your right foot!"

He fell for it and glanced down. My fist shot out before he knew what was happening and connected with his chin. I was waiting for that chance since the fight began.

To my astonishment, Curran didn't drop. Instead he shook his head and, as his brain cleared, he backed away and kept out of my reach until the round ended.

As he came out for the next stanza he said:

"Lor' blime, Kid, why did ye do that?"

I replied with a wild swing that almost threw me off balance. I was getting impatient. So, when I clinched with him the next time, I pressed my thumb into a gland on his neck.

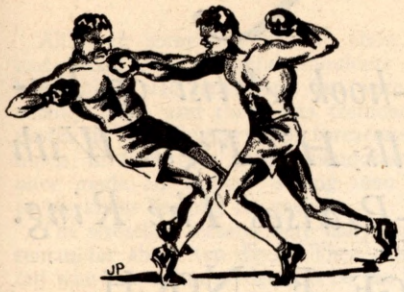
I repeated the "massage" until his neck was red and raw, and the gland stuck out like a goose-egg. That was the end of his self-control.

I knew I had the edge then. And in the last three rounds I piled up enough points to get the judges' decision.

It had been one of the hardest fights of my career. But the result proved my contention that the man who can keep the big fellows off balance and catch him unawares, always has the advantage.

# A Word About Fighting

*By* NORMAN DALY



AT precisely four minutes past ten o'clock, the evening of the 14th of September, 1923, the greatest battle in pugilistic history began, giving the 90,000 spectators, who filled the Yankee Stadium to overflowing, the thrill of their lifetime.

Dempsey down! 90,000 half-crazed humans on their feet . . . hearts pounding . . . wild-eyed . . . screaming . . . mad gesticulations. Firpo down! "One——two——three——"! A conglomeration of roars reach up to penetrate the starry heavens. Firpo down again! Dempsey crashing headlong through the ropes and out of the ring. A new champion!! No . . . he's back! Firpo down again . . . and again . . . and again.

Burly, muscular, hardened mastodons of men, bleeding and bruised, like wild, untamed beasts of the jungle, smashing each other's body and face with thunderous blows. One crashing to the floor . . . then the other . . . and 90,000 men and women yelling and screaming for the kill.

Those who saw that never-to-be-forgotten fight still feel that although the bout lasted but five minutes, they saw something worth seeing and regretted not the heavy toll placed upon their pocketbooks.

Such a state of affairs sends our reformers, our blue-law advocates and our namby-pamby brethren into a state of melancholia, wondering what our world is coming to. But there is no red-blooded man, if he will be truthful with himself, who can deny that he would have enjoyed the sight of that gory combat between the two well-matched giants, as much as those who were fortunate to witness the contest.

* * *

FIGHTING is an animal disposition, but inherent and as deep-rooted a human instinct as eating. In fact, at one time they went hand-in-hand. Those shaggy cavemen ancestors of ours did not have their food sent to them in delivery trucks as we have to-day. As the Chinese laundryman might aptly put it, it was a question then of "no fightee—no eatee." Regardless of sermons to the contrary, to fight is but a human instinct, and to watch and enjoy a fight is human, also. Pretending otherwise is little short of lying.

To comprehend thoroughly the fundamental matter is to give us a lead to the solution of the problem of man's warfare, be it on the battlefield, in the prize-ring, or on the city street. Giving the problem on hand a moment's thought, we find that actual conflict—fighting—is an aftermath of playing.

Take for example, two little kittens. At first they play, pawing each other gently, and then they get serious and begin to scratch and bite maliciously.

Or let us get closer to our own kind. Two boys begin a friendly tugging match, then they rough-and-tumble it for awhile, and finally end up by striking each other and causing injury, the scene generally closing with a stream of scarlet from one little nose, and purple decoration around the eye of a second boy. Rough? Barbaric? Uncivilized? Not at all. A perfectly normal fighting disposition in the two kids, and a quality deserving praise rather than condemnation.

Assuming the obvious fact of the matter that the combative nature of boys is quite as fundamental as the mating of youths, how can this vital force be turned into usefulness—to use it constructively? Here we have energies worth harnessing, influences worth refining, subtle power worth piloting into channels of righteous behavior and thus indicate a road to universal peace.

The devastating warfare of man will endure just as long as we erroneously suppress and condemn the fighting instinct of our youth. Suppress any given desire long enough, and it will explode sooner or later. The inherent belligerent energy unused in boyhood, and subsequently suppressed too long, breaks, and results in a volcanic explosion—WAR!

* * *

THE psychological error of assuming the combative disposition of boys should be suppressed, is committed, unwittingly, by both the home and the church and the school. It is not this writer's contention that when you are aroused in anger to haul off and mash your tormentor's face in. Neither would I convey the age-worn maxim to count ten. Let the pedagogue do that. (And besides, perhaps the other fellow has been taught to count only five.)

But for the vital, energetic man, better far to find the healthiest outlet possible for the passion. Suppress it not, but make it do something worth while if possible. Turn your anger into righteous wrath. Let your fists do less of the fighting, and your mind, your voice do more.

And for the young ones, the boys, we must not only find a healthy mode of expression of the combative instinct, but we must harness the power of anger, which is an untamed force. In adults the sudden bursts of indignation is still a question that leaves us open to a method of disposing of it.

Since fist-fighting developes out of play in a normal way, or assuming that it does, and it demands alert piloting to turn it into some form of team work in order to conserve its energies; then anger should be turned into some industrial cause rather than banish it. The heart and brain is stimulated by a chemical fluid which anger generates.

To shut these forces off wilfully, without any semblance of function, is abnormal and injurious to health. Suppressed anger is causing many people to suffer chronically. These people are peeved at their friends, ill with the world, and not even on speaking terms with themselves, when the passion of anger struggles through its habitual course and dies unused.

A physical blow may be brutal; to attack anyone with heated words is impolite; to swear, is immoral and undignified—so the pedagogue smothers the fires of anger and suffers secretly the consequences. The clever psychologist may advise to stop the angry outburst before it starts, so that when the flush of indignation common to the untrained individual threatens you, you are calm and serene.

* * *

BUT emotions are emotions, and normal life must have them. The fine things and the beautiful things are proportionately as they arouse deep feelings within us and find expression in some kind of action. Wrongs will continue to fill the world and action only will be demanded to cure these ills.

The wrongs of society, when attacked, must have some kind of motive power to initiate the attack. "Righteous indignation"—a better word perhaps for the emotion of anger, must be the original mainspring of action. The psychologists are obligated by their theories of life and progress to meet the issue here stated and find a means not of suppression, but expression of anger.

They must find a way so that the emotions of children must be kept alive—by directing it into more refined channels of action, by giving it expressions through words and deeds of a corrective and remediable nature, by leading the young finally to attain a high goal of altruistic conduct adaptable to all ordinary situations. (*Continued on page* 43)

*A scene in Fitzsimmons' farewell to the ring, his bout with Bill Lang at Sydney, Australia*

# BILL LANG

## *Australia's Left-hook Artist of By-gone Days Recalls His Fight With Fitzsimmons—Praises The Ring.*

By GEORGE F. NOCH

IN recent issues of THE RING, several articles making mention of Tommy Burns and Sam Langford have been published, and I think as an Australian follower of boxing, that the time is opportune to recall some of the fights of Bill Lang. Who was he? Yes, I suppose many a reader will ask that question!

Well, Bill's real name was Lanfranchi, but like many others, he started off in the fight game against his parents' wishes and assumed the nom de guerre Lang. But, more important still, he was the Australian left hook artist, who fought during the same period as Burns and the Boston Tar Baby and was a mighty sweet battler.

In 1907, John Wren, the Australian millionaire sportsman, matched him with Jack Johnson at the Richmond (Melbourne) race course, for a purse of $2500. Lang held his own for five rounds, but from then on, Johnson's uppercuts took their toll and the Australian's seconds shied the towel into the ring in the ninth.

It was in September, 1908, that Lang got his first chance at the world's title, then held by Tommy Burns. The contest took place in Melbourne, under the promotion of Hugh D. McIntosh, the first man to offer big purses, the promoter who paved the way for Tex Rickard's million-dollar gates. Burns kept Lang waiting in the ring, and the crowd became exceeding unruly while Tommy was slowly undressing and packing his clothes in a big case. Then Burns found that he had forgotten his arm bandages and back to his hotel he went for them. Tommy delayed the start for 40 minutes, with the result that Lang was a nervous wreck when the gong finally did set them on their way.

* * *

ALTHOUGH beaten in six rounds, Lang won fame as the first man to knock Burns down since he had been champion. It happened in the second round. Lang had been boxing carefully, as one of Burns' punches in the first round had damaged the cartilage of the lowest rib on his left side. Now, Bill's punch was his left hook, but every time he tried to use it, the injury caused him great pain.

However, he connected with it in the second round and down went Tommy. How the crowd roared! Apparently, Nathan, the referee, was as surprised as Burns, for it took him several seconds before the count began. The press opinions of the time that Burns was on the floor varied, but Lang says it was about eighteen seconds. Beats the Tunney-Dempsey argument, eh what! At any rate, Tommy was down for more than 10 seconds.

After this contest Lang acted as sparring partner for Jack Johnson, when the dusky one was training for his titular bout with Burns. Many fight fans picked Johnson as a sure winner on account of a certain incident, which occurred some time prior to the contest. During the negotiations about the referee, there was a display of feeling between the pair. Johnson jumped up, pulled off his coat and offered to have it out then and there with Burns.

Burns certainly must have been the possessor of a great body wallop, for during the fight he damaged Johnson's ribs in much the same way as he did Lang's. This despite the terrific lacing Tommy received.

In Sydney on April 11th, 1910, Burns again met Lang, and gained an unpopular points decision. In fact, so unpopular was it, that Lang was presented with an illuminated address—"Presented to Bill Lang as a protest against the decision of the referee"—which was signed by 65 prominent Sydney sportsmen.

* * *

MOST ringmen have recollections of the skill and wallop of their opponents. Lang declares that Johnson was the most skilled man of his period. I recently discussed Johnson with him and this is how Lang sums him up:

"He was like a race horse in his movements, as graceful as a ballet dancer, as cunning as a fox and as cool as a cucumber. He could hit, he was clever, and he could take it."

So far as a wallop is concerned, Bill thinks Langford was a heavier hitter than Johnson. To think otherwise Lang would have to be the possessor of a very bad memory, for when they clashed in London during 1911, the Boston threshing machine had him on the floor fifteen times in the first round.

Lang, himself, was no light puncher. His king hit was a left hook, and when he crowned them with it, his opponents generally became aspirants for a course in astrology. Bill Squires did plenty of star-gazing on each of the four occasions he clashed with Lang. His method of delivering this blow was of the corkscrew variety, the left hand turning inwards and downwards just before connecting.

Bill tells a good story of his fight with old Bob Fitzsimmons. Yes. old is the word, for Robert was 46 when they met in Sydney. However, Lang's left hook was too much for Fitz's shift and Bob took the count in the eleventh round. But that wasn't the only thing he took that hot afternoon. Feeling dry after the bout, he walked into Lang's dressing room, where he was handed a bottle of champagne. Fitz tipped back his head, and handed back the empty bottle. Oh, what a power of suction!

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Bill saved a good share of his ring earnings and is now proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, Footscray, Melbourne. He still keeps in touch with the game, acting as a referee at the Fitzroy Stadium, where his decisons are as popular as his fighting was in the more famous hempen square in various parts of the world.

Like many other Australians, Lang is a great admirer of THE RING Magazine. He thinks it is the finest book on boxing the world over and Bill should know. Lang, like Dan Creedon and other old timers who are still in our midst, and who, we hope, will continue to be with us to (*Continued on page* 46)

# When Washington Threw All Comers

(*Continued from page* 19)

Although somewhat flat of chest, he had broad and powerful shoulders and broad hips. His hands and feet were unusually large, and there was tremendous power in his fingers and forearms—so much, in fact, that with a handclasp he once made an Indian "strong man" go to his knees begging for mercy.

The wrestling lessons were daily occurrences for about ten days. Then came a lad who was acknowledged to be the best wrestler of northern Virginia. By that time George had had the satisfaction of throwing the widow's sons with ease, grace and celerity. Moreover, there was nobody else in the school who could stand against him. Hearing this, the champion, after sizing him up, challenged him to a match, a defi which was no sooner uttered than accepted.

While the story of that bout is authentic history, the name of the champion has been lost in the mists of bygone days. But whoever he was, when he challenged George Washington, he was in the plight of Ajax when that adventurer defied the thunderbolts of Jove.

* * *

IN those days Virginia wrestling had two popular holds: (1) the "collar and elbow," in which each man got a good grip with his left hand on his opponent's collar and with his right on the other's arm at the elbow; (2) the "side hold," standing right leg to left leg, each man with an arm around his opponent's waist and each grasping the other's free hand. Occasionally, the catch-as-catch-can was used, but on the whole the collar and the elbow opening was the most popular.

Great excitement prevailed whenever a strange boy came into a community with talk of how good he was on the mat. The sport was not confined to half-grown lads. Youths, up to the age of twenty-one or older, took pride in their excellence in the game. And when a newcomer was heralded as unusually good, either the acknowledged champion of the locality was pitted against him or a series of bouts was staged on one Saturday to determine who was to meet the cocky stranger the following week-end.

* * *

YOUNG Washington, because he had spent his boyhood on rather isolated plantations, had missed the usual wrestling training until he went to the Marye school. Consequently, when it was noised abroad that this youth, with only ten days' experience as a grappler, was to go against the champion of half the state, the gallery was all set for a Roman holiday, figuring that the presumptuous youngster's sad fate would provide a belt-breaking guffaw.

But they got not even a grin or a giggle. They did not have time to laugh. That bout was as brief as it was rough and decisive. George and the champion squared off with the collar and elbow hold, and the entire story of the sequel to their assuming their positions was afterwards told by the "champion" in these few but eloquent and humble words:

"After a short, fierce struggle, I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground with a jar that shook the marrow in my bones."

Having churned up all that marrow in this effective manner, having somewhat dazed the unfortunate owner of the marrow, and also having discolored the once fair skin which encased the jangled nerves of the challenger, George put on the finishing touch by flattening the helpless shoulders against the grass.

Thereafter, George Washington, in addition to his other feats of strength, was noted as the champion wrestler of Virginia. He put down all comers until his eighteenth year when, engaged in the more serious affairs of life, he left off participation in wrestling bouts.

* * *

NOT that he lost his technique or his physical power. Far from it! On one occasion, when he was Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary forces at Boston, soldiers from two of the Colonies were hurling knotty fists to crunching chins in hot and howling combat when he appeared on the scene. Without hesitation, he strode into their bruised and buffeted midst, and, seizing them one after another by the collar, tossed them into separate, writhing heaps, hurling them in all directions as if they had been ten-pins, a feat, by the way, resembling that of Mr. Taft when, without rising from his chair, he grasped a man's wrist with his right hand and, incredible as it may seem, threw him over his left shoulder and against the wall behind him.

It is to Washington, wrestler and athlete, as well as to the winner of the Revolutionary War and the first President of the Republic, that America and the world at large is to do homage next year.

The arrangements for the Bicentennial celebration are now being rushed to completion by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, which was created by a special act of Congress in 1924 and is financed by the national treasury.

The object of the commemoration as stated in the Congressional act, is to make Americans better citizens by giving them a more thorough knowledge of George Washington.

# Are Fighters the Marrying Kind?

(*Continued from page* 15)

his fistic prime, but he is a more prominent figure than ever today.

As long as he was in the boxing game Gene Tunney, in some ways the most amazing of all heavyweight champions, steered clear of romance in any form.

Some very good boxers married young and yet found their way to the heights. Willie Lewis was one. Johnny Kilbane was married when he won the featherweight title and he practically married the title, too, acquiring it in 1912, clinging to it until 1923, when Eugene Criqui another married man, divorced him.

Johnny Dundee, another great fighter who was married before he was out of his 'teens, in turn relieved Criqui of the featherweight laurels. When Johnny surrendered the title because he no longer could make the weight it fell to Louis (Kid) Kaplan, also a member of the married man's brigade.

Tony Canzoneri, who belongs on the other side of the fence, then came into possession of the championship, winning from Benny Bass, a married man, in the final elimination. Bass now holds the junior lightweight honors.

The present featherweight king, Christopher (Bat) Battalino, is happily married and so is Fidel La Barba, the last challenger he met for the championship. Previously Bat had turned back the attack of Kid Chocolate, an unwed battler.

* * *

JIMMY WILDE, married very young, was the greatest flyweight of all time. Pancho Villa, a close second to Wilde, was unmarried. Ted Lewis and Freddy Welsh, who kicked the welterweight title back and forth for years, were both married.

The two Gibbons boys, Mike and Tom, stand out prominently as examples of happily married boxers. Billy Papke, too. Billy has a son who is embarking on a fistic career.

Tiger Flowers and Harry Greb, long rivals for middleweight honors, were married men. Tommy Burns, Jim Jeffries, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, Jack Delaney, Mike McTigue, Dave Shade, Len Harvey, Billy Petrolle, Tommy Freeman, Earl Mastro, Eddie Shea, Buddy Taylor, Sammy Mandell, Justo Suarez and many others all have had happy married lives.

Among the single men we may list fellows like Young Corbett, Jackie Fields, Jack Thompson, King Tut, Tod Morgan, Jack Berg, Tony Canzoneri, Kid Chocolate, Maxie Rosenbloom and McLarnin.

Scanning the leading boxers of today in the various division we find that about half of them are married. Look them over—Young Stribling, Jack Sharkey, Jimmy Slattery, Mickey Walker, Dave Shade, Tommy Freeman, Billy Petrolle, Justo Suarez, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Benny Bass, Bat Battalina, Fidel LaBarba, Eddie Shea, Earl Mastro, Joey Scalfaro and Frankie Genaro.

After all, it's up to the man, whether he be boxer, banker, broker or baker. There seems to be no reason, in the light of the examples cited, why a fighter should not be successful though married. After all it's up to him.

# Watch Those Feet!

(*Continued from page 6*)

came from head work. It wasn't a trick at all for him to stand in the center of a ring, hands at his sides and let a fellow break his back trying to tag him.

Often when he wanted a drink and didn't have the price, he would enter a saloon, stand at the bar and wager that no one could knock his hat off. Griffo would simply look into the mirror and watch the fellow behind him trying to turn the trick, and as the other fellow swung Griffo would duck and by this means, he earned many a drink.

All of this simply proves that the feet are not essential to cleverness. Gans won his spurs by his marvelous blocking. He stopped the other fellow by sticking out his gloves and stopping the punch.

Ketchell had speed, raw, unscientific speed. He would hurl his body forward like a catapult, and as he would come, he swung from the hips and if that swing missed, his impetus would carry him on so that he could land just as effectively with the other hand.

* * *

IF as Corbett would have us believe, a fighter can slam away and hit just as effectively from the toe position, then why is it that history proves that the best punchers were all set before they slammed? The old boy with the slam is always there, standing in the ring with both feet planted, like Jeffries, Fitz and Dempsey.

But a fighter who depends wholly on his hitting powers without perfecting himself in the science of the sport, will most often find himself in difficulties when confronted by one who is both clever and a hard hitter. Gene Tunney proved that twice against Dempsey. Fitz proved it against almost every man of note in his day. Gans, Leonard, McFarland and Wilde proved it.

Hence what is the best method? Shall a fighter accustom himself to flat-footed fighting? Shall he follow the style of the clever Corbett? Shall he try the weaving style of Jeff and Dempsey?

My answer is that to become a great fighter, one must perfect himself both in cleverness and in hitting and that the best way to gain the full benefit of a strike at an opponent, is to get set—deliver the punch from a flat-footed position.

# Those Campus Wows

(*Continued from page 25*)

Every year more colleges include boxing in the athletic curriculum. With former professional stars serving as instructors, it will be strange if some of their pupils do not make their presence felt in the bread-and-butter end of the game after their college days come to an end.

The collegiate invasion of the sock market has been trying to get under way for years. In fact, if we want to go back longer than most of us can remember we find that Jim Corbett, who won the heavyweight title in 1892, had imbibed some learning at St. Mary's in California and that John L. Sullivan, the idol dethroned by Corbett, studied for a time at Boston College.

In those days few fighters even finished a grammar school course, to say nothing of going to college. It is different now. Many a boy still in high school or in college is doing a bit of professional boxing on the side to help pay his way.

* * *

A COUPLE of years ago it seemed that a college man was on his way to fame as a heavyweight fighter. He was one of Bob Zuppke's Illinois football stars, Les Marriner by name. Like Hamas, Marriner had speed, punch, skill and the ability and willingness to take punishment. But he also had one defect, shelly hands, the kind that crack up easily. After a promising start as a professional those bad hands forced him to retire from the lists.

Monte Munn, brother of Wayne Munn, the wrestler, also made a fine start as a heavyweight. Dan Hickey took him in tow and for a time he looked very good. He scored a knockout over Victorio Campolo in Buenos Aires. Monte could punch and take it, but he lacked the requisite speed and wisely quit the game before it was too late.

Add Warren, North Carolina University football hero, was another who started well but is now conceded to have no chance of reaching the upper strata. Other collegians who have sought heavyweight renown without much success include Sully Montgomery, of Center College; Ed Garvey, of Notre Dame, and Tom Kirby, of Holy Cross.

Tuffy Griffiths, I am told, went to college for a time. Tuffy is up among 'em now. Otto Von Porat is a graduate of a Norwegian University. Armand Emmanuel, who was something of a sensation for a time, is a practicing lawyer. Joey Scalfaro, one of the leading bantams, has a degree from a school of pharmacy.

Two big fellows now doing pretty well in the wrestling game tried the sock market first. One is Tiny Roebuck, former Haskell Indian football player. The other is Bill Middlekauf, who made a name for himself as a gridiron wizard at Florida University.

Well, it's all in the future. We may live to see a man with a sheepskin on the heavyweight throne and we may not. But the chances for that to come to pass really seem brighter now than ever before.

# Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page 37*)

revealed that it was a man. This chap was one John Grindell, the 10-mile champion runner, who, arriving late for the boats, took off his clothing, tied it into a bundle atop of his head, and plunged in. When he reached the island it was found he had no ticket, also was shy of money. Bieral, who never was backward about starting something, was for throwing Grindell back into the water and driving him away with stones.

Others, however, admiring the plucky swimmer, wouldn't have it that way. Some thought the stunt a wonder feat, considering the coldness of the water, and, finally, after much talk concerning the subject, Lyme Britton offered to bet $100 that not a man on the island could swim to the mainland and return. Billy Mead accepted the challenge—the fight could wait awhile—peeled off his clothes and, making the swim, collected the $100.

* * *

THE fight, despite the lack of condition of the principals, was a ripper of the oldtime ding-dong variety with about everything going.

"Once during the melee," stated Mr. Davis, the informant to whom we are greatly indebted, "several Coburn supporters who were roosting on a box close to the ropes, threatened to cut them and break up the fight. Seeing what they were about, Price, who was beginning to have the better of the melee, dropped Coburn for the moment and, rushing over to where these chaps were, reached over the ropes and knocked several of them off the box into the dirt. They then stopped their funny business."

Finally, after the men had fought 159 rounds, darkness came on. Referee Blanchard ordered the mill stopped and declared it a draw. He had hardly left the ring when the scrap started again. Blanchard rushed back into the ring, let the pair finish the round, and again stopped the affair. Again he declared it a draw—also that all bets were off. His verdict went. The time taken up by the combatants was 3 hours, 22 minutes.

"Thus," as the ancient record says of the contest, "ended one of the greatest fights ever seen in any ring. It was the general opinion that but for the darkness coming on, stopping the mill, Price would have been the winner. All were satisfied, however, that Price and Coburn had proved themselves two thoroughly good fighters."

# Mastodons of Maul

(*Continued from page 23*)

the second invasion of England by a foreign fistic aspirant.

* * *

BIG TOM TRING, the hall porter of Carlton House in the days when the Prince of Wales, later King George IV, was a keen patron of the sport, was another famous fistic giant. Standing 6 feet 5 inches in his stockings and weighing 292 pounds, he attracted wide attention and soon the Prince became interested.

Several attempts were made to have him enter the ring, but without avail, as Big Tom was a happy-go-lucky, inoffensive chap who would rather see others mix it than be a participant himself. The Prince of Wales, however, was determined that Tring should become a fighter and engaged Big Tom Johnson, the champion, to train him.

It didn't take long for Tring to become efficient under expert tutelage, and after wining several fights against second raters, he was matched by his Royal Master to fight Ben Brain (Big Ben) for a side bet of 1,000 guineas, an equivalent of $6,000 in American money. Although dubbed Big Ben, Brain, a remarkable fellow with many stirring adventures, was only 5 feet 10 and weighed only 190 pounds, yet he was the most terrific hitter of the ring of that period. The fight was a desperate one. Brain, with his razor-like knuckles, cut Tring's cheek horribly but Big Tom proved game.

Urged to quit, he went at his adversary with renewed vigor and soon kept raising him from the floor and dashing him to the ground with stunning effect.

Suddenly, taking his bigger opponent by surprise, Brain, like a flash, dashed down Tring's guard, delivered a hefty left to the jaw, followed this with a still harder right to the face and down went Tring like a fallen log.

Tring's seconds, working with rapidity, brought him around to face Big Ben again, but Brain never gave him a chance to recover. He went at him like an infuriated tiger, until Tring, bleeding and helpless, was forced to quit.

* * *

STILL another giant whose name occupies a conspicuous place in ring history, is Isaac Perrins of Birmingham, one of the strongest men who ever took up the sport in England. After beating every challenger, he decided to take a chance with the champion, Tom Johnson and issued a defi which was quickly accepted. Johnson stood only 5 feet 9 inches and weighed 196 pounds against Perrins' 6 feet 3 inches and 266 pounds, yet in this case, as in many others, science proved superior to strength, Johnson winning in a vicious 62 round mill.

Later on, in the early forties, there came to London a fighter called Randall. He stood 6 feet 8 inches and scaled about 250 pounds and was one of the best wrestlers of his period. Like others in his field, he thought that because of his height, weight and strength he could take the measure of any man, but when he was matched for his first go, with Jem Burns, a 5 feet 8 inch fighter, Randall suddenly got cold feet and vanished.

The Irish have had many big fighters. Peter Maher, Jim Coffey, Bill Brennan, and Ned O'Baldwin, among others, were more than six feet tall.

But the above mentioned pale into insignificance by comparison to the American Behemoth, Charley Freeman, whose adventures will be told in the next chapter.

# "Historic 106-Round Draw"

(*Continued from page 13*)

didn't think much of him because he had not displayed good form in his training. There can now be no mistake about his fighting ability and fighting heart. With the raw 'uns, he is clever enough, and is a fine natural hitter. He is a deceptive man, a cool, dogged fellow, full of vigor and courageous beyond description."

Thus we get first hand information from an eye witness to this great International encounter, one which had Kilrain won, would have enabled Sullivan to have attained the world's heavyweight championship when he beat Jake. Despite the division of opinion regarding Kilrain's right to the American laurels when Sullivan first refused to meet him, had Jake gained the verdict over Smith, there is no doubt that the winner of a Sullivan-Kilrain battle would have been acclaimed world's heavyweight champion.

Kilrain is still alive. He lives in the suburbs of Boston where he acts as an athletic director at a school playground.

# Man of Many Holds

(*Continued from page 21*)

his share helping out in the deliveries.

It was after he had made a delivery to a circus tent where he watched a troupe of wrestlers, that he determined to study the sport. He obtained a tutor, joined an amateur club and became so proficient that he was selected to represent Hungary in the 1924 Paris Olympics.

In the Olympics of 1928 he again competed, this time at Antwerp, and finished second. Had he not broken his hand in the final match, he might have gained the world's amateur championship.

Following that, he toured Europe. He received invitations to perform in tournaments in Finland, Germany, Italy and Turkey and was acknowledged the amateur title holder of all Europe. From the start he proved a sensation and when he was asked to give up his amateur standing to turn professional, although reluctant to do so, the weight of gold when money was so scarce throughout the world, proved a big inducement and he accepted my offer to come to the States and to perform under my jurisdiction.

Szabo has a record of more than 700 matches in Europe and this country. Sometimes he competes as often as four times a week. He is of the tireless type of athlete who seems to thrive on work. He represents the new exponent of wrestling. He has the collegian's quick thinking brain, is calm and self-controlled under trying conditions, and when aroused, he is the equal in strength to the mightiest of his profession.

All the natives of the land of Magyars are rooting for this young grappler to bring the crown abroad and if he succeeds, Hungary will not be big enough to house the reception that will be his.

# A Word About Fighting

(*Continued from page 39*)

And you, dear reader, thank the Almighty God that boyhood circumstances kept your fighting spirit, and if you started to fight with your fists, let the passion slowly find milder forms of expression, that the habit of frankness and outspokenness will be acquired, that your nerves and brain, your body and mind will make a quick and ready servant of the emotion politely called righteous indignation. If you are a professional boxer, thank Him that you can fight, but that the battles in which you are most eager to win might be designated as the battles of Divine Life.

Pugilism is a glorious institution. The roped arena is an obsession of a generation of men who as boys never had their combative instinct turned to expressions of good, and who still regard the thirst for injury and blood as a necessary appetite of men. War is likewise the obsession of the masses of men who suffered a like defeat of the early possibilities of altruistic expression of their anger and an early turning of their wrath and indignation into channels of heroic service of individuals, states and nations.

Some day we shall know how to harness the power of anger and the energy of righteous indignation, after that the constructive achievements of all men and women will be multiplied many fold.

# "Poison Tongue"

(*Continued from page* 11)

He laughed. All the while his knees had that funny, saggy feeling. "Hey, Jake, you pack quite a punch," he said, his brain clearing. "They told me you could hit, but this wallop—well, boy, you're good. Don't let any of those palookas around Boston kid you any more on your hitting ability. You're almost as strong a puncher from that angle as I am." His brain was clearing faster, but his knees still felt treacherous.

"Who's kidding me about my hitting?" Stokes asked. "I've been knocking them dead for two years, and you first find out I can hit."

The challenger was losing valuable time engaging in conversation. The wily Faver certainly had the dope. Now Kreyton's head had lost that buzzing, his legs were firm and agile again.

Billy heaved a sigh of relief. "Yeh, you birds can hit, some of you, but you aren't smart enough," he chuckled, as he cut loose with that old Kreyton stuff to win the decision.

* * *

## CHAPTER VII

A MONTH passed, and Doc Kelly, Jake's manager, still was furious, "had the guy out—had the world's title—and stood there passing the time of day with him."

For the hundredth time he threw it up to Stopes. "Forty thousand wild eyed guys hollering to him to stop the champ, and he's out there admiring the cut of this Kreyton's nose. Am I crazy?"

"Listen, Doc! You've been at me for weeks, and if I lose my fine temper and sock you on the beezer, don't blame anybody but yourself, see?" Stopes ejaculated. "Instead of sitting around acting like a loon, get busy and land me a return match. That's all I want. Another chance at that gabby bum."

Billy wanted the match—another half million dollar house in the Stadium, another big step toward "William A. Kreyton, Counsellor at Law." You see, Faver's constant reiteration of the press gag had impressed itself on Billy so strongly that he had begun to believe it—yes, had determined to see that it came true. "Why not a lawyer? I've got the gift of the gab," he kept telling himself.

Kelly, Stopes and Milt Magner, Doc's partner, were in conference in the Stopes camp one day. "That Kreyton is right in the pink," Magner reported lugubriously. "Unless this Kid has something on his mind he's unbeatable.

"When you fought him, Jake, his mother was sick. That bird is goofy about his ma. Dames don't figure with him. He telephones his mother before and after a fight. But there is no reason why dames shouldn't bother him. He's a kid, and he's human, and I never yet saw a healthy lad of his age who did not admire a pretty face and a well turned ankle.

"Now, there's where you come in, Jake. That sister of yours." Kelly and Magner started for the door. Stopes had risen, with fists clenched.

"Why drag Mollie into your schemes? Can't you birds respect any girl?" Stopes shouted.

"Why jump at conclusions?" Magner said, with that pained expression he was so adept in summoning in tight places. "We just want this Kreyton to see your sister. If he sees her, he'll fall, and if he falls, he'll have something on his mind, and if he has anything on that brain of his, you'll clip him again.

"We are asking nothing out of the way. All we want is to have the champ introduced to Mollie Bright Eyes. Is that anything to get sore about?"

Stopes would have none of it, but after twenty-four hours of nagging, he gave in.

Mollie Stopes laughed when Magner told her of the plot. "Just flash them sparklers of yours on Billy. Give him the arch look. Make believe you are interested in him. I'll fix it with this theatrical producer you're sort of half engaged to. I'll let him in and tell him to bet a couple of grand on Jake. If you do your stuff, it's in.

"Just when you've got him hooked, we sign for the match, and the rest is easy. Jake wins the title, you get one thousands bucks for your hope chest, your boy friend wins a few grand, you get married and live happily ever afterward, and Billy Kreyton finds out he isn't such a smart Aleck after all. What say?

* * *

## CHAPTER VIII

IT was at the Friars Frolic that they met. Magner found out where Kreyton would sit. Billy was a member and always attended the annual show of the big New York theatrical club.

Magner got the adjoining seats. As Kreyton settled back to watch the performance, he was startled by the arrival of the dark eyed, jet black haired Mollie, in tow of Nate Duke, a manager of fighters and friend of Billy.

Duke so manouevred things that Mollie sat next to Billy. Of course, introductions were in order.

"Stopes? Seems I've heard that name before," laughed Kreyton, at the same time holding his jaw and making a wry face. The kid was a born mimic.

"Yeh, this is the same family—and both hit hard," Nate laughed. "Mollie saw that scrap with Jake, and she thinks you're just the last word in fighting."

"The last word is right. I always like to have it," Billy said. "This Nate here is a joker, isn't he, Miss Stopes?"

The night wore on, the show progressed. Billy watched the stage but saw nothing of the specialties Broadway stars put on in gay profusion. He heard little of the singing and the wise cracking. He slanted side-long glances in the dark at the girl to his right.

Gosh, this was class! A beauty if ever there was one. And sister of that mug Jake. Well, that was too bad. Or was it? Why should the fact that she was Jake's sister make any difference.

The curtain went down for the last time. Billy roused himself out of his revery. Could he call her on the telephone? Perhaps take her to the Shawangunk Club for a round of golf? Yes, Miss Stopes would be glad to hear from Mr. Kreyton. And if Mr. Kreyton met Mr. Stopes again in the ring, would he take care not to send Jake home in so mangled a condition? It worried the Stopes family.

* * *

## CHAPTER IX

THE return match was made. The fighters went into training. At last Billy Kreyton had something on his mind—and it wasn't his mother's illness. As a matter of fact that estimable old lady had gone off on a tour of Europe.

Billy and Mollie had played golf together. They had gone to theatres, they had been seen together at social functions. Slade Flair, theatrical producer and Mollie's fiance had uttered occasional demurrers, but he was helpless. He had gone into the scheme and was bound by pledge to stick until the fight was over, and Jake had the title.

When Kreyton began training at the Summerville Farm in New Jersey, just an easy jump from Broadway, Mollie Stopes was an occasional visitor.

In the Stopes camp, down on Staten Island Jake was worried. "The poor kid. It was a dirty shame. I never should have allowed her to go into this plot, Magner. It's all your fault. You're as straight as a corkscrew. Heaven knows what'll happen to Mollie.

"That Kreyton guy ain't really interested in dames. And he has a quick tongue. He can talk this guy Faver into letting him fight at a benefit, free of charge, and anybody who can do that to Dolly—well Magner, I am worried!"

In the Kreyton camp it was Faver who was worried. "You've got to tell that Stopes gal to stay out of here. I don't like her sudden interest in you. And no champion can afford to get goofy about the sister of a challenger. It doesn't look right. The newspaper guys are beginning to ask questions. You've got to give her the air, and plenty of it."

Kreyton cavorted like a two year old, showing more pepper than ever. There was a smile on his face as he threw a medicine ball and caught Faver plump in the stomach.

"Go home and put a poultice on your disposition, Dolly," Billy laughed. "If this is life, give me more of it."

* * *

## CHAPTER X

"I CANNOT go through with it. I resign. I had no right to consider it in the first place," Mollie told Magner, Jake and Kelly the next day. "He's a nice kid, and I don't want to play him a dirty trick. I would like to see Jake win the title, and—"

Mollie never finished the sentence. She burst into tears. They tiptoed out of the room, Jake more worried than ever.

"No, I don't want to see Jake win the title," she cried, after they had gone." I don't, I don't"—and she had a delightful spell of hysterics all by her lonesome. It began to look as if Billy Kreyton wasn't

the only one who had become affected by the brain child of the crafty Magner.

The conspirators returned an hour later and induced her to stick with them. "In a week the fight will be over, Jake will be champion, and you can forget all about Kreyton," Magner said, with that insinuating smile of his.

"Yes, I'll stick," she assured Magner. She suspected that she had gone too far to withdraw. The net of circumstance had enveloped her. She was a prisoner of life, and despite the tears, apparently a most willing and seemingly a somewhat happy prisoner. For when Mollie returned to her home, she sang.

* * *

## CHAPTER XI

THE brooding Stopes was not in the best of mental shape for the fight. Under a star spangled sky they met in the giant arena in New York—the champion and the man who almost had knocked him out.

The story had become public property. It had been the theme song of the press dope during the training period. This time talk wasn't going to fool Jake Stopes. Watch for that knockout!

In two rounds Kreyton realized that there was something on Stopes' mind. Jake was dull. "Worried, eh?" Billy laughed. "I promised your sister, and I'll keep my word. I never would disappoint a girl like her."

"Promised Mollie? What about?" Jake asked Billy, as they went into a clinch.

"Oh, she said your family was worried about your getting hurt, and I told her I wouldn't beat you up—not badly, anyway. Great girl, that. How in hell does a mug like you have a sister like Mollie?"

"She made your promise not to hurt me? Kreyton, that's all off. No sister is going to butt into my affairs. Besides, this time I am hep to your talk. I'll knock you for a row of dead heads."

"Not tonight you won't, sweetheart," Billy laughed. "You're worried about something. Maybe it's that Magner double crossing you. He's always hatching plots, and always crossing the guys with him. Watch out!"

Now Stopes began to suspect that Kreyton knew. He broke into a cold perspiration. What about that rat Magner? He never had liked him. What did Kelly want with a partner like Magner?

* * *

## CHAPTER XII

IT was far from a great fight. In fact, the fans began to whistle in the seventh round. Kreyton could have knocked Jake cold but he saw Mollie out there in the third row, her eyes flashing like stars.

In the tenth the crowd began to whistle again. Faver was furious. Kelly and Magner were beside themselves with rage. Stopes acted like a fighter who had been doped.

In the eleventh Kreyton decided that he could carry Jake no farther. "I am sorry to do this to a brother-in-law, Jake, but here goes," he said.

"Brother-in-law!" Stopes fairly shrieked. "Why, you damned punk!"

"Yeh, Mollie and I are going to be married tomorrow morning," laughed Billy.

Jake threw up his hands. He looked like a gargoyle off Notre Dame's facade. Billy eased him the Kreyton right, and the fight was over. They could have counted fifty over Stopes.

In the dressing room the boxing writers quizzed Kreyton. "You said something when he threw up his hands and you let him have it," the boys insisted. "What was it?"

Billy laughed. "I told him that tomorrow I would become his brother-in-law. The shock almost killed him."

"Same old Poison Tongue," remarked Joe Whalen, of the *Star-Telegraph*.

"Poison Tongue hell, Joe," chuckled Billy. "How would you like to be the best man? The Mayor will tie the knot at ten tomorrow. I'm counting on you."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Joe.

"I knew it, I knew it," wailed Faver. "Overplayed my hands, that's what I did. I knew that bird would talk himself into trouble."

And as Mollie Stopes walked into Billy's dressing room the rest faded out into the night.

# Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 35)

go there instead of going on to London.

For a moment I didn't know what to do. Then I decided to go to London anyway and go from there to Buenos Aires. I didn't want to upset Weber by telling him of Johnson's switch, fearing he would be disgusted at Jack's darting about the world and withdraw from the venture. So I was among those on the St. Louis when the cry of "All Ashore That's Going Ashore!" was sounded.

* * *

AS we neared Sandy Hook, where the pilot would be dropped, there was the announcement that mail could be sent back with him and that gave me an idea. I wrote out a cable to Johnson, to be filed from New York, which read:

"Your message too late. Curley on S. S. St. Louis. Wait for him in London . . . Tom Jones."

I didn't have any real hope it would do any good. It simply was a last, desperate move to keep him in London if possible. I think you will believe me when I say I did not enjoy the voyage.

There still was a furrow in my brow when I reached London and got to my hotel but I decided that before I did anything else I would have a good meal and a pleasant evening. So, as soon as I was settled and had changed my clothes, I went to the Trocadero, where I had a fine dinner.

Then I decided to take a taxi ride to get the air before going to bed and, having no particular place to go, told the driver to take me to St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington. I thought I might as well have a look at the place where I had expected to meet Johnson.

On the way it occurred to me that by making inquiry there I could find out how long ago he had left London, so that I could figure about when he would reach Buenos Aires. When I got to the Mansions, I dismissed the cab and, walking up to the door of the central building—there were three of them and they formed a huge apartment house—I asked the doorman how long ago Jack Johnson had left.

"Why, just a few minutes ago, sir," he said. Then, looking down the street, he said: "Here he is, coming back now."

I looked and there, approaching me and leading a dog which he had taken for an airing, was the big negro, grinning from ear to ear at sight of me!

* * *

"HELLO, Jack!" he said. "I got Jones's cable and I just couldn't go without seeing you."

"I'm glad you stayed," I said. "But Jones didn't send that cable. I did."

"We've been expecting you all evening," he said, taking me by the arm. "Come on up. We've waited dinner for you and I know you'll like it, because it's a real American dinner—chicken, corn, biscuits I mixed myself and everything."

"But I've had dinner!" I protested. "I didn't think you'd be here so I went to dinner at the Trocadero."

"Never mind," he said, still grinning. "You can eat something."

The table was set for a dinner party at which I was to be the guest of honor and, still protesting I couldn't eat a mouthful, I was led to it. Johnson bobbed into the kitchen and, reappearing in a moment with a cook's apron on, informed me that the biscuits would be ready in a moment.

Service of the dinner began but it was all very informal and when I reminded Jack that the last time I saw him I had won fifty cents from him playing pinnochle and that he had never paid the debt, he turned back a corner of the table cloth, called for a deck of cards and, in high good humor, insisted that we play a game to decide whether he should pay me double or not at all.

But the spirit of the pinnochle game quickly wore off and soon we were talking of mutual friends in America. Johnson at first declared he had no desire ever to go back to the United States.

"I'm going to South America for a while," he said. "They tell me that's a good spot for a 'spade.'"

* * *

A MOMENT later his eager questions about friends and scenes back home belied his declaration that he did not ever want to go back. I told him as much as I could in reply to his innumerable questions but mention of the fight was not made by either of us until, quite suddenly he asked:

"And who is this WeeLARD you want me to fight?"

"Why, you black son-of-a-gun!" I roared. "WeeLARD, eh? Don't pull that Parisian accent on me! That may be all right for the stiffs you're running around with over here but it doesn't go with me. The name is not WeeLARD but Willard, you mugg—plain American Willard."

"Very well, then, Willard," he said, chuckling. "Who is he?"

"He's a big mule skinner from Kansas," I said. "He's six feet, seven inches tall, weighs 260 pounds, has dynamite in either hand and can't be hurt.

We were interrupted by the other guests, who insisted we pay some attention to them and to the dinner and there was no more fight talk but I knew I had landed Johnson.

* * *

THE dinner over, Johnson declared he would have his car brought around and would take me out to see the town.

"I'll show you some of the hot spots," he said.

"Not to-night, Jack," I said. "I just got off the boat to-day after a rotten trip, remember, and I'm ready for a night's sleep in a bed that doesn't lurch and roll. Just drive me around for a bit and then take me to my hotel."

"As you say," he said.

During our drive he stopped the car under a street light and took a sheaf of cablegrams from an inside pocket.

"I thought you'd like to see some messages I got from people back home who knew you'd come over to see me."

I glanced through them hastily. They were from fight managers and promoters in New York, some of them men I had reason to think were friends of mine—that is, until I saw the messages they had sent to Johnson in an effort to get him to refuse to sign with me.

"I don't pay any attention to that stuff," Johnson said. "I'm ready to go along with you, Jack."

Thus the match, begun in New York, was concluded under an arc light on the streets of London. The following day I had a contract drawn up and signed by Johnson in which he agreed to fight Jess Willard for the heavyweight championship of the world in a bout for any number of rounds up to forty-five, the site to be named by me later on and Johnson to receive $30,000, win, lose or draw. And the day after that I caught a ship back to New York.

(To be continued)

---

*In the next installment Curley will tell how Willard won the heavyweight title.—Editor's note.*

# Bill Lang

(*Continued from page* 40)

a ripe old age, has been particularly interested in the series of articles in The Ring magazine on Fitzsimmons, Burns, Squires, Creedon and others with whom he was well acquainted when all were in their prime. Of Fitzsimmons, Lang says:

"He was one of the world's greatest fighters. For his weight, there never was a fighter his equal. In punching power and ring science, he was supreme.

"When I fought him on December 27, 1909, little did I realize that Ruby Robert, as old as he then was, would still carry with him a devastating punch. It was Fitz's last fight, his farewell to the ring, but far from his worst battle. He was dangerous up to the very time that I knocked him out in the twelfth round.

"Bob had split a wound over my left eye from which the blood flowed freely. This occured in the twelfth round and naturally annoyed me considerably, but I was not angered. I realized, however, that the old fellow was by no means done and still was dangerous, hence I hesitated going after him to finish the affair.

"In that session I landed a right on the jaw that sent Bob down. He previously had gotten up after a count of nine.

"I have read accounts which say that Fitz and I were bitter enemies. That is directly contrary to the truth. We were pals and as a memento of our fight, I presented Bob with a beautiful walking stick made of the finest Australian timber and later we went to America together. I learned a lot from Fitz on the art of self-defense, especially on the proper way to deliver my punches so as to get the most telling effect.

"I like The Ring because of its accurate accounts of famous fistic encounters and because it brings back to me memories of days when fights were fights and he-men ruled the ring."

# Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 31)

request of the state's leading sportsmen, has signed the bill which makes fifteen-round championship bouts possible and also curtails the all-night boxing programmes of the Amateur Athletic Union which hitherto have caused the downfall of many a budding boxer.

By providing the boxing commission with authority to rule on the weight of gloves used by amateur boxers and giving the commission the right to limit the number of bouts in which amateurs may compete during twenty-four hours, amateur boxing in the Bay State is virtually placed under commission rule. Although I have always been opposed to having state boards interfere with the Amateur Athletic Union, after seeing the incompetency in the handling of many of the recent tournaments, I feel that such action as Massachusetts has taken to safeguard the interests of the youth of our land is a blessing.

No more will tournaments in the Bay State run from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 3 the following morning.

No more will boys still in their teens, be compelled to meet two or more opponents in one evening. Instead of protecting the beginners, as the Amateur Athletic Union would be expected to do, that organization has accomplished more harm than good in the development of the simon pures. New York, in particular, needs a house cleaning and such legislation as has been passed in Massachusetts, placing the control of the sport in the hands of the boxing commission, would be welcomed here.

# Pete Sanstol, "The Blond Dynamo"

(*Continued from page* 9)

that goes out to do combat revived within him. The lure of the prize ring was again attracting him with the irristible pull of a powerful magnet.

While fighting in New York, Sanstol had made the acquaintance of a Montrealer, Raoul Godbout, manager of Leo (Kid) Roy, featherweight champion of Canada, and had been impressed most favorably. Why not look him up and see what could be done about a return to the ring?

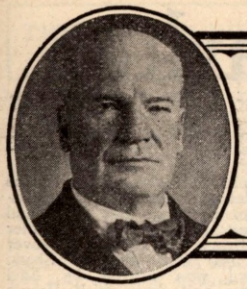
The idea was but a father to its execution with the decisive Norwegian battler. And to Godbout, the suggestion of Sanstol's return to the fistic wars was, indeed, an amiable one. Without a moment's hesitation he took the Norseman under his wing.

A few weeks in the gym and Pete was back in the pink of condition. The first fight of his comeback attempt was billed for April at the Montreal Forum. In it he impressed the local fight fans with a seven-round knockout victory of Ollie Bartlett, of Detroit.

Since that date his fistic headquarters have been in Montreal and his pilot is still the same Raoul Godbout. It would take a pretty good-sized explosion to pry these two inseparable friends apart to-day.

The fight with Bell which goes into Canadian fistic history as a world's championship mill, was Sanstol's masterpiece. He gave as pretty an exhibition of boxing, hard hitting and speed as ever has been seen in the Dominion, and with the victory, Pete endeared himself to the Canadians.

In every sense of the word, Sanstol looks and fights like a real champion. He is of the old type, that school that brought personal patronage to the clubs through the medium of gong-to-gong battles.



# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Bevan Jones, Evanston, Ill.

Q.—In a recent issue of THE RING, you say that neither Corbett nor Fitzsimmons were champions of the world because Corbett declined to fight Peter Jackson. In Corbett's autobiography he says he fought Jackson and won. After that he knocked out Sullivan for the world's title, and lost the same to Fitzsimmons.

A.—Corbett and Peter Jackson met in the ring at San Francisco, May 21, 1891, and boxed unsatisfactorily 61 rounds. Jackson was handicapped by an injured ankle and was unable to do himself justice. At the close of the 61st round the club officials ordered the boxers out of the ring, called the bout "no contest," and cut the purse in half. Corbett may have said in his autobiography that he thought he won, but record book editors have generously called the bout a draw. A boxer who gets a decision of draw or "no contest" does not win a bout.

Also, according to Corbett's autobiography, he knocked out John L. Sullivan on September 7, 1892, for the world's championship. The natural query is where did Sullivan get the world's title? The only title ever won by Sullivan was in his fight with Paddy Ryan on February 7, 1882, Sullivan winning by a K. O. in the ninth round. I will now quote the articles for the Sullivan-Ryan bout, a copy of which I have:

"THE SAID FIGHT SHALL BE FOR THE SUM OF $2,500 a side AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, to take place on Feb. 7, 1882."

Does it stand to reason that, if the bout was for the world's title, the boxers, Sullivan and Ryan, would have signed articles declaring the contest to be for the championship of America?

Therefore it follows that when Corbett and Sullivan met in the ring in 1892 they were fighting for the American title, as neither had ever won any other title. Also, when Corbett and Fitzsimmons met in 1897, the only title at stake was the championship of America. It was after winning the American title from Sullivan that Corbett studiously avoided another meeting with Jackson, who at that time was the heavyweight champion of Australia and Europe. Fitzsimmons also declined a match with Jackson.

At the same time there is no question that both Corbett and Fitzsimmons were of world's championship calibre, and either might have beaten Jackson. Yet they failed to meet the issue, and as titles are won in the ring and Not By Claim, they failed to get the honor.

Jeffries was the first American heavyweight to legally win the world's title. He had an easy time of it.

He beat Jackson when the latter was practically done, but still held the European title. Jeffries then scored over Fitzsimmons for the American title. After Jeff's retirement in 1905, Burns beat Squires, Australian champion, and Moir, English title holder, for the crown.

The world's championship then descended to Johnson, to Willard, to Dempsey, to Tunney, and to Schmeling, by foul, the only case of that sort in American history.

Dorothy Fess, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Are there any gymnasiums in this locality where women can take up boxing?

A.—No. There are no special gymnasiums. However, there is no reason why you cannot obtain the services of a professional trainer to teach you this sport. Apply to Toland's Gymnasium in Boston.

Adrian Fallsworth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is it true that Brooklyn had the cream of the bare-knuckle fighters?

A.—Not far from the truth. In fact, with Boston, it shared the honors. Brooklyn was the home of some of the greatest fighters of the London Prize Ring rules day. Almost every great fighter from abroad, upon arrival in New York, went to Brooklyn to live. Especially was this true of the Irish. There was a special Irish colony that comprised the second, third and fourth wards.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

***No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.***

Eddie Adams, Kent, O.

Q.—What is your opinion of Dynamite Eddie Lavery, who fought ten or twelve years ago in the vicinity of Akron? Did he fight the flyweight champion of America? Name some of the men Lavery has fought.

A.—The records of Johnny Rosner and Zulu Kid, claimants of the flyweight title, but generally recognized as such, do not contain the name of Lavery. Neither do the records of Frankie Mason, Johnny Buff, Pancho Villa, or Frankie Genaro, title holders of flyweight class, contain Lavery's name. No boxing records, ancient or modern, include Lavery's name. Suggest you write to chairman of Cleveland Boxing Commission.

Q.—My age is 19 years. I weight 147 pounds, and stand 5 feet, 7 inches tall. What will be my measurements at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 feet, 9 inches tall, and 165 pounds.

A Reader, McConnellsville, Ohio.

Q.—Is there any type of gum protector for boxers who have their upper teeth extracted?

A.—Yes. Get in touch with the dentists who are advertising in THE RING.

Q.—I am 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weigh 180 lbs. in street clothes, reach 75 in., chest 41 in., upper and forearm 12 in, wrist 7 1/8 in. Am I well proportioned?

A.—Yes. Fine.

RING Reader, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—I am 19 years of age. 5 ft. 10 in., weigh 164 lbs., reach 72. What will be my measurements at full growth?

A.—5 feet 11¼, weight 176, and reach about 73½.

Q.—At what age did George Dixon die? When and where?

A.—Died in Boston, 1909. Aged 39 years.

Q.—Where can a good colored boy get a start in the big city?

A.—Go to any gymnasium in your city.

Q.—I have not been defeated in 15 fights. Can I box as a pro?

A.—Certainly. Get How to Train and How to Box.

Jimmy Finn, A Reader.

Q.—How am I built for boxing? Here are my measurements: Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 9¼ in.; weight, 130 lbs.; reach, 70½ in.; neck, 14¼ in.; biceps, 12 in.; forearm, 10¼ in.; wrist, 6⅞ in.; chest, 34 in., expanded, 36 in.; waist, 28½ in.; hip, 31¼ in; thigh, 18¼ in.; knee, 13¾ in.; calf, 13½ in.; ankle, 9 in.

A.—Your measurements are O. K. except weight. You should add about 5 lbs. Read "HOW TO TRAIN" and "HOW TO BOX."

Q.—Where can I get a good instructor in Wilkes-Barre?

A.—Write to Hugh Carr, 110 Spring Street, Wilkes-Barre, and he will tell you about an instructor and gym.

Q.—What class would I be in?

A.—Junior Lightweight.

Mabel Tallefaro, Waco, Texas.

Q.—Please tell me how big a boxing ring is?

A.—The following is taken from the New York rules, and has been adopted by all states where boxing is staged:

"To be not less than 20 feet square within the ropes, the ring floor to extend beyond the ropes a distance of not less than 18 inches. The ring posts shall be not nearer to the ring ropes than 18 inches."

Marion Walling, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—What are the various boxing weights? Are they internationally recognized?

A.—The weights recognized by New York and also in all other states, and the pounds at which an opponent may come in beyond that weight limit, follows:

Between Flyweights (112 lbs.), 6 lbs.; between Bantamweights (118 lbs.), 8 lbs.; between featherweights (126 lbs.), 9 lbs.; between lightweights (135 lbs.), 12 lbs.; between Welterweights (147 lbs.), 13 lbs.; between middleweights (160 lbs.), 15 lbs.; between Light-heavyweights (175 lbs.), 15 lbs.; Heavyweight, all over 175 lbs., no limitation.

These conditions hold good wherever boxing is staged.

RING Reader.

Q.—Would John L. Sullivan at his best have defeated Corbett, Peter Jackson or Bob Fitzsimmons, all at their best; in how many rounds?

A.—Difficult to say. I think the cleverness of Corbett would have won him the battle. Think Sullivan would have whipped Jackson and beaten Fitz.

Q.—What are good exercises for development of the shoulder muscles?

A.—Read Nat Fleischer's splendid book, "How To Train."

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of June was one in which many important fistic encounters were staged and saw the retirement of one champion, Mickey Walker, from the middleweight throne. Mickey's ambition is to win the world's heavyweight title and his future rating will have to be withheld until the result of the Sharkey bout becomes public. In the meantime we shall keep the championship open.

Ernie Schaaf stepped back into prominence through his sensational one-round knockout over Jim Maloney in Boston. Primo Carnera secured plenty of publicity on the strength of his kayo over Pat Redmond. Maxey Rosenbloom came through the winner over Charley Belanger and Fred Lenhart in overweight bouts. Vince Dundee carries along the role of leading challenger for the vacated middleweight throne on the strength of his victory over Ben Jeby. Jimmy McLarnin's victory over Billy Petrolle carried with it additional prestige. Al Singer made a fine comeback against Lew Massey in his first match since losing the lightweight title. Battling Battalino, much maligned titleholder, successfully defended his featherweight title against Fidel LaBarba.

---

In the heavyweight ranks Vittorio Campolo turned in a three-round knockout victory over Big Bill Hartwell. Ernie Schaaf, besides the Maloney kayo, flattened Jack Gagnon in the same round. Carnera's kayo over Pat Redmond was done impressively and helped to boost Carnera's stock in New York. Charley Retzlaff finished Tiny DeBolt in one round. Stanley Poreda stopped George Hoffman in four rounds and Emmett Rocco in ten. Larry Gains put the finishing touches to Phil Scott in the second.

---

Paul Swiderski stopped Joe Banovic in five rounds and whipped Babe Hunt. He is going great. Hunt scored over Walter Cobb. Harold Mays scored over Tony Galento and Jack Renault. Galento kayoed K. O. Christner in the eighth round and lost to Jack Dorval.

Add Warren was stopped by Frankie Wine in three rounds and was beaten by Jack Renault. Unknown Winston was beaten by Arthur DeKuh and Marty Fox kayoed George LaRocco in seven rounds. Fox kayoed George Gemas in the second. Battling Bozo scored over Pete Latzo and Jack Webb.

King Levinsky disposed of Pat McCarthy in the fourth round. Jack Redman kayoed Big Boy Peterson in six rounds but was beaten by Dynamite Jackson. Hans Kirkie stopped the winning streak of Jose Santa, Giant Portugese heavy, on the coast. Marty Gallagher whipped Gene Stanton. Art Lasky kayoed Angus Snyder in three rounds. Benny Touchstone scored over Tommy Ryan and Muggs Kerr.

Ted Sandwina kayoed Harry Hassell in three rounds and defeated Tom Kirby. Paul Pantaleo disposed of K. O. White in three rounds. Angus Snyder stopped John Schwake in the sixth. Tom Toner won over Don Shortland in England.

---

Maxey Rosenbloom turned in victories over Fred Lenhart and Charley Belanger in overweight matches. George Manley scored over Frankie Wine. Billy Jones kayoed Willard Dix in two rounds. Lew Scozza won over Roy Williams. Williams scored over George Courtney and George won from Patsy Pirrone. Joe Knight kayoed Yale Okun in five rounds and Bobby Evans in four. Harry Allen was kayoed by Joe Zelinski in five rounds and Rosy Rosales in seven. Nichols scored over Rosy Rosales and Johnny Klesch.

Al Gainer defeated Chuck Burns. Bob Olin kayoed Tony Ferrente in five rounds. Russ Rowsey whipped Johnny Roberts. Toney Shucco scored over Jack Kelly and Jimmy Mendies.

---

Vince Dundee won over Ben Jeby in the most important middleweight bout of the month. Jack McVey drew with Tiger Thomas and was beaten by Henry Firpo. Thomas scored over Vincent Forgione. Harry Smith stopped Yake Okun in two rounds. Ignacio Ara scored a kayo over Buck McTiernan in the eighth round. Leo Larrivee won over Sam Bruce and Battling Tracey. Joe LaGrey won from Billy Jenkofsky and Abie Bain. Jack Rosenberg, fast arising middleweight, whipped Vittorio Livan and Paulie Walker.

Tommy Freeman, now fighting as a middleweight, scored over Buck McTiernan and Canada Lee. Frank Battaglia kayoed Joe Sharkey in six and Ray Tramblie in four rounds. Tramblie scored over Gary Leach. Allie Wolff won over Guido Conte and kayoed Billy Franklin in three rounds. Vincent Sereci whipped Jack Purvis. Len Harvey kayoed Rene DeVos in one round.

---

Sammy Baker was beaten by Nick Testo and stopped by Young Terry in six rounds. Indian Tiger West drew with Billy Runs. Rudy Marshall scored over Frankie O'Brien and Nick Palmer whipped Battling Tracey.

---

Young Jack Thompson engaged in one bout over the welterweight limit, scoring over Pete August. Jimmy McLarnin came through with that victory over Billy Petrolle. Young Corbett whipped Meyer Grace. Bucky Lawless scored over Gorilla Jones. Leo Brouillard kayoed Paul Pirrone in eight rounds. Pirrone whipped Lawrence Madge. Babe Joe Gans whipped Jackie Brady. Billy Townsend defeated Jimmy Britt.

Billy Light was beaten by Kid Leonard and Eddie Ran. Ran also kayoed Billy Tosk in one round. Andy DiVodi whipped Charley Sapko and was beaten by Charley Cobb. Battling Dozier drew with Gaston LeCadre and won from George Kerwin. Tommy Herman kayoed Sammy Jackson in nine rounds. Tommy White disposed of Alfred Ganoa in nine rounds.

Battling Battalino proved his qualifications as the featherweight titleholder through his clean-cut victory over Fidel LaBarba and five-round knockout over Johnny Datto. Freddy Miller made plenty of headway with his win over Eddie Shea. Miller also whipped Billy Shaw. Midget Mike O'Dowd was beaten by Earl Mastro, Manuel Castro and drew with Hymie Wiseman. Wiseman whipped Tommy Maroon.

Tommy Paul disposed of Mickey Cohen in the first round. Phil Zwick created a sensation with his two-round knockout over Jimmy Slavin. Claude Varner stopped Tommy McGough in three heats. Jimmy Batchelor scored over Joe Scalfaro. Pete DeGrasse whipped Sammy Tisch, Stanley Winneryk and drew with Frankie Bauman. Nel Tarleton scored over Jack Garland and Douglas Parker. Johnny Pena defeated Frankie Garcia. Tony Leto defeated Jose Gonzales and was beaten by Gilbert Castillo.

---

Al Brown is showing plenty of activity in the featherweight class but is apparently neglecting the bantams. In England, Brown kayoed Teddy Baldock in twelve rounds and lost on a foul to Johnny Cuthbert in eight. Pete Sanstol, most prominent contender, is showing plenty of pep. During the month he scored over Art Giroux Archie Bell and Benny Brostoff. Bell whipped

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

The following are my ratings for the month ending June 20:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights | Junior-Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Max Schmeling | World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom | Title vacant | World's Champion Young Jack Thompson | World's Champion Jack Kid Berg |
| 1—Jack Sharkey | George Manley | Vince Dundee | Jimmy McLarnin | Tony Herrera |
| 2—Tommy Loughran | Billy Jones | Harry Smith | Young Corbett | Steve Haliako |
| 3—Young Stribling | Jimmy Slattery | Dave Shade | Bucky Lawless | Sammy Mandell |
| 4—Vittorio Campolo | Lew Scozza | Ben Jeby | Jackie Fields | Joey Goodman |
| 5—Ernie Schaaf | Joe Banovic | Ignacio Ara | Lou Brouillard | Ralph Lenny |
| 6—Primo Carnera | Charley Belanger | Tiger Thomas | Johnny Indrisano | Tommy Grogan |
| 7—Tuffy Griffiths | Bob Olin | Gorilla Jones | Baby Joe Gans | Mickey Cohen |
| 8—Charley Retzlaff | Harry Ebbets | Tommy Freeman | Billy Townsend | Young Firpo |
| 9—Paulino Uzcudun | Joe Knight | Joe LaGrey | Paulie Walker | Joe Glick |
| 10—Stanley Poreda | George Nichols | Jack Rosenberg | Jackie Brady | Andy Saviola |

| Lightweights | Junior-Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Tony Canzoneri | World's Champion Benny Bass | World's Champion Battling Battalino | Title Vacant | Title Vacant |
| 1—Billy Petrolle | Kid Chocolate | Freddy Miller | Al Brown | Midget Wolgast |
| 2—Justo Suarez | Roger Bernard | Fidel LaBarba | Pete Sanstol | Frankie Genaro |
| 3—Sammy Fuller | Al Foreman | Earl Mastro | Newsboy Brown | Phil Tobias |
| 4—Louis Kid Kaplan | Lew Massey | Kid Francis | Vidal Gregario | Speedy Dado |
| 5—Andy Callahan | Tracey Cox | Eddie Shea | Archie Bell | Young Perez |
| 6—Wesley Ramey | Petey Sarron | Tommy Paul | Art Giroux | Victor Ferrand |
| 7—Al Singer | Joey Costa | Bushy Graham | Jimmy Thomas | Steve Rocco |
| 8—Harry Dublinsky | Mike Dundee | Johnny Cuthbert | Willie Davies | Young Pancho |
| 9—Ray Miller | Johnny Farr | Phil Zwick | Lew Farber | George Ostrow |
| 10—Billy Wallace | Davey Abad | Claude Varner | Mose Butch | Ruby Bradley |

---

Tony Herrera won over Eddie Anderson in the junior-welterweight class. Steve Haliako kayoed Augis Pisano and Baby Jack Renault. Joe Glick kayoed Joe Americo in two rounds. Andy Saviola kayoed Rocco Vigna in four rounds and whipped Solly Ritz and Solly Schwartz. Herman Perlick whipped Tug Phillips and drew with Mel Aragon. Tug scored over Relampago Saguero. Ray Collins whipped Henry Perlick and kayoed Meyer Frager in seven rounds. Jimmy McNamara won from Benny Levine.

Al Singer made his return to the lightweight ranks and started well with a merited victory over Lew Massey. Wesley Ramey defeated Johnny Jadick while Jadick scored over Tommy Liberto. Harry Dublinsky defeated Mickey Cohen and kayoed Eddie Kid Wagner in two rounds. Billy Wallace scored over Lope Tenorio. Ray Miller won over Danny Delmont. Eddie Brannon was beaten by Sammy Dorfman and Battling Gizzy.

Harry Carlton gained the award over Buster Brown. Joe Barbara drew with Al Rowe and stopped Jackie Sweitzer in the third round. Prince Saunders whipped Babe Ruth.

---

Kid Chocolate has outgrown the featherweight class and will mix with the junior-lightweights. During the month he whipped Steve Smith, Maxie Leiner and kayoed George Goldberg in six rounds. Roger Bernard kayoed Al Rube Goldberg. Mike Dundee kayoed Joey Freeman. Petey Sarron outpointed Davey Abad and Babe Ruth.

Tracey Cox kayoed Midget Mike O'Dowd in two rounds and Henry Falegano in four. Joey Costa turned in a pair of victories over Johnny McMillan who also drew with Carmen Roman. Irish Bobby Brady whipped Harry Mosco. Eddie Cool outpointed Mickey Michaels.

Jimmy Thomas who scored over Willie Davies. Davies outpointed Matty Mathison and drew with Lew Farber. Farber whipped Dick Welsh. Welsh scored over Emil Paluso. Marty Gold was beaten by Art Giroux and Mose Butch. Butch also kayoed Harry Fierro in one round.

Vidal Gregario scored over Buster Nadeau. Emile Pladner whipped Francois Biron. Pee Wee Wilson kayoed Art Decker in two rounds. Frankie Kid Anslem kayoed Teddy Baldwin in five rounds.

---

Midget Wolgast continues his activity in the flyweight class. He won from Lew Farber, Lew Franklin and stopped Jackie Harmon in the seventh round. Young Perez defeated Victor Ferrand and Anglemann. Speedy Dado kayoed Raymond Montoya in two rounds. Young Pancho kayoed Joe Rivers in two rounds. Rube Bradley scored over Kid Forcier.

---

The ten best prospects of the month are:

**Flyweight—Frankie McPoland, New York City.**
**Bantamweights—Harold Rogers, Sioux City, Iowa.**
**Featherweight—Lew Hardcastle, Atlantic City, N. J.**
**Junior-lightweight—Johnny Fitzpatrick, New York City.**
**Lightweight—Charley Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.**
**Junior-welterweight—Bobby Costello, New York City.**
**Welterweight—Atilio Sabatino, Porto Rico.**
**Middleweight—Willie Gilbert, Yonkers, N. Y.**
**Light-heavyweight—Leon Jasinski, Grand Rapids, Mich.**
**Heavyweight—Yustin Sirutis, New York City.**

## THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

WILLARD DIX, of Bellingham, Wash., who knocked out several second rate heavies in Philly during the winter, was thrown in against Billy Jones, hard-hitting South Philadelphia light-heavyweight, at the Municipal Stadium windup conducted by Jimmy Toppa, and was counted out in the second round. Dix held up pretty well the first round until the last few seconds when Jones cornered him near the ropes. Early in the second round Jones smothered the northwest fighter with punches around the face and body and Dix collapsed at the same time his handlers tossed a towel into the ring.

Pat Haley of Kinsington was credited with a two-round knockout over Henry Miellen of France in the Municipal Stadium semi windup. The Frenchman substituted for Madison Dix, brother of Willard, the Young Dix being injured in training.

Johnny Hayes of South Philadelphia stopped Ray Bowen of Washington in the fourth round; K. O. Wagner, a veteran from South Phillie, defeated Midget Fox of Conshocken in six rounds and Herb Brandow defeated Earl Dunlap in six rounds.

Pinkie Gardner, 175-pound wrestler from Schenectady, and Carlos Henriquez, 188-pound Spaniard, battled to a draw at the Pensauken Township Arena. Each wrestler gained a fall but in the additional ninety-minute test, neither one could pin his opponent down.

"How times have changed in the promotion of bouts" said Leon Raaines, one of the best promoters Philadelphia ever had, who sits on the sidelines now and merely enjoys looking at the fighters. "I remember when Abe Attell, as world champion, was signed up for three bouts in Philadelphia at a total guarantee of $1000 and left us pick three of the leading featherweights. And believe me we picked out three tough boys. Now even a preliminary boy will hardly listen to $1000, while champions and near champions prefer to work on a percentage that usually runs around 33 per cent."

Al Tendler of Philadelphia defeated Billy Ritchie of Chester in six rounds on the Leiperville card; Joe Scrapone, a substitute from South Phillie, flattened Lew Zell in the third round and Hen Crilley knocked out Joey Roberts, also in the third round.

Irish Johnny Kelly of Wilkes Barre slipped down to Norfolk, Va., and turned in an eight-round victory over Joey Raymond of Baltimore.

Promoter Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis who have been conducting open air shows in Phila for more than fifteen years, opened their 1931 season with a bout between Benny Bass and Kid Chocolate at the Phillies Ball Park.

In a battle packed full of thrills, Jimmy Batchelor of Newark punched out a six-round victory over Joe Scalfaro of New York in the feature at the Forty and Eight Athletic Association Show at Shellpot Park, just outside Wilmington. Tommy Lostus of Philadelphia was beaten by Patsy Wallace of Atlantic City and in the main preliminary John Lucas of Camden beat Matty White, veteran Philadelphian who yielded his opponent a nine-pound weight advantage.

Maxie Rosenbloom, world's light-heavyweight champion, and Billy Jones, the South Philadelphia colored star, battled before a big crowd at the Arena open air show the latter part of June. It was their second meeting, Jones outpointing the New Yorker in their first clash in Pittsburgh last winter.

Al Rowe, Philadelphia lightweight, who came out of the amateur ranks, in a recent trip to New York boxed a six-round draw with Joe Barbara of New York.

Johnny McShea, 115-pound battler from McAdoo, Pa., defeated Young Johnny Krause of Philadelphia in the six-round windup at Westville, N. J. Al Green, 129-pounder from Phillie, was knocked out in the first round by Eddie Ferguson of Westville on the same card.

Joe Brody of Chester, former Middle State A. A. U. middleweight champion, scored a technical knockout over Ed Houghton of Philadelphia, in the fourth round at Leiperville, Referee Joe Guigan stopping the bout to save Houghton. When he was returning to his corner at the end of the first round Brody was hit flush on his Adam's apple and dropped cold. Brody was allowed to recuperate and instead of disqualifying Houghton, Referee McGuigan gave him another chance.

Johnny Peppe, 163-pound Philadelphian, defeated Johnny Dixon, also of Phillie, in six rounds at the Wilmington arena, while Marty Collins of Philadelphia was beaten by Elmer Bezena, a welterweight from Cincinnati.

Tiger Thomas, high ranking 160-pounder of Williamsport and Leiperville, had to come through with a slashing barrage to finish in a draw with Jack McVey, New York veteran, in the windup at the Delaware County open air arena at Leiperville. McVey's ring smartness enabled him to get an even break with Thomas.

Billy Angelo of Leiperville, after being on the sidelines for many months, turned in a ten-round victory over Johnny Ketchell, of Chester, at Leiperville. There is some talk of Angelo retiring from the ring on account of a bag eye.

Eddie Cool, Philadelphia lightweight, was declared the winner over Mickey Michaels, also of the Quaker City, in the ten-round windup at the Wilmington Auditorium. The judges and referee Tommy Reilly picked Cool but the crowd thought Michaels was at least entitled to a draw.

Millville, N. J., has a knockout artist in the person of Willie Ketchell who put away Carl Mays, colored fighter from Mays Landing, in the third round. It was Ketchell's fourth straight K. O. In the semi-windup, Johnny Adams of North Philadelphia, stopped Freddie Mitchell of South Philadelphia in the second round.

Sammy Sloto, a featherweight scrapper, is playing in the outfield with the Defiance baseball team.

## PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

MOSE BUTCH, hefty-socking featherweight of Pittsburgh sent his stock soaring sky-high when he knocked out Harry Fierro, Chicago bantamweight contender, in 1:54 of the first round.

Every local fighter of note resumed activity during the month. Buck McTiernan lost a tough decision to Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champion at Meyers' Bowl before being kayoed in his New York debut by the hard-socking Ignacio Ara. Battling Gizzy, of Donora, fought one of the best battles of his career to defeat dusky Eddie Brannon at Hickey Park Bowl in Millvale with the lightweight supremacy of the Pittsburgh district at stake.

Jimmy Thomas, ebony-hued bantam of Pittsburgh, showed great promise for a youngster just out of the preliminary ranks. Thomas was awarded an unpopular decision over Willie Davies in a close ten-rounder at Hickey Park Bowl in Millvale. As a result of his remarkable showing against Davies, the little negro was matched with Frankie Genaro. But Frankie suffered an attack of neuritis and Archie Bell of New York substituted. Thomas lost the decision though he put up a furious fight.

Patsy Pirrone was defeated by George Courtney in a ten-round feature event at Meyers' Bowl in North Braddock. Tony Herrera scored a repeat victory over Cowboy Eddie Anderson at the Millvale bowl.

Baby Joe Gans, colored welterweight flash received the decision from Jackie Brady, the Syracuse veteran, at Meyers' Bowl. In the semi-final, Marty Gornick, local 140-pounder, technically stopped Al Gahn of Columbus, Ohio in the second session.

Henry (Young) Firpo bested Jack McVey, New York middleweight, at New Castle.

An unusually large crowd turned out for the Gizzy-Brannon show as it was a real "natural." Gizzy and the Negro are the two outstanding lightweights in this section.

As a result of his victory over Brannon, Gizzy was matched for a main event at Meyers' Bowl against the highly touted Sammy Dorfman, of New York. But the Battler was laid up in the hospital and Eddie Brannon accepted the call. Dorfman proved too clever for the colored boy. Joe (Jocko) Walters, colored middleweight star, decisioned Indian Tiger West on the same card. Matty Oldach, Erie, beat dusky Jackie Murray in the opener.

Battling Gizzy, great lightweight from Donora, like Berg, is a windmill type of mixer.

Matchmaker Bill Dummer staged an "action" card at the Millvale bowl, which consisted of four eight-round bouts. In the windup, dusky Tiger Joe Randall lost an unpopular decision to Young Rudy, Charleroi welterweight veteran. Meyer Frager from Chicago made his local debut a fruitless one when Ray Collins eliminated the Chicago lightweight in the sixth frame. Jack Tracey, local colored middleweight comer won every round over Jimmy Taylor of Cleveland. The negro dropped Taylor three times. Ray Lyle trounced Georgie Bretsch in the opening bout.

George Panki, local heavyweight is now under the management of Eddie Meade, noted Cleveland mentor.

JUMBLED JABS—George Panka was one of Schmeling's sparring partners at the champion's Conneaut Lake Park training headquarters. . .. Willie Davies trains in the mountains near Bedford, Pa., for his local bouts. . . . Jackie Rodgers, colored bantam is a frequent visitor at Davies' camp. . . . Bill Dummer had Davies in with young Jimmy Thomas for his open-air inaugural show at Millvale. . . . Thomas fought Archie Bell five weeks later in the same ring—Mickey Solomen is recuperating after a long layoff. . . . One-round kayo of Harry Fierro indicates that Mose Butch has plenty of steam behind his punches—Butch disposed of Marty Gold prior to his bout with Fierro—Ray Steele featured the initial outdoor wrestling show at Hickey Park Bowl—Jim McMillen, Tiny Roebuck, Rudy Dusek, Hans Steinke, Carl Pojello, Floydd Marshall, Mike Romano, Wladek Zybsko and other noted matmen are featured in local rings. . . . Attention Managers! If you have any news of interest for publication in this magazine, kindly get in touch with the writer, Bill Pikor, Donora, Pennsylvania.

Mose Butch, who in his last three fights defeated Frisco Grande and Marty Gold and K.O'd Harry Fierro of Chicago in one minute 54 seconds of the first round, has had about 30 fights scoring 14 K. O.—2 draws and only losing 1 decision. He has had most of his opponents on the floor which proves that he carries an awful wallop in either hand. Some of the boys he has defeated are, Jackie Wilson; Young Nanci; Patsy Severo; Billy Campbell; Clare Repole; Johnny Silli; Jimmy Thomas; Pete Mazzao; Johnny Warner, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

Also some of his K. O. victims are Freddy Hill, Tony Quinto, Al Iovino, Andy Tomasky and Billy Smith.

## ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

MATTY MATHEWSON, of Toronto, made a big hit in Erie, but Willie Davies was just a bit too much for him.

Frankie Bojorski, junior-lightweight, showed that he is ready to meet some of the real good boys in his division when he knocked out Jimmy Dean. Dean had not been K. O'd before, and a great many fans were of the opinion that Dean would win. A Bojorski-Strub match for the lightweight championship of Erie would pack the Arena.

Jack Barry of the Gem City A. C. and Lew Krohn of the Keystone A. C. are using the Open Air Arena, alternating each week.

Tommy Freeman defeated Canada Lee. Lee evidently had not trained for the fight, and after winning the first round from the former welter champ, was on the receiving end.

One of the greatest fights ever seen in Erie came when Herman Perlick of Kalamazoo defeated Maxie Strub. A return match ought to pack the Arena.

Frankie Goosby, negro middleweight from Pittsburgh, substituted for Joe Zeman of Cleveland on a few hours' notice, and knocked out Red Jaderberg of Jamestown, N. Y. Goosby demonstrated that he could beat a lot of top notchers.

I. T. Battles, former amateur 160-pound champion of this district, has made good in the pro ranks. He has knocked out two and defeated Sailor Ollie Koski of Worcester, Mass., in a six-rounder.

Erie boys have all gone over big in Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Frankie Bojorski, Matty Oldach, Ray Collins and others have all won their fights away from home.

Claude Miller, one of the leading fight fans of Erie, has received a license to fly his aeroplane.

Heard that Jim Londos was going to show in Erie. Londos would go over in a big way with any kind of opposition that meant anything.

Red Duffy, who has been prominent in the amateur game here, is planning on running amateur championships. Red has secured the sanction of the A. A. U. and has leased the Open Air Arena. He figures on getting through in three nights.

## WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

"WILDCAT" O'Connor, Forest City scrapper, continued his winning streak by beating Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn., in eight at the Carbondale Armory.

Johnny Burke, Carbondale promoter, is trying to match O'Connor and Tony Canzoneri, lightweight king.

Pete Latzo, Scranton light-heavyweight, lost in ten to Charley Belanger at Toronto.

Walter Cobb, Baltimore heavyweight, won by a kayo over Mack House, California negro, in 2 rounds. The boys may be rematched for an open air show.

Matchmaker Bird is trying to pair Tiger Thomas and Pete Suskey.

Mickey Baron, Scranton featherweight, now a stabelmate of Bushey Graham's, recently left for California.

# Along the Great Fite Way

## EDDIE BORDEN

NUMBERED among the most outstanding comebacks in boxing is the remarkable attendance that Primo Carnera and Pat Redmond were able to attract at Ebbets Field, Jimmy McLarnin's redeeming performance at the expense of Billy Petrolle and Al Singer's fine work in whipping Lew Massey.

Carnera and Redmond, an untried giant, who had been exhibiting his wares at the smaller clubs of New York drew over $40,000, a remarkable amount considering the tough time that boxing is going through. Carnera looked very good in the brief victory and is certain to indulge in something of big proportions before the summer is over.

McLarnin and Petrolle fought before the biggest gathering that has gathered in the Garden in over a year. McLarnin fought almost exclusively with his left hand and showed the fans that he was something more than a right-handed fighter. Petrolle looked good in defeat and did not lose any prestige in losing to a full-fledged welterweight.

Singer, after seven months layoff, took on a sturdy opponent in Massey and disproved the theory that he is all finished. There is plenty of fight left in Al Singer and with the co-operation of the Garden in securing the proper opponents, it is not unlikely that Al may yet get a chance to show that the Canzoneri defeat was a fluke.

---

The best-looking prospect that has been discovered in New York since the time that Al Singer was making rapid strides is Jack Rosenberg, young middleweight from the Bronx. This kid has been put into action against rugged competition and has come through with flying colors. He looked great against Vittorio Livan and followed up with another impressive victory against Paulie Walker. Rosenberg will be heard of plenty from now on. He is just beginning to find himself.

---

Two southpaws are now occupying country-wide prominence, Lou Brouillard of Worcester and Freddy Miller of Cincinnati—very few southpaws ever attained real fame.—Lew Tendler stands out as the greatest all round southpaw in point of ability we ever had.—In those days there were good lightweights around who were not afraid to tackle him—Rocky Kansas Ritchie Mitchell, Irish Patsy Kline, Willie Jackson, Pal Moran, Jimmy Hanlon and last but not least, Benny Leonard.—Tendler defeated Leonard the time they met at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City and almost knocked him out in the eighth round.—They met again at the Polo Grounds the following summer and drew the record gate for lightweights of all time, over $400,000 but this time Leonard showed his mastery—it was supposed to be for the lightweight championship but very few people know what Leonard really weighed that day.—Jimmy Johnston promoted that match and his well known influence with the Commission even extended to that period.

---

Managers at that time required real ability to keep up with the times.—There were fellows like Billy Gibson, Phil Glassman, Dan McKetrick, Jimmy Johnston, Dan Morgan, Jack Kearns, Leo Flynn, Charley Harvey, Nate Lewis, Tommy Walsh and Joe Levy.—It was really a business in those days and now look at conditions. Gibson has practically retired from the boxing game—Glassman is still around, managing Benny Bass, Billy Wallace and Jack Gross.—Dan McKetrick has teamed up with Jimmy Johnston promoting shows at Ebbets Field.—Dan Morgan is on the sidelines with mediocre material.—Kearns is booming Mickey Walker.—Leo Flynn has gone to his last, long rest.—Charley Harvey is still active, Nate Lewis is matchmaker for the Chicago Stadium, Walsh is still managing boxers around Chicago and Levy is matchmaker for the Los Angeles Olympic Club.

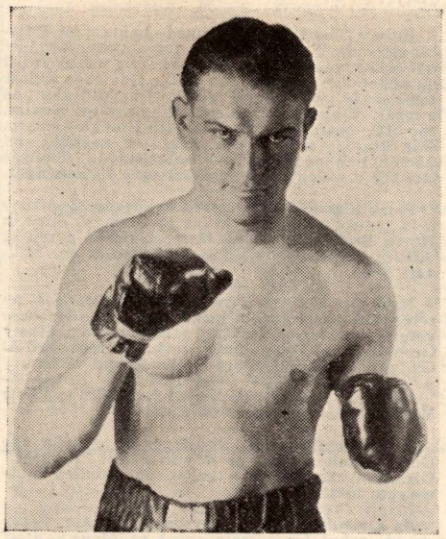
---

The present crop of managers come from a new generation—mostly youngsters, and the term used for them is "Johnny Come Latelies."—The trainer has assumed a new importance in the position between the boxer and present day manager.—Most of them take charge of everything but the financial matters and some of them even extend their interests in that direction.—Years ago, fighters had nothing like trainers.—They had someone give them a rub-down after a workout and the manager was the big noise.—He was looked up to by the ordinary citizens and his position carried some importance. Nowadays, in some instances, one fighter has two and three managers and they have an advisory board sanction every match proposed for the fighter.

Two shrewd managers, both of them recognized among the leaders, with entirely different methods are Sammy Goldman and Phil Glassman.—Glassman is a tough, brutally frank, hard boiled business man with successful methods, and Goldman, a pleasant, affable type, easy to converse and do business with and still one that you cannot twist around or deceive in any way.—Both are diversified as day and night but still listed among the great managers of the day.

---

Tom McArdle, matchmaker for the Garden, is the hardest man in the world to convince that you must use new material to develop new cards and bring in new faces.—Once convinced as to certain material, he will persistently use that type until they disappoint him.—He is skeptical about anything he has never seen and will only use something new when he is forced to it.—Outsiders who have good material, do not get discouraged because you cannot get into the Garden.—There is a time for everything and when that time approaches, it will make up for your disappointments.—McArdle has two capable scouts who advise him, Lew Brix and Nat Rogers.—Sometimes, McArdle won't even take their word for it until he is convinced himself.



***Paul Swiderski, who is coming along rapidly under Harry Lenny's direction***

That was a close struggle between Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri for THE RING trophy offered to the outstanding boxer of the year. It's things like these that make life worth living in the boxing game.—The outstanding figures in the boxing game all over the country sent in their respective selections.—Our choice was Canzoneri, first; Loughran, second and La Barba, third, for those who had contributed excellent characters for the inspiration of the growing youngster.—Loughran is a sterling character, gentlemanly, dignified and one who carries himself gracefully.—Canzoneri embodies everything admirable in a youngster.—Natural, unspoiled in spite of his success and he has remained unchanged since his early preliminary days —La Barba is a clean cut, gentlemanly type, wonderful character, modest to the point of shyness and genuine class all the way through.

To those who were in the running, there is plenty of consolation in the fact that they conceded the prize to someone superior to them not in character or ability but merely in the opinions of some selected opinions in the boxing game. Every boy mentioned in "THE RING'S Award" is to be congratulated.

---

England will probably make that one-round knockout scored by Len Harvey over Rene De Vos as something of gigantic importance. De Vos was all finished when he left this country and the De Vos victory will probably give the Britons an idea that Harvey is the real middleweight champion. It's wrong to discourage confidence but having confidence in Harvey is something that takes lots of courage.

Hugh Martin is making a success of his job as junior matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, in an artistic way if not financial.—Al Rowe gave a skillful exhibition of boxing in his bout with Joe Barbara which was called a draw.—Jack Purvis fought a plucky battle against Vincent Sereci.—The Queensboro Stadium finally got started again under the direction of Al Weill.—Lew Stillman has added a solarium to his gymnasium.—Boxers can now take sun baths after their workouts.

---

Harold Scadron has recovered his second wind since Bob Olin turned in that knockout over Tony Ferrente.—Billy Jones has been making strenuous efforts to break into New York without avail.—Ed Sullivan has been shifted from sports to dramatics on the *Graphic*.—Billy Roche, one of the real old timers, is making matches for Poughkeepsie and Southampton.—Most of the former boxers around New York are turning to managers.—Willie Beecher, Charley Beecher, Young Otto, Philly Delmont, Billy Brown, Clonie Tait, Billy Hamilton, Abe Attell and Mel Coogan are some of those handling boys.—Harry Bloomfield has taken over the Long Beach Stadium with Fritzie Purvis acting as matchmaker.

---

Kid Chocolate is slowly recovering the form that stamped him as one of boxing's wizards.—Jimmy McLarnin showed plenty of class that people did not think he possessed in his match with Billy Petrolle.—McLarnin can box as well as punch which he proved amply.—Jackie Fields is still being pursued by Dame Misfortune.—Another match called off due to an injury sustained to one of his hands.—Battling Bozo is now handled by Pa Stribling.—Phil Scott has added finis to his career following his latest knockout at the hands of Larry Gains.

---

Lew Goldberg, who fought as a flyweight a few years back, is raving about the ability of his kid brother, Sammy, who is now going through the seasoning process in the amateur ranks—Marty Finke sends word along that Frankie Bauman staged two great fights with Pete De Grasse and Marty Gold.—"Peanuts" Schieberl has now settled in Davenport, Iowa.—The Quaker City Gymnasium in Philadelphia has opened its doors for the trade of the visiting boxers—It is located at 6 N. 13th St., and is under the ownership of Peters and Krauss.—Whitey Bimstein went to Reno to handle Paulino Uzcudun for the Max Baer encounter and has left Ray Arcel alone to boost the fighting stock of Philly Stark, their young featherweight star.

---

Hugh Martin is going about his plans as Junior Matchmaker in the Garden enthusiastically and giving the fifty-cent fans plenty of action. He gave them Jackie Purvis who established himself against Vincent Sereci, although losing the decision and then Phil Zwick, Cleveland featherweight, came along to score that dramatic two-round kayo over Jimmy Slavin, a feat that was never done before.

---

The Italy *vs.* United States amateur boxing team had their innings at Madison Square Garden and plenty of excitement emanating from the bouts. The U. S. team won five of the seven matches and were deprived of one when Vincenzo Dallorto, Italy, was given the award over Flavio De Bonis, Boston, who clearly won the fight. A near riot ensued when Louis Sailca, New York, received the award over Edelweis Rodriquez, after three rounds in which Salica won the first two rounds and lost the third. This was said to be the first defeat suffered by Rodriquez in his boxing career and it was really through his actions that the commotion started. He proved a very poor loser. Here are the results:

Flyweight—Louis Salica, New York, defeated Edelweis Rodriquez, Italy.

Bantamweight—Vincenzo Dallorto, Italy, defeated Flavio De Bonis, Boston.

Featherweight—Tony Scarpati, New York, defeated Argento Portaleone, Italy.

Lightweight—Steve Salek, Boston, defeated Mario Bianchin, Italy.

Welterweight—Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, defeated Caesar Desio, Italy.

Middleweight—Frank Fullam, New York, defeated Aldo Longinotti, Italy.

Heavyweight—Luigi Rovati, Italy, defeated Mike Vetrano, New York.

Milton Sloves is a kid brother of Johnny Murray, featherweight star of some eight years back, and Milton is coming along nicely.—Jimmy Kelly has finally fallen for the vogue of importing foreign heavyweights. His latest charge is Giacomo Bergomas, Italian who hits the beam at 230 pounds and stands over 6 feet in height. Gus Wilson informs the universe that Eugene Huat, French bantam has returned for action and wants to fight Al Brown for the bantamweight crown.—There is an Eskimo battler who is cutting a big figure in boxing circles around Cleveland.—the only one of his race to be competing with his fists and he knows how to handle himself.

The rival Newark promoters have smoked the pipe of peace and have decided to amalgamate their future boxing shows this summer. Harry Mendel and Harry Rappaport are both making matches for the organization which will stage shows at the Dreamland Park exclusively.

Jack Bernstein boxes occasionally in the gymnasium just to keep in trim.—Eddie Provoe's nose has healed and Joe Malone is looking around for some action.—Nat Frank acts as Al Lippe's press agent and is an indefatigable worker with his publicity stunts.—Abe Greene has supplanted Benny Jacobs as New Jersey's State Athletic Commission secretary.—Sam Taub is now writing boxing news for the *Graphic*.—Tommy Freeman has decided fighting middleweights is much better than starving himself to make the welterweight limit.

Eddie Williams, claimant to the middleweight championship of the Carolinas, is anxious to come North.—He hails from Lexington, N. C.—Al Singer's contract was purchased from Hymie Caplin for $15,000.—Rumor has it that the Garden paid half with Singer paying the balance.—Lew Singer is handling the managerial reins of Al and is also looking after Arthur Huttick, a heavyweight.—Al is interested in the Broadway Grill, located at Broadway and Fiftieth.—Joe Gould is now managing Pal Silvers.

Battling Battalino, the featherweight champion with the least class of any of the reigning titleholders, battered another obstacle out of his direction when he whipped Fidel La Barba in fifteen rounds. La Barba had everything that Battalino lacked but perseverance and supreme courage. La Barba was the superior boxer, clean puncher, but Bat overcome that handicap with sheer fighting heart that took the play away from La Barba. Battalino bore away incessantly and won mainly through aggressiveness.

Milton Hutner has graduated from the law school of the New York University but intends to continue his boxing career.—Lew Diamond has returned from Miami and will be back in Jersey for the winter.—Tom Toner, who whipped Don Shortland in England is a cousin of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's.—The legitimate article and no bunk.—Gerald O'Connor of Waterford is managing two corking bantams, Lew Pacion and Chris Pineda.—That Al Brown knockout over Teddy Baldock was a real surprise.—Buck McTiernan looked great in his bout with Ignacio Ara until he was stopped in the eight round.

Ernie Schaaf accomplished in one round what Primo Carnera failed to to in twenty with Jim Maloney. Schaaf flattened Maloney for the full count in Boston and then finished Jack Gagnon in the first heat at Ebbets Field when Carnera finished Redmond.—Vince Dundee's victory over Ben Jeby gives him the exclusive option on the middleweight crown but he will have plenty of competition.—Harry Smith has never been given a fair chance around New York and stands out.—Then there is Dave Shade, Tiger Thomas, Gorilla Jones, Ignacio Ara and don't overlook Jack Rosenberg.—Pete Sanstol and Archie Bell fought in Montreal for what the Commission said was for the bantamweight title.—Sanstol won the fight but Al Brown is the recognized boss.

Mickey Walker vacating the middleweight title for a crack at Jack Sharkey was a wise move on Kearns' part. Kearns will be returned to good standing and Mickey will get a crack at a good shot of money, something that was denied him in the middleweight ranks. Walker will have plenty of backing against the Boston Gob and if he is returned the winner Mr. Kearns will have the last laugh on Dempsey. If Walker can whip Sharkey he can also take the measure of Schmeling.

John Hernon is doing very well with his open air shows at Hickey Park, Millvale, which is just outside of Pittsburgh.—John and Apples Meyers have the two clubs that supply the Smoky City fans with action during the summer and winter months.—Mike McNulty and Roger Bernard are now making their headquarters in Milwaukee. —Mose Butch in Pittsburgh has been making plenty of strides.—Only out of the amateurs a short time, he finished Harry Fierro in one round and whipped Marty Gold, scoring four knockdowns in the first round—Jack London, former trainer of Sandy Seifert, is taking care of Butch.

It looks like Eddie Mead is going back to the tanking department judging by the trips he has made in his last few starts.—Sometime ago he used to delegate those duties to other people. —Paul Hamilton is booking matches for Taylor Bowl which now goes by the name of Harvard Bowl.—Paul is looking for high class attractions only and that's a hard bill to fill these days.

The Philadelphia Arena promoters have had plenty of misfortune in their open air ventures. —Joe Miller is now running shows at the Atlantic City Auditorium.—Norman Dixon came to New York with Phil Zwick and saw many strange sights.—Eddie Roberts, who brought Davey Abad to this country, has control of the Mineola and Middletown Dog Tracks.—Lew Tendler has a haberdashery store, Joe Mandell is selling insurance and Harry Kid Brown runs a gymnasium—which brings out the occupation of three former Philly idols.—That Benny Leonard comeback stunt has many of the wise boys guessing.

Arol Atherton of Indianapolis is bringing plenty of talent for the New Talent shows.—To date he has shown the fans Jackie Purvis, Willard Brown and Happy Atherton and has others in mind.—Gordon Fortenberry is a great little action fighter and hasn't disappointed the new talent fans yet. —Harry Lenny cannot be suppressed since Paul Swiderski whipped Babe Hunt.—Unknown Winston is quite an odd name for a fighter but Mr. Winston comes from around Connecticut and happens to be a fairly good fighter.—King Levinsky is still managed by his sister, which is a miracle for the boxing game.—Max Glickman is the best handball player at Stillman's Gym and it will take a good man to beat him.—Irving Solovey, boxing promoter from Panama, is in New York looking for talent.—Bucky Lawless looks great out of town but unluckily enough cannot get over in New York.

Andy Di Vodi is still going strong on the Coast and has certainly made a wonderful record there. —Jerry Pelton is due on the Coast any day. —Ray Miller and Tony Canzoneri will probably sell out when they clash in Detroit.—Miller is always good in Detroit for turning out the best fights in him.—Scotty Monteith is one matchmaker who believes in traveling to see the different talent.—One finds him all over the country wherever a good fight is booked.

## HUDSON COUNTY AND VICINITY

**By EDWARD ZANFRINI**

AFTER piling up a streak of fourteen consecutive victories, Johnny Toye, of Bayonne ran afoul of Herman Follins, of Newark and lost a ten-rounder at the Hollywood Arena in Bayonne. Toye, a southpaw, could not match his left hand hooks with Follins' terrific right handers, which shook him up time after time. In the sixth and seventh Johnny took a terrific lacing. Herman gained an overwhelming victory.

Al Santora, of Jersey City, fought a ten-round draw with Jimmy Batchelor, of Newark. Jimmy had a slight edge in the closing rounds only to have Santora come throwing punches in rapid fashion to even up the score.

Stanley Poreda, heavyweight sensation of Jersey City, scored a four-round kayo over George Hoffman, former amateur heavyweight champion of New York, at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City before a large crowd. Poreda had the New Yorker at his mercy as early as the first round from short right-hand uppercuts. George took a six-count in the second round. Poreda ran into a hard right-hander at the start of the third that all but dropped him but he recovered quickly and continued to punish the former amateur star until the close of the round; in the fourth Stanley tore out of his corner and caught his foe with a sweeping left hook to the chin sending him to the canvas for a short count; when he arose Stanley crossed a right-hander to his chin sending him down for a nine-count, one more right-hander to the same point spelled finis for the game New Yorker.

Ted Sandwina, of New York, scored a quick knockout in halting Harry Hassell, of Jersey City, in the first round at the same show, while Lew Lombardi of Jersey City won over Young Farley, also of Jersey City.

Jay Madecon fought a ten-round draw with Tony Lambert, both from Newark, at the opening of the Englewood Stadium.

In the semi-final Oliver Wright, colored local youngster, knocked out Dick Evans of Ohio, in the third round.

Ralph Lenny, of Union City, fighting the first time since the beating he took from Kid Kaplan, disposed of Mike Dempsey, of Rochester, in the second round at the Hollywood Arena in Bayonne.

Bobby Brady proved to the local fans that he can lead as well as punch in his fight with Harry Mosco, of Newark. Fighting for the second time since going under the management of Al Bonacarti, Brady punched his way to an easy victory over the Newarker at the Oakland Arena, in Jersey City. In the eight-round semi-final, Patsy Pasculli of New York fought a slashing draw with Ernie Ratner, of Silver Lake.

Al Bryant, of Newark, and Lud Abella, of Morristown, were tossed out of the ring at the Berkshire A. C. in Dover, in the fourth round.

Joie Harrison, of Garfield, fought a draw with Murray Elkins, of New York, in the feature ten-rounder at the Garfield Sporting Club, in Garfield.

In the semi-final, Al Diamond of Paterson fought an eight-round draw with Mickey Biss of Passaic.

## TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

**By JOSEPH "SOX" PINTO**

THE Paulie Walker, Young Jack Thompson match in Philadelphia fell through. Tommy "Kid" Murphy turned down an offer to box Pat Haley in Philadelphia because of the small purse offered. Johnny Brennan, Joe Sharkey, Jack Reily, Jesse Goss, Geo. Sacco, Mooth Murphy, Charlie Carter, Johnny Oakey and the lesser lights are laying around idle.

After six rounds of drum-fire by Young Terry Trenton Buzz Saw, Sergeant Sammy Baker's seconds signaled Referee Hen Lewis that they, if not the Sergeant, had enough. Terry beat Baker a couple of months ago at the Arena here, winning every round from the Sergeant. But there was some semblance of a contest in that meeting unlike the bout at the Bears Stadium in Newark.

Two out of town boys who are in training at the Lenoxville Gym, and look good in their workouts are Bill Feher of Wilmington and Leo Corkum of Bristol.

News of boxers of the last decade—Joe Reno, boxing instructor at University of Bucknell; K. O. Reily, employed by county as water inspector; Terry Brooks, Dental laboratory; Willie Beetle shipping clerk; Joe Grimm and Jimmy Willard, number racket; Tommy (West) Mahan, night club operator; Kid Emmons, fruit and produce; Joe Markerwitz, banjo player in jazz bands; Plow Boy Clark and Monte Barker, both taking care of their own farms; Paddy Ryan and Mickey Mooney, real, estate; Eddie Ketchell, owner of a gym; Frankie Mason, book maker; Sailor Fisher, one of Trenton's finest; Johnny Williams, truck driver; Coo Coo Ross, prison guard.

Johnny Murray, employed by Penna. R. R., Kid Harvey, mason and looking after younger brother who has entered the fight game; Danny Cooney, employed by Roebling Wire Co.; Battling Lewis, runs a radio store in Phila.; Lew Angelo, boxing inspector; Patsy Johnson, doing the town; Jimmy Jackson, employed by P. S. at Princeton; Jack Arbitel, head sales manager of auto firm; Johnny and Eddie Farrady, both employed by the A. & P.

The following boys have not been seen or heard from in a long time. Eddie Hines, Sammy Fulton, Moffo Bros., Young Ketchell, Kid Wright, Tony Walker, Terry Miller, Young Pete Herman, Sunshine Reily, Young Mike O'Dowd, Kniter Ferry, Young Geo. Erne, Johnny Walker, Dave Shuster, Kid Sullivan, Kid Holzman, Sailor Webb, Kid Davis, Joey Ness, Joe Gould, Jimmy Brown, Teddy McCale, Kid Burns.

## SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES

**By ARCHIE PIROLLO**

HARRY LITTLE, Philly's flyweight star is headed for some big shots this summer. Harry is a pocket edition of Midget Wolgast with whom he trains daily. Incidentally, he will be known as Midget Ritonaro from now on. Jimmy Coster, who brought out Wolgast, is training Ritonaro and predicts a great future for this little fellow.

Fred Caldori, heavyweight, is back in the gymnasium after a successful trip in Chicago. This boy is only twenty-three years old, has had 20 fights, won ten by the k. o. route and has never been knocked out. He is exceedingly fast for a big fellow. Watch this boy

Billy Jones, who has been going through the star lightheavies under the management of Frank Fowles, Jr., is gaining plenty of ground for the title. His victory over Maxie Rosenbloom recently places him at the top of the list.

Eddie Cool, a Kensington product, since placing himself under the care of Joe Bradley, has been winning consistently. In his three last fights he defeated Mickey Michaels, Lew Lafferty and Joe Scalfaro.

### BOXING NOTES

Anthony Georgetti, Manager and Eddie Prince, trainer, are hustling partners in Camden with a lot of good boys—Johnny Lucas, looks like the next feather star out of Camden. . . . The Convention Hall in Atlantic City is booking star shows for the summer. . . . Midget Wolgast has about cleaned up the flyweights around the country. . . . Wonder how Jimmy Coster gets any rest . . . he trains all the star boxers around in addition to two champions, Benny Bass and Midget Wolgast. . . . Eddie Burns of the Arena in Philly is often seen in Atlantic City. . . . Dick Clarke of Memphis, Tennessee, is doing good in South Jersey as a club fighter. . . . Johnny Hayes and Joe Glick fought a draw in Atlantic City. . . . Nick Trignani and Harry Kutzer will start pro soon. . . . Jim Toppi ran a show at the Municipal Stadium in Philly which proved a financial failure. . . . Joe Kennedy is putting in some star shows in Wilmington. . . . Since defeating Rosey Stoy, Midget Fox is in demand throughout the state.

# In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

WITH the opening of the outdoor boxing and wrestling season in this section of the country, the outlook for those sports looked anything but bright, to local promoters but business has perked up considerably in recent weeks with the result that the various fight and mat impresarios, here, are smiling again.

Pep Kerwin started the outdoor boxing ball rolling when he staged his initial outdoor amateur boxing show at his popular Western Stadium on the north side. Kerwin, who realized a neat profit of over $15,000 last summer running his shows, made a poor start this year but is now "packing 'em in" his arena which seats 3,400 persons. He goes to the post every Tuesday night with the best amateur fight production in this locality.

Al Miller the senator who started King Levinsky on his way to fame and fortune as a heavyweight ringster, helped promote the combined wrestling and boxing opening at the Congress Stadium on the northwest side. The Congress arena is a small club but subsequent to drawing only $500 with the initial card it is drawing better than $1,000 weekly at present.

Jim Mullen, the man whose indefatigable efforts in the promotional line previous to legal boxing in Chicago was responsible for the fight bill being passed, made his first start this summer at Mills Stadium, after several postponements because of bad weather and injuries to principals in his star bouts, and drew $3,000. He had Tug Phillips and Relampago Saguero in his main event and each was making his local bow, Phillips substituting for Jackie Fields.

Mullen did better with Earl Mastor and Midget Mike O'Dowd in his second endeavor.

An unusual sidelight on Mullen was learned when he received his latest promotorial license which was numbered 201. Jim acquired the first promoter's license and that was labeled No. 1. Two hundred impresarios have come and gone since, about five years ago.

The next man to take a chance with the heavenly elements was Billy Cepak at the Emil Denemark Stadium formerly Jones and Baumrucker Park on the southwest side. He opened with a $700 "gate" but doubled that amount the following week and is going great guns right now with many guesses as to just how much he will clear profit for the season.

John Duffy and Tom Brice of the Duffy Florals A. A., opened up at Shewbridge Stadium on the south side and pulled over $1,000 with Paul Pantaleo and K. O. White in the feature attraction. They intend to go all summer but with the announcements of Mique, pronounced Mike, Malloy, and Mike Harrison of their return to the sport following a layoff of some months they will have to look after their laurels. Both Malloy and Harrison say they will promote on the south side too.

John (Doc) Krone, member of the Ed White mat outfit staged his initial open-air grappling show on the west side and drew about $5,000.

All in all everything points to a profitable outdoor season this year for both boxing and wrestling promoters and the others who make their livelihood through those sports.

Earl Mastro, who is a west side product but now lives on the north side, came through the stiffest kind of test when he defeated Midget Mike O'Dowd in a ten-rounder here. The bout was the baby-faced featherweight's second encounter in almost a year but his first acid test since being placed on the shelf following the Fidel LaBarba low punches which necessitated a hernia operation not an abdominal operation as some think.

Earl looked great while knocking out Ward Sparks in the third round of their scheduled tenner at Louisville, Ky. Derby week but the real trial was when he faced O'Dowd, Columbus, O., veteran who had given Earl a tough ten-round argument two years earlier, and some weeks ago gave Chicago critics something to think about when he outpunched Hymie Wiseman, the highly regarded Des Moines, Ia., youngster in this locality.

Mastro stepped around Midget Mike at top speed and was active every bit of the time he was in there fighting. He decked O'Dowd twice, once in the third frame and again in the eighth, each time dropping Midget Mike like a bullet with right smashes.

Jock Malone who was called the uncrowned middleweight champion for many years, has retired as a boxer after 18 years. He first made known his retirement in a letter to Eddie Geiger, Chi Evening American sports editor who previously had advised Jock to quit the ring subsequent to being chilled by Martin Levandowski, Malone, who was piloted by Mike McNulty, Mike Collins, Tom Andrews, Emil Thiry, Tom Walsh and Nate Lewis, and Barney Abel, is now writing the history of his career which will be published in the Saturday Evening Post.

The Ring Book Shop carries a complete stock of all books on boxing and wrestling and every ringworm should acquire those books he can afford for his library. There are books for the boxer, the trainer, the promoter, the second, and the fight and mat fan. Books of ring history, fiction, biography and body building are also available. Every boxer should have Seeback's book on "Bag Punching."

Eddie Long manager of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Terror, Bud Taylor, has a new protege. His name is Billy Gale and he is a light heavyweight who looks promising. George DuBray turned Gale over to Long but is getting his end, 15 per cent. Long also handles Jim Sneed, a heavyweight who may make the grade. Eddie tried to convince Taylor to retire from ring action but he says he wants to make a few more big money shots and then "hang 'em up." Buddy is still in demand, promoters all over the country asking for his services. Taylor celebrated his 28th birthday on July 22 talking about his latest ring charge, Pat Murphy of Evansville, Ind., who scored a spectacular kayo here.

Danny Gasparo who quit as a boxer following his defeat of Buck Easterling, is now a full-fledged trainer and second. Among the boys he is handlng are Sammy Levine, Bobby Stewart, Davey Day and the Sabine twins, Artie and Marty. Danny is only 26 years old and he compiled an enviable record until he met Tait Littman. He was compelled to make weight for Littman and Tait scored a technical knockout over him.

Warren Brown, Chicago Herald-Examiner sports editor, who is one of the most capable writers in the country, is making a big hit with his life story of Knute Rockne. "Rockne," from the press of Reilly & Lee gives us a brilliant photo of the powerful coach.

Ring Flashes—Pat McLaughlin, who is managed by Art Crantzen, engaged in twenty-four fights while in the U. S. Marines and quartered in New England but his knockout of Charley Young on the southwest side was his first in twelve months . . . Paul Dempsey is Paul Stepright and is managed by Johnny Broderick . . . Gary Leach, through his pilot, Joe Glaser, lost four and one half pounds the eve of his first encounter in ten weeks.

Sammy Levine, Harry Weiss' featherweight protege, is back in action following a two-week layoff due to an injured ear acquired while knocking out Johnny Lombardo and defeating Joey Clark . . . Salvatore (Society Kid) Hogan is helping Dave Halper and Jack Barry and Babe Barron handle Oscar Liebman's pugilistic career . . . Al Greenfield is back in town subsequent to an eight-month rest at Tucson and Phoenix, Ariz. because of bronchial-asthma. It will be another year before Greenfield can return to ring wars.

Nick Taft received $6 for stopping Martin Burke and Harry Garbell got $10 for fighting a draw with Kid Irish on a local professional card . . . Morrie Sherman, well-known orchestra leader, has two sons, Bob, who is thirteen years old, and Ray, who is eight, and each is like his father a "dyed in the wool" boxing fan . . . Izzy Marks comes to the front with the statement that the present is like old times. Thirty years ago Marks fought Ed Sullivan, who is now working in the City Hall, and received the big sum of $7 and won a $2 wager for winning. Izzy says a windup ringman in those days was lucky to get $150. Marks is 50 summers old.

Clyde Chastain, Springfield, Mo., middleweight who is being handled in this city by Izzy Kline, won a newspaper decision over Owen Phelps at Fort Sill, Okla. . . . Pep Justo made good as a topliner when he rose from the canvas to beat Jackie Horner. He followed that by licking Joe Sharkey of Albion, Mich.

Some of this and a little of that—Harry Lindahl, wrestler and pro football player of a decade ago, is in charge of production at the Wahl-Eversharp local plant. . . . Art Mann opened Logan Square ball park to boxing this season with Paul Pantaleo headlining and $244.40 worth of cash customers saw the proceedings. Harry Dillon K. O.'d Joe Jeanette in one of the bouts. . . . George Lecture, Automatic Press, held the Central A. A. U. wrestling title in the featherweight division ten years ago. . . . Barney Abel represents Jack Gibbs, Joplin, Mo., middleweight, here. . . . Charley Ferger journeyed to Evansville, Ind., with Nell Donald and Ruby Allen, women wrestlers, who exhibited their wares.

Johnny Behr refereed when Les Finnucane kayo'd Bill Baker on the west sidle. . . . Tug Phillips said "Good Luck" to Saguero when they shook hands beginning the tenth round. Relampago needed it because he seemed to be a sure winner but Phillips was handed the decision of Judge Battye and Referee Tom Gilmore. Judge Jack Houghteling voted for Saguero. . . . Clarence Davis is fighting on the west coast under the monicker of Dixie Davis. . . . Karl Ogren, who beat Johnny Adams in his first ten-rounder on the Pacific slope, has been nicknamed "Kicker."

The Daily Times here is published by S. E. Thomason. R. Finnegan is managing editor. . . . Mrs. Lena Levy, who manages her heavyweight brother, King Levinsky, has followed the King's career ever since he first donned the gloves and made trips with him whenever and wherever he fought. . . . Joe Foley, former Times sports ed, is press agent for the Aurora, Ill., race meetings. . . . Allan Hall, the billiard star, is a fight fan. . . . Rocky Wolf is now doing a good job as radio broadcaster over station WJJD in the Palmer House. . . . Sam Hall, Strib-Schmeling publicitor, is good writer.

Joe Niedwick is the latest addition to the Mullen loop gym. He is a trainer a little different than the rest. He specializes in physio-theraphy, the treating of disabilities and diseases without the use of surgery or medicines. He is a graduate masseur and five years ago was a fair 175-pound boxer.

Tom Scott, manager of Tom Patrick, California light-heavy, will stay in this town for the summer if he is able to keep his charge busy enough to keep them in eating and hotel money. Patrick has had thirty bouts although he is just 23 years of age. He won the majority of those combats, the most impressive being a win over George Courtney.

Johnny Salvatore, who has been in the ring game 22 years as a fighter, manager, promoter, trainer and second, has changed his mind about leaving the sport. A report wafted in from St. Paul, Minn., that he bought the St. Paul fight club from Jerk Doran for an unannounced sum of dough.

Felix Kolk, local boxing instructor, is the only fight teacher who also instructs youngsters physical culture theories and bag punching tricks.

George Kerwin, local welterweight, who is making good in combats in California, couldn't get a professional license due to high blood pressure after he won the Central A. A. U. 126-pound championship five years past.

A few fistic chips—Doctor R. E. Myers, pilot of Young Manuel Quintero and a flock of others, is residing at 2023½ 7 Ave., Tampa Florida. . . . George Strickler, who is the most recent of the Chicago Stadium fight glorifiers, is working on the copy desk of a morning sheet while the big west side sports building is closed for the summer. He replaces John Toohill, who drowned while canoeing. . . . George Goodman celebrated his Golden Glove conquest by getting married. . . . "Tiny" Rifkin drinks a quart of milk every day and weighs 250 pounds while a 108-pounder here will not touch it.

Paul Dazzo, nee Leberto, will be ready for his return bow next month following a trip to the hospital because of a hand operation. . . . Red Griffo will be on the shelf another month. He broke a wrist while holding Don Warden to a draw.

Meyer Frager, who Nessie Blumenthal sold to Glaser for $400, went off and got wedded. . . . E. J. Kulas, of Cleveland, is president of the Ohio Madison Square Garden and not Dick Dunn. . . . Otto K. Eitel is doing a good job as manager of the new Bismarck Hotel. . . . Sammy Wolff charged the small sum of $65 for his all-expense trip to Cleveland and return, including a $25 ticket to the big fight. . . . Harry McNamara has a new maroon colored Buick roadster. . . . Dick Axman is a 36-year-old bachelor. . . . Benny (Kid) Stanley started battling in Oklahoma City, Okla., in 1926.

Bryan Downey, who was robbed of the middleweight title when he was the victim of a long count Champion Johnny Wilson received from the referee, has been appointed boxing instructor at the Arcade gymnasium by the proprietor, Howard (Kid) Carr. Downey replaces Harry Shall, who helped Howard win the Tribune Golden Gloves team trophy. Bryan, who also manages Johnny Rich and others, boasts twenty-five boxing students weekly.

Pete Susky, Scranton, Pa., middleweight who made a hit when he beat Haakon Hanson at the Chi Coliseum, started his ring career at the age of seventeen years. He has engaged in fifty-three encounters and has won forty-five.

## BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LIGHTIG

ROGER BERNARD, two-fisted Milwaukee lad, journeyed to Montreal to give the fans up there an eye full. Bernard put the K. O. on Rube Goldberg in 4 rounds.

Frankie Burns continues to be the busiest battler around here. Frankie has had on an average of a bout a week, winning most of them.

Curtis Brown is again out with injuries.

Mickey O'Neill and Curtis Brown are the hard luck twins.

Milwaukee is going to see a new K. O. sensation in the person of Soldier Kirk Patrick. This soldier has knocked his last sixteen opponents stiff. The only man ever to go 6 rounds with him was ko'ed by him a month later.

Harry Dublinsky came through in big league fashion by giving the highly touted Mickey Cohen a neat lacing in 10 rounds.

Frankie Battaglia made it two knockouts in a row over Ray Tramblie. Tramblie was game to the last. Battaglia is termed a killer around these parts. He punches with both hands and is on top of you all the time.

Johnny Saunders and Mitz Minikel fought 4 furious rounds to a draw.

Sailor Near continued his winning ways by beating Oscar Angele.

Julius Fidler comes from a family which includes another referee and a fight manager. Fidler, who has been a licensed referee since 1917, has worked in 2500 bouts before coming here and since being here he has worked 700 additional bouts. He is well liked and a very capable referee.

Eddie Huber and Doc Phila are looking for a couple more champions.

Eddie Black who drew with George Muzzy in his last start, has left for California.

Billy Mitchell and Tom Andrews, rival promoters, will share the ball park for the coming summer.

Tony Bruno is coming along in great style, winning his last five bouts handily.

Amateur boxing promoters wishing to book a real team of fighters get in touch with the writer.

Boys living in Milwaukee and vicinity wishing to take boxing lessons may do so by getting in touch with the writer.

I hear that—Len Bernstein is going to turn pro. . . . Roger Bernard's wife does road work with him every morning. . . . Julius Cohen put up a great fight with Joey Kleko. . . . Fred Saddy has a good coat of tan. . . . Mike McNulty has taken a liking to Johnny Gandes. . . . Joe Azzarella is going great guns. . . . Al Fain is in shape again and ready to match with the best of 'em. . . . Johnny O'Shea now battling cigars and winning every time. . . . No amateur boxing for the summer. . . . Frank and Jimmy Cheek rarin' to go. . . . Joe Schweitzer will run in July.

My address is Morgenroth's Gym, 156 N. Plankinton Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

ARTFUL ART LASKY, a very prospective Jewish heavyweight, who has yet to lose a fight, has announced his retirement until his contract with Labe Safro expires.

We see where Ol' Man River Malone collided with the resin again.

Art Lasky, in his first main event and his last for some time (so he says), had no opposition, whatsoever, in the person of Ambling Angus McDonald. Art made a gory mess of the big fellow, finally putting him among the stars, in the third, It was a very disappointing affair, indeed.

In the supporting ticket, Red Haggerty, a great lad with plenty of "IF," finally sunk the old microbe, Horrible Harry Greb. Haggerty belted the flexible Harry something awful, caving in two of Harry's ribs, and finally putting him under in the fifth. Good ol' Harry; game as they come. In another bout Paul Wangley beat Wayne Short.

Here's a little dope on what our Minnesota boys have been doing out of their own back yard. The Minnesota Blizzard, Mike Mandell, was blown over by Al Morro in four frames, at Boston.

King Tut is basking in the sunshine and watching the bathing beauties go by, on the coast. The King is taking a lay off after his operation and we have a faint idea that the boy's dukes are aching to slip on the leather.

My friend, Bob Lerman, has located in Pittsburgh, Pa., and has the gentleman-scrapper, Bobbie Amster, in tow. Bob writes us that Amster is ready to toss the dukes in earnest, once again, and is open for bookings.

Dick Daniels has been out of action ever since Jack Dorval gave him the works in four hectic rounds. We'd like to see the kid back in his corner once again, and with Pantaleo, Lasky, or Retzlaff pulling on the leather in the other. Well, why not Mr. Collins.

The Gopher State has been a bit groggy the last few months, fistically speaking. Collins and McCarthy were thrown for a loss on the Lasky-McDonald affair and St. Paul has been absolutely nix. But we are certain that better times are coming. There's no reason why we can't push Minnesota back into the fistic spotlight.

SHORT SOCKS . . . Art (Whatta laff) Shires was in Minneapolis . . . Only this time the silent one was batting around baseballs . . . And he batted 'em . . . Nat Fleischer's editorials certainly deserve a world of credit . . . A great man helping a great cause . . . Roy Jacks looked impressive against Chuck Golden. . . . The fans would like to see Paul Pantaleo again. . . . Labe Safro agrees to settle on Lasky's contract for three G's. . . . Earl Sather is back on the job in the ice cream company. . . . Earl is still undecided whether to turn pro or not. . . . Ol' Iron Mike Mandell is still taking 'em. . . . "This Iron Man" is a peach of a fight picture. . . . Bob Armstrong reminds us of Sharkey. . . . No. . . . Wallie Wohlwend has been on the shelf . . . Britt Gorman hasn't been doing much scrapping lately. . . . Lank Leonard's cartoons are great. . . . Gil Slonim, Duluth amateur, has plenty of possibilities. . . . Can he sock? . . . Boy-y! . . . You can get in touch with your correspondent at 5328 York Ave. South . . . For an extra snappy reply, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope . . . Keep an eye peeled for Red Haggerty. . . . Until next month . . . Adieu.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

RED HENEGAN, the Davenport Boxing Impresario, is getting ready for the outdoor season. He will stage his summer shows at the new $200,000 Baseball Stadium on the River Front.

Cedar Rapids, Ia. . . . Young Leonard decisively trounced Billy Light of St. Paul in ten winds. Young Terry walloped Mexican Joe Rivers of Cedar Rapids in ten rounds. Lawrence Anderson, Moline, and Johnny Fulton, 6-round draw. Billy Blunt, East Moline beat Dutch Kimball, Chicago, 6 rounds.

Young Terry is the best lightweight in Iowa. In 103 fights he has scored 37 K. O. He is open to meet Harry Dublinsky to prove his class. He may fight Mike Dundee from Rock Island, the next show here.

Muscatine, Ia. . . . Slick Jesnick, Newton, Ia. and Lawrence Anderson, draw; Gary Reed, Muscatine beat Bud Green, Aldredge, Ia.; Babe Wright ko'ed Russ Yeklick, 3; Pete Boss ko'ed Fred Jesnick, 3.

Slick Jesnick is a portsider, carries dynamite in the right hand. Chet Fleming, of Newton, thinks a lot of him. Jesnick is 19 years old; has won 33 of his 35 fights, and weighs 142 pounds.

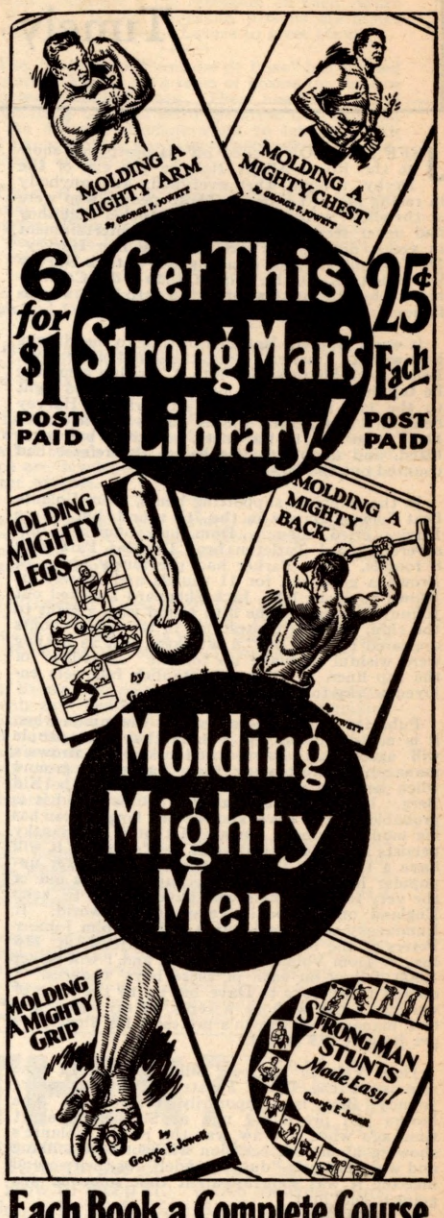
Burlington, Ia., has been holding a lot of Amateur shows and plans on some good professional fights for the summer. Some good boxing material and regular fellows there.

Promoters and boxers from Muscatine, Clinton, Burlington, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids and Davenport, all in Iowa, send in your fight news, as I want all from this section to be represented. Send it to Cliff Schieberl, 431 W. 3rd St., Davenport, Ia.

Anyone wanting to get in touch with any of the above winners, write to the writer at the above address and I will immediately turn over same to respective managers.

Frank Duffy, the popular referee from Davenport, handles practically all the fights down this way.

Last minute flashes. . . . Cowboy Owen Phelps beat Ted Ross and Tiger Roy Williams in two starts here. Young Terry beat Billy Gladstone, 8 heats. Kid Leonard beat Patsy Pollock in 10 and stopped Larry Kid Kaufman in 6. Billy Blunt beat Jose Pino and Herbie Derex, 6 rounds. Russ Sanders put up a good fight with Gary Reed. All at Davenport, Ia.


## Each Book a Complete Course

Think of it! A muscle building course showing how to develop a definite part of your body for only 25c or six courses which show you how to develop the entire body for only $1.00. That's my special offer. I will show you how to mold a mighty arm for a quarter or how to mold a mighty chest, mighty legs, a mighty back or a grip of steel, or I will teach you strong man stunts. Get all of the lessons contained in this strong man's library for only $1.00.

I show you how to add inches on your arm, how to put steel cables on your chest, how to get a back of might. I show you how to develop legs of a giant and a grip of steel. The strong man tricks which I reveal will amaze you and your friends. Molding mighty men is the business of George F. Jowett, The Champion of Champions. Let him show you how to possess a herculean, Samson-like body like his.

### RUSH COUPON—LIMITED OFFER

All 6 books are profusely illustrated and will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid, for only $1.00. If you prefer any single book, just send a quarter. For promptness I include a copy of my book titled, "The Thrill of Being Strong." Rush coupon now.

GEORGE F. JOWETT,
Jowett Inst. of Physical Culture,
Dept. 81Va 422 Poplar Street,
Scranton, Pa.

Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return prepaid mail the offer I have checked below and for which I am enclosing my remittance of $_____

**All 6 Volumes $1.00**
**Molding a Mighty Arm 25c**
**Molding a Mighty Back 25c**
**Molding a Mighty Grip 25c**
**Molding a Mighty Chest 25c**
**Molding Mighty Legs 25c**
**Strong Man Stunts Made Easy 25c**

Name_____

Address_____

# Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JEFF DICKSON pulled off his postponed show at the Royal Albert Hall on the eve of the Derby, a night when everybody and anybody in racing are in London. Those people who were at the show, were emphatic in the belief that they had never seen a better scrapping entertainment in years, despite the fact that the Len Harvey-De Vos contest ended so abruptly. It took Harvey less time to K. O. the Belgian, than it did Cameronian, the Derby favourite, to win the world-famous race.

It was a different Harvey this time to the Harvey that went to America. From the sound of the gong, Len was on his toes and "into it," within a minute he toppled his opponent over with a wicked right to the jaw and upon the latter rising, Harvey dealt him out a solar-plexus punch which caused De Vos to sink to his knees, conscious but paralyzed, and unable to rise before the referee had counted out the fatal 10 seconds.

In the principal supporting bouts, Dom Volante beat Selwyn Davies in the 7th round, but before Davies cried enough, Dom had punished him severely. Nel Tarleton beat Douglas Parker in 8 rounds. This Parker had previously given Al Brown a good run for 11 rounds and showed us Brown could be hit. Jack Sheppard knocked out Johnny Sheehan in the fifth round with a right to the chin. All the contestants in the minor bouts appeared to "pull out" a bit extra, just as if they were wishful to make up for the "short-life" of the top liner, so Dickson's staunch followers enjoyed a "sky-full" of thrills.

Publicity is very necessary to a Champion when it is not overdone, but I think that most people will agree that Dave Lumiansky, Al Brown's manager, is trespassing upon dangerous ground when he talks about matching Brown with Kid Berg. I am a great admirer of Brown, and it is probable that I have known him longer than has his manager, and I am afraid that if Lumiansky persists in this underrating of Berg's ability, it will have a tendency to make the Panama boxer unpopular here, because Whitechapel Jack is one of the very few Britishers who have helped to keep England on the boxing map of the world. If Lumiansky wants real action, I'll give him Johnny Peters at the bantam limit, Nel Tarleton at 126 lbs., or Dom Volante at 130 lbs., and I will wager 1,000 dollars on each of these boys' chances. I offered these boys to Dave but up to the time of writing, I am without a reply to my offer, and this manager of Brown's professes his anxiety to get Berg at 135 pounds!

Dom Volante stopped Billy Granelli in nine rounds at the Lyric Theatre, Liverpool, where Johnny Best is temporarily promoting. The boxers had previously met at Sheffield a short time ago when a draw was the result, Volante's showing upon that occasion was not to his liking and when the pair "ducked under" for their second meeting it was soon apparent that someone was going to get "hurt."

Our team of amateurs which set out for Amsterdam in charge of Joe Bowker, more than fulfilled expectations by securing a victory over the Dutchmen in each and every event. Joe now has a smile that won't "come off."

Lionel Bettinson's mammoth show was staged at Olympia as per schedule, and it proved to be a complete sell-out, and it will encourage the N. S. C. manager to persevere with his efforts to make big boxing possible, because the difficult times we are experiencing here make it a "tough racket" to get out of a big show on the right side of the promoter's ledger.

It was a pity that the Baldock and Al Brown contest proved to be of poor quality, as there were many hundreds present who were getting their initiation. The contest resulted in a win for Brown in the 12th round on a technical K. O. Owen Moran, the referee, began a count with Baldock on the canvas, then stopped at three and named Al as the winner. Brown gave a poor imitation of world's championship form.

The best bout of the evening was that between Nel Tarleton and Jack Garland, the Irish feathers champion who recently went the distance with Al Brown. The contest resulted in a clear points win for Tarleton. It was a fine battle.

In the remainder of the Olympia supporting bouts, Tommy Toner outpointed Donald Shortland. Jack Pettifer, the English Carnera, stopped Desmond Jeans, the actor heavyweight. Harry Connely defeated Moe Mizler on points in 8 rounds. Eddie Phillips K. O'd. Tony Arpino in the 4th round, and Kid Berg's young brother Teddy further emphasized his rapid improvement by outpointing the more experienced Charlie Jordan.

Phineas John, the Welsh bantam, outpointed Kid Pattenden, the ex-bantam champion at the Blackfriars "Ring." Gordon Cook, the Welsh lightweight champion, drew with Ernie Plant in a 15-round bout at the Victoria Grounds, Stoke-on-Trent.

In a 15-round eliminating welter-weight championship bout staged at the Alcazar Edmonton, Haydn Williams outpointed Alf Mancini. The fight was waged on fairly even lines and was packed with action throughout.

Phil Scott, the official heavyweight champion of Great Britain and Thornton Heath's tonsorial artist, should stick to his promise to quit the ring if beaten in his bout with Larry Gains, the negro, at Leicester. The ex-fireman was knocked out in the second round. The fight was billed as for the heavyweight championship of the British Empire and Shuffling Phil failed miserably in what undoubtedly was his last throw of the "dice."

A fixture that everybody had been eagerly awaiting, was the contest between Jackie Brown, the British flyweight champion and Lucien Popescu, Roumania, the European title holder. The fight was for the European title. At the weigh-in, Popescu was a few ounces over the limit and upon being requested and given time to rid himself of the overweight, he flatly refused to do so. However, in order to keep faith with the promoters and public, Brown consented to go on with the contest, and to cut a long story short, Brown overwhelmed the Roumanian and ran out an easy victor at the end of the 15 rounds. The I. B. U. and the B. B. B. C. have not awarded the title to Brown, yet Brown officially should get the European title, according to the rules of boxing law.

Teddy Baldock, during his preparation for his contest with Al Brown, made a public appearance at the Blackfriars Ring in a 15-round contest with Terence Morgan and had to go some to win.

I regret to have to record the death of Tommy Harrison, the great little Staffordshire bantam. Tommy was the European bantam champion at one time during his career, having wrested the title from Charley Ledoux. His untimely passing at the early age of 38, created a shock amongst his old supporters.

"Peters-Berg" again: The dual success of Jack and Johnny at Pittsburg, gave immense satisfaction here. From the reports we have received here, it would appear that Berg outclassed his opponent, Ray Kiser, who has one or two outstanding performances to his credit, and Peters "bumped" Howard Mayberry to such good purpose, that the referee stopped the "massacre" in round 6 and awarded the fight to Johnny. These Doubles are becoming fashionable, and much to our liking.

Two Irish title-holders were on view at Belfast recently, when a charity tournament was staged on the Oval football ground there. Jack O'Brien, the Irish Middles holder, who has been laid aside for some time through injury, proved that he had made a good recovery by causing Joe Woodruff to retire in the 8th round, and Jackie Quinn, the Irish flyweight champion, boxed an eight-round draw with Jim Ireland of Glasgow.

Still another open-air show, this one at Sheffield, attracted over 10,000 spectators who witnessed a real good afternoon's sport. The top-liner was a dozen-round bout between Spider Pladner and Tom Cowley, the clever Yorkshire bantam. A real good contest resulted in Pladner being declared the winner.

Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, who, since the closing of the famous Stadium there, has been attempting to encourage his old patrons to cross the river Mersey to witness his shows at New Brighton, has decided to discontinue at this temporary home, and has secured the right to stage shows at The Lyric Theatre in Liverpool, which place is within one mile of the center of the city.

The brothers, Dick and Harry Corbett, left here on May 8th for South Africa. Two days before sailing, Dicky registered a good win over Jean Loccattalli, Italy, at the Promenade Pier, Plymouth, and within one month of landing in South Africa, he is due to meet Willie Smith, the champion at Johannesburg. The pair had previously met in London when Corbett proved the winner.

Ever since Benny Sharkey beat Teddy Baldock, there has been much rivalry between Willie Farrell and Benny himself. Both boys hail from Newcastle and they have repeatedly broadcasted challenges to all the bantams in England, but somehow they could not "see" Dicky Corbett when he was out for business. It is true that Dick and Benny did mix matters at an odd weight, shortly after Sharkey licked Baldock and Dick won it comfortably. All Newcastle have been waiting for a Sharkey-Farrell clash, and when the pair did "fix up" 12,000 persons were present to see Farrell stopped in the seventh.

At Firhill Park, Glasgow, another important and successful open-air tournament was staged. The principal item was a 15-round contest for the Flyweight championship of Scotland between Jim McHarg, the holder, and Jim Campbell. It proved an interesting affair throughout but the holder dictated the way in which it was to travel, and at the conclusion of hostilities, McHarg was a comfortable winner, thus retaining his title.

An eliminating lightweight bout between Fred Webster and Tiger Smith was due for decision, but as Smith was overweight, the fight was just an ordinary one. The Tiger belted Webster from pillar to post, and in the middle round when Fred was on the verge of defeat, Jimmy Wilde, who refereed, had cause to disqualify the Tiger for low punching.

A report coming from Paterson, New Jersey, states that Vince Dundee gained a technical K. O. over Johnny Kerr of Scotland. Well, Kerr has never cut much "ice" here, but he must have shown himself to be useful to get matched up with Len Harvey's conqueror.

At The Ring—Eddie Phillips outpointed Ted Mason in a 15-round cruiserweight bout. Phil Richards beat Fred Green on points. Jimmy Lindsay stopped Glen Jones in the 11th round. Tommy Little outpointed Harry Brooks in 15 rounds. Archie Woodbine and Jimmy Turner boxed a real good 15-round draw. Len Beynon outpointed Bert Kirby the ex-flyweight champion in a sparkling 15-round contest. Phil Richards outpointed Johnny Curley.

At Edmonton—Charlie Mack easily outpointed Billy Streets, and Jimmy Thornton narrowly beat Boyo Rees on points.

At Holborn Stadium—Dick Stubbings clearly outpointed Sid Raiteri. Donald Jones defeated Curley Merritt.

At The Sports Club.—Dick Stubbings outpointed Jack Delaney and Moe Moss did likewise to Dick Jones. Joe Blake and Charlie Jordan boxed a 12-round draw.

At Kilburn—Billy Bird stopped Arthur Unwin in the 3rd round. Peter Price and Jimmy Bevan boxed a thrilling 8-round draw. Tommy Little outpointed Fred Chandler in 15 rounds. Charlie Mack comfortably beat Fred Chandler.

At Croydon—Charlie Chew and Harry Vaughan boxed a dozen-round draw. Eddie Steele outpointed Jeff Wilson in 10 rounds. Moe Moss stopped Pat Bransfield in 3 rounds.

At The N. S. C.—Red Pullan and Sid Butler boxed a 12-round draw, and Joe Davies and Teddy Higgins did likewise over 8 rounds. Bob Overton K. O'd. Johnny Mason in the first round. Jack Delaney stopped Bill English in 12 rounds.

At The Crystal Palace—Billy Jones stopped Billy Rose in the sixth round. Billy Allick outpointed Les Ward in 10 rounds, and Arthur Norton won the bantamweight competition, in which there were eight entries.

At Manchester—Jack McAvoy narrowly beat Fred Shaw over 15 rounds. Bob Rimmer outpointed Al Miller. Fred Webster forced Jack Hudson to retire in the twelfth.

At Liverpool—Dick Burke, the Liverpool flyweight, again proved what a terror he is, by K. O. Spike Bradley in 7 rounds. Tom Rose outpointed Cope Hampston in a 12-rounder. Bert Wallace and Ernie Sherratt boxed a 12-round draw.

At Leeds—Benny Thackeray easily outpointed Dick Inkles. Nipper Cooper narrowly beat Bumper Callaghan and Chuck Parker K. O'd. Harry Leach in the fifth round.

At Preston—Jimmy Cox outpointed Jim Pearson, and Bert Taylor did ditto to Cyclone Ovey. Tom Tucker easily beat Billy Wells and Spike Bradley outpointed Martin Gallagher.

At Sheffield—Albert Barker beat Albert Dando on points and Johnny Clarke outpointed Darkie Carr in 12 rounds. Billy Gannon defeated Tommy Dexter and Harry Eades K. O'd. Stan Creswell in round three.

At Smethwick—Alex Law outpointed Jack Kirby in a 10-rounder. Len Fowler got the decision over George Reynolds. Billy Beason and Alf Cotterill ran to a draw. Jack Haynes stopped Dollar Smith in 5 rounds.

At Birmingham—Benny Plant beat Jim Haddon, Harry Davies and Alex Law shared honours over 10 rounds.

At West Bromwich—Boy Edge outpointed Freddy Morgan. Billy James beat Archie Woodbine. Terence Morgan and Ronnie Summerton boxed a draw.

## BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

NEVER before in the history of Cuban boxing have we suffered such a remarkable decline in the sport. With the closing of the Arena Polar, the absence of Cuba's most popular boxers and the coming of the hot summer months, we must take our hats off to the smaller clubs, namely "Miramar Gardens" and "La Comercial" which are holding on strongly to keep things running. Amador Urquia who runs the Miramar Gardens, and Frank Fowler at La Comercial, have again proven their grit.

Rumor has it that Luis Ferrer, pioneer promoter, is all set to get back in the fold. Ferrer's return to the wars would mean big things for local boxing. Five years ago Senor Ferrer was Cuba's supreme matchmaker and he kept the game high up on the level.

Battling Llano has returned to Spain for a much needed vacation. This corking welterweight only lost one out of 25 fights, and was the popular kid 'round here. The Rafael M. Labra Club honored him with a dinner before he sailed and presented him with a golden medal.

Kid Maceo won over Baby Morales; Aquilino Gonzalez was beaten by Pablo Cuellar; Manuel Posse beat Pedro Fontanals in four-rounders.

Castor Fernandez kayoed Roberto Carasend in four rounds, and Jose Ponsa kayoed Prudencio Arce in two. Pancho Vila beat Robby Ruiz; Sesar Perez beat Daniel de Caso in four-rounders. Marcelino Carrillo kayoed Tom Aldama in four rounds.

Felix De La Vega is the outstanding flyweight this month. He looked great when he scored a two-round K. O. over Prudencio Arce, the tuff and ruff Colon favorite.

Mario Valdes is coming to the front rapidly, and scored an unexpected knockout in two rounds over Arthur Poey. Good fight it was.

Vicente Yince lost a close one to Black Bill Holginuero in six rounds, but later scored a four-round kayo over Alfredo Perez and then drew with Joaquin Jorge.

Kid Montana easily defeated Oscar Mendez Perez in ten rounds and made a good fight of it. Olayo Nebot was knocked out by Jimmy Flynn in the sixth round of a hectic scrap. Baby Hilario lost to Horace Delgado; Mario Caberea was beaten by Kid Guachi and Rogelio Oliver drew with Francisco Rodriguez the Army champion.

Johnny Govantes and Raul Quintana drew in six rounds; Enrique Irizar beat Aquilo Gonzalez; Fublo Quijano beat Kid Junco; and Abraham Binke easily beat Gonzalo Perez.

Felix De La Vega easily outpointed Mario Mendez and won the plaudits of the crowd. This Vega boy sure looks like a comer and should be high up before long.

Kid Salgado beat Joe Coego in a hot six-round affair. Julio Recio drew with Isidro Delgado and Lazaro Diaz kayoed Jacinto Junco. Pancho Vila beat Carlos Morales, a new boy. Valentin Pedroso was beaten by Pedro Vives and Benny Rodriguez the Mariano southpaw was outpointed by Mario Vales in six rounds.

Joaquin Torregrosa took the decision from Martin Ogrady and then knocked out Tomas Barredo when things looked hopeless for him. Jose Canseco beat Martin Ogrady and Pancho Vila beat Luis Daubar.

Jose Coego outpointed Jose Ochoa in a special six-rounder. Jesus Cobo scored a three-round k. o. over Fernando Gonzalez.

Juan Coto, Argentine bantamweight, who made a good name for himself in local rings, has left for Barcelona, Spain where he has several fights lined up. Rosendo Anero good junior-welterweight, and Paco Melian lightweight, joined him.

Adolfo Gonzalez, secretary to Pincho Gutierrez who pilots the Keed is in New York to look after some important work. Mr. Malayo is also spending the summer months in New York, and if possible will secure some lucrative bouts for his Joe Coego, the crack Cuban featherweight.

Martin Perez looks like he is about through. He was decisively beaten by Antonio Hevia, who is just new in the pro ranks.

Willy Del Pino has not as yet decided regarding his trip to the North with Henry Santos (Baturrito), but now that Santos scored a six-round knockout over Kid Salgado, it appears that Willy will journey up to New York with his protege.

Raul Rojas is getting into condition and will soon appear in a local ring. He is contemplating a trip to Florida.

## GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS
By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE work on the New Palais des Sports, a building which has been made possible for Paris, by the young American promoter Jeff Dickson, is going forward as per schedule. The opening day has been set for October 2 for Ice Hockey and public skating, and on the following day, the bantam-weight boxing contest between Al. Brown and Spider Pladner will be held.

One outstanding feature of the Palais des Sports will be that the hall can be transformed into three different sizes, to seat 5,000, 10,000 or 16,000, merely by the pressing of four buttons which will lower steel curtains. It is much better to have a well filled hall than a partly filled one. Under the Dickson plan, a seating capacity can be made for medium or the highest class of contests. The roof of the structure will be opened in hot weather.

In the building there will be a billiard room, bowling alleys, handball courts, gymnasium, boxing and fencing instruction rooms, and of course up to date bathing facilities. A restaurant, reading room, card rooms and a fully equipped bar will be on the premises.

Dickson will have the place booked up for every day in the year. There has been a long felt want for such a place in Paris, and the way the stock was gobbled up, spoke well for how the French public are taking to the scheme.

Young Perez, the French flyweight, has created a great impression in Paris. He is the style of fighter who pleases the fans.

Moise Bouquillon, the French heavyweight, who stayed ten rounds with Primo Carnera, has staged a fine comback after being laid up with a broken hand for some months. He has many knockouts to his credit since starting the comeback.

Emile Spider Pladner, a leading contender in the bantamweight division, is matched with Al. Brown for a bantamweight championship contest to take place in the Palais des Sports of Paris during October.

Marcel Thil, the best middleweight on the Continent has been signed to meet Len Harvey.

Maurice Griselle, heavyweight champion of France, has been matched with the European champion, Pierre Charles, for a fifteen-round contest, for the European title.

During the summer months promoter Dickson may promote a couple of outdoor entertainments for Paris, providing the boxers will listen to reasonable terms.

The French amateur boxers who competed in Chicago, received a big reception on their return to France. Several thousand persons assembled at the Paris Gare Saint-Lazare to greet them.

The "Federation Francaise de Boxe" has decided to start and build up a team of boxers for the Los Angeles Olympic Games. There has been an understanding between the Federation de Boxe and all the different promoters not to interfere with any likely looking youngsters until after the competitions of next year.

Tiger Humery, French lightweight stopped Johnny Quill of England in the fourth at the Salle Wagram, Paris arena. The Englishman was on the floor twice before the towel was thrown in by his seconds.

In supporting bout to the above, featherweights Regis and Di Cea fought a draw.

Lightweights Anacteto Locatelli of Italy and Aime Raphael of France, engaged in a ten-round draw at Marseilles, France.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris, which is known as the nursery of boxing, is playing to crowded houses three times a week. Some good chaps are developed in the club, especially in the lighter weights.

Spider Pladner, the former world's champion flyweight defeated Francis Biron, who held the French title in a twelve-round bout in the Salle Wagram of Paris.

Welterweight Jules Alverel of France defeated the Czechoslovakian champion, Fianta Nekolny, in one of the best fights which has been witnessed in a Paris ring this season. It was a thriller.

Al. Brown, the colored bantamweight champion not only gave Teddy Baldock, the British champion a boxing lesson, but included a terrific lacing, so much so that the bout was stopped in the twelfth round to save Baldock. Baldock, who was completely outclassed, was floored several times before the finish for him came. Baldock was 6 pounds over the bantam limit and Brown was 3¾ over.

The referee in a Bonaugure-Poutrain featherweight bout which was held at Salle Wagram arena, when calling the bout a draw, received a razzing. The crowd thought that Poutrain was a clear winner.

Young Perez, a swarthy French lad, won the championship at the flyweight poundage at the Salle Wagram, when he beat Anglemann. The bout was a brilliant one especially on the part of Perez, who is the best flyweight developed in France since the days of Spider Pladner.


**Billy Taub**
THE SPORTSMEN'S CLOTHIER
1387 Broadway near 38th St.,
New York City

**Pioneer Gymnasium**
340 West 44th St. New York City
Eighth & Ninth Aves.
World's famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P. M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions evenings until nine o'clock
Jimmy De Forest and Young Otto Boxing Instructors
*Tel. Long Acre 8398*
CHAS DOESSERECK, Mgr.

**THIN?** Would you like to increase your weight ten, twenty, thirty pounds or more? My method tells you How to put on Healthy, Solid Flesh and How to Keep It. Write for free information. Dr. E. L. Holt, 512 Haas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**TRY THESE PUNCHES**

Secrets of Champions Revealed by World's Greatest Trainer. SOCK! IT'S a KNOCKOUT when you know how to hit. Let Jimmy De Forest, famous trainer of Dempsey and other champions, teach you the sure-fire knock-out punches of all great fighters.
**De Forest Boxing Course**
In spare time at home you can quickly master every blow, defense and trick. Everything explained and illustrated.
The corkscrew punch which Jimmy De Forest taught Kid McCoy
WRITE for Book "Golden Age of Boxing"
Just send name, address and only 10c for famous book "The Golden Age of Boxing." Interesting information and pictures for every two-fisted man. Address: Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course, (Dept. 108,) 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll**

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS—MAIL CARRIERS—CLERKS MEN—BOYS 18 to 45—NO LAYOFFS—PAID VACATIONS
*Common Education Sufficient*

**WANT A STEADY JOB?**
**$1900 Year to Commence**
Mail Coupon Before You Lose It
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. F-217, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get Steady U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions now open and full particulars telling how to get them.
Name.....
Address.....

# Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

EDDIE MACK, stormy petrel of the Argonne A. A., and, withal, one of the country's most optimistic promoters, finally got away with his initial outdoor show after a race between himself, the wind and weather. It was staged at Braves Field and drew none too good. In the feature, Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, hailed by many in this section as the uncrowned king of the welters defeated an able performer in Sam Bruce of Buffalo and vanquished him in 10 rounds. The latter was downed twice. His two claims of foul were disclaimed.

Steve Haliako, also of Buffalo, former National amateur lightweight champion, made his first "pro" appearance in a Boston ring, in one of the other bouts on the same card. His opponent who was Baby Jack Renault of Cambridge was halted in the seventh, when his seconds threw in the towel.

As it was the opinion of many that Sam Bruce could fight better than he did against Indrisano, also because of his claim that prior to the encounter he had been threatened while in his dressing room, he was given another fight here the week following his first appearance. This also was an Eddie Mack fixture at Braves Field. Bruce drew as his opponent in a 10-rounder Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., wrecker of Piazza and Livan of the Buccola stable, and a chap well able to make a lot of trouble. They put up a sizzling battle which went the full route. It was fairly even up to the tenth when Larrivee went out in front and won the decision. Both were cheered by the fans.

The card was one of good bouts throughout. In one of the prelims Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, fought his first "pro" bout, defeating Chris De Rossa of East Boston. Haywood Storey of Chicago, junior national amateur champion in the middleweight division, made his "pro" debut, defeating Joe Gainor of Derry, N. H.

In the same ring Phil Schlossberg, formerly mentor for Ernie Schaaf, brought out his new protege—tall Arthur DeKuh who beat Unknown Winston of Waterbury. Rosy Rosales of Cleveland, the Navajo, knocked out Harry Allen of Brockton in the seventh.

Eddie Mack got together another show with Paul Swiderski of Syracuse and Babe Hunt of Ponca City, Okla., as his top card for June 8, but it rained. It went over to the next night, and again it rained. Mack put the show over again, this time to June 12—and it rained. Then he postponed until June 15—and got away with it, though down came the rain before the final curtain. To digress for the moment, out of a total of 25 fight nights set by Mack for his tourneys, it has either snowed or rained on 19, frightfully handicapping the promoter. In the fray between Swiderski and Hunt the former was returned the winner after 10 fighting rounds, his second victory over the Ponca.

George Nichols of Buffalo collided with Rosy Rosales in another scheduled ten which was a melee while it lasted. In the fourth he had Rosy toppling. The latter grabbed on and they went down together. The referee counted seven over Rosales, and, as his eye was in bad shape, stopped the bout and gave Nichols the verdict.

Werter Arcelli, for more than a year the lone undefeated member of the Buccola stable, was destined in the next bout to lose the first decision turned in against him in this country. His opponent was Leslie Baker of Watertown, and, at the end of 10 rounds the latter received the verdict. Mickey Bishop beat Haywood Storey in a four-round prelim.

While we have been concerning ourselves much with the affairs of Eddie Mack and his Argonne A. A., the Boston Garden has had its fistic excitement—a lot of it—with Jim Maloney, one of the local idols, being knocked as cold as a dead fish by Ernie Schaaf of Boston on the night of May 26. It was all over in 70 seconds! What a crash! They came out fighting, Maloney taking the aggressive. They worked into Schaaf's corner, and the blond ex-sailor hooked left and right to head. There was a mix—Maloney dropped his hands—Schaaf hooked a hard left to the chin and down went McGinty—in this case, Jamsey. He took the full count and out, the fans, also Schaaf himself, looking on meanwhile in dumb astonishment.

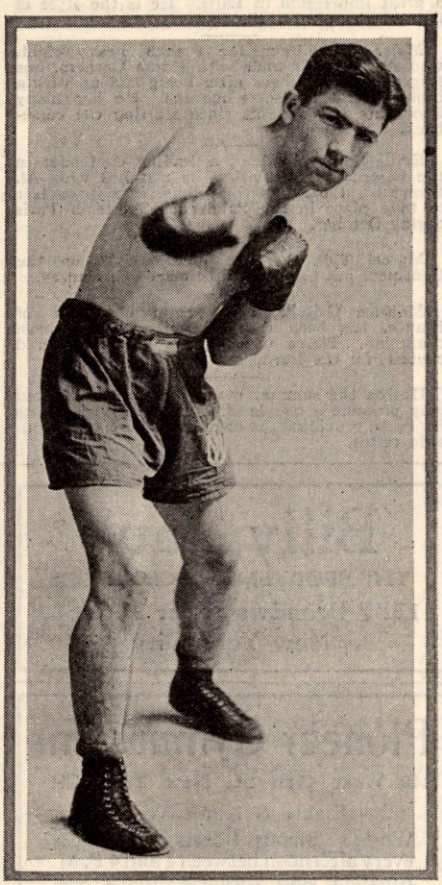
In one of the earlier bouts, Johnny Dixon, the former Boston College boy, now a "pro" heavy, had a real melee with one Paul Zeramby of South Boston, and came through the winner. Dixon made a very good showing.

Other bouts on the card saw Terry Mitchell of Somerville lose a close decision to Big Boy Rawson of this city, the famed kayo artist, while Marty Gallagher, formerly of Washington, defeated Gene Stanton of Cleveland—a second victory for the former over the chap from the Middle West.

Vernon Cormier of Worcester and Stanley Winneryck of Lawrence, two of the leading N. E. feathers, contributed the eight-round semi-final. It was their third and "rubber" contest and Cormier was adjudged the winner. In another bout Val Nadeau of Somerworth, N. H., lost a decision to Tony Acquaro of Lynn, but the pair collected the $300 bonus for putting up the best fight. It marked Nadeau's second collection of the "extra" within a few weeks.

While the bonus system at the Garden seems to be working out very nicely, also is entirely its own business, it has come in for some criticism. The critics are contending that boxers are being paid twice for the same job—that, when they sign for a bout they agree to do their best, or, at least are expected to, therefore there is no occasion for the bonus.

Since the last issue of THE RING, in addition to Schaaf, as N. E. heavy champion, and Lou Brouillard as N. E. welter and middle title-bearer, another crowned head has come to the front in Tony Shucco, light-heavy, of Boston, June 12, at Waterbury, Conn., Shucco defeated Jack Kelley in a 10-rounder and the following Monday night, whipped Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford in the initial open-air show for the season at Mark's Stadium, Tiverton, R. I. and won the N. E. light-heavyweight title and belt.



***Mose Butch, fast stepping Pittsburgh bantamweight***

Al Morro, formerly a Jeffries protege, came through in a seven-rounder. He made a very good showing against Mike Mandell of St. Paul, so good that the affair was stopped in the third stanza, the award going to Morro.

The show drew about 14,000 spectators and $28,000—the biggest house and gate seen in Boston since Maloney defeated Carnera here last October. In connection with the feature—Schaaf vs. Maloney—the management had offered $1000 for kayo, something unique, but which helped the ballyhoo. It kept its agreement and Schaaf received the $1000 next day in addition to his regular end of the purse. The bonus system for prelim fighters, now in vogue at the Garden—$300 to the boys putting up the best battle—won the "extra" for the Rawson-Mitchell combination.

The Garden had another show on June 9, which while it ended in a kayo—one of these "technical" affairs—wasn't so good. For a week prior to the tourney we had with us Paul Pirrone of Cleveland, booked to meet Lou Brouillard of Worcester, now N. E. welter champion, in the feature number. He was all touted up—looked very good in his gym workouts—and seemed to have all the requirements to give Lou one tough fight. Fight night came, and, for two rounds, Pirrone looked very good, but he began to lose interest in the third, and finally when the eighth round was reached he backed into a corner, went down on one knee and was counted out. He had been punched hard to body during the muss but did not seem to be seriously damaged. As they say abroad, "He resigned." His showing was a big disappointment.

After months of work, and, along with it much discouragement, a new boxing bill has finally been put through and the same having been signed by Gov. Ely, will become a law early in September. The new law provides for 15-round championship fights, also 12 rounds for N. E. titular events; the announcement of the votes of ring officials immediately after a bout; the adoption of the "no-foul" rule, also regulations as to the hours and numbers of contests in which amateurs shall participate.

The matter of draw decisions was eliminated from the bill as unnecessary, the same being provided for under the present law. The boxing Commission has set its face against draw verdicts—but, the law is there and any referee could legally make such a decision. If he did, however, he would lose his job. None yet have had the nerve to try it out. It is the contention of the present active head of the Commission that there is no such thing as a "draw" in a ring contest—this in the face of the fact that years ago, when he was a referee, he gave such rulings.

Harry Allen of Brockton, light-heavy, has been having tough luck of late. Sudden death took his wife, a bride, and in the ring he has twice gone to the canvas for the count.

Laddie Lee, now of Medford, Mass., who for years has been boxing in New England, has decided to hang up the gloves and will shortly enroll as one of Medford's finest—a wearer of the blue coat and brass buttons. Taking one more fight—June 15—at Avon, he had the bad luck to lose to Ring Larsen of Quincy, the former amateur middleweight star, who has become a formidable ringster.

Though the names of Joe Walcott, former world's welter champion, and Sam Langford, one of the best fighting machines ever when he was in his prime, have been out of the record books for years, both were back in the public eye and prints during the latter part of May. Wishing to assist them—both being in needy circumstances—Jim Toland, head of the Friend Street gym bearing his name—ribbed up an act for them. The Howard Theater staged it, and it went over big.

Though Walcott is 59, and Langford 45, they boxed three rounds several times each day—and, they did box. The "pep" showed by both was surprising—the younger generation saw a lot of boxing stuff which it had no idea existed. It was the opinion that with 10 years off his shoulders Langford would have but little trouble with any of the present day heavies. With 20 years lifted from Walcott, he again would be the welter champion.

Being regarded as a bit of a fossil ourself, we are warm for the oldtime fighters, many of whom we saw in action. Years ago when a mere kid we saw Walcott and "Mysterious" Billy Smith fight 15 rounds in a Boston ring, with Barney Aaron, onetime lightweight champion, the referee—the three of them fighting men who could and did fight.

Two years ago we saw a successor of Walcott tossed out of a Hub ring in a no-contest. Concerning Langford, we were among those present when he gave away 40 pounds to Jack Johnson—not a murmur as to weight—and went the 15-round limit with him—a terrific mill. Yet, not so long ago, in a Boston ring, there was a quibble over a matter of eight ounces!

For those prima donnas of the present ring, who fight once a year or less, also want everything in sight including the roof, we take a few lines from Walcott's record for their contemplation. When he was world's welter champion, he fought 15 rounds with Langford at Manchester, N. H. Sept. 5, 1904; six rounds with Dave Holly in Philadelphia, Sept. 11, and 20 rounds with Joe Gans at Colma, Cal., Sept. 30, three mills with three real fighters, all at weight and within a period of 25 days. Walcott's end from these three fights was less than $3000.

The Langford-Walcott act is being booked by Toland about New England—they have showed at several theaters, also in connection with various ring tourneys—an exhibition feature. Toland has received an offer to tour in England with his dusky veterans and may take them over there in the fall.

Though Baby Jack Renault of Cambridge had a rough evening with Steve Haliako of Buffalo as we have set forth elsewhere, he partly redeemed himself on June 18, at New Bedford, by taking into camp Darcy White, in 10 hard rounds.

## ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

STATE boxing champions should be recognized by the Missouri Athletic Commission. With State titleholders officially crowned by the Boxing Commission, credit for good ringmanship would be accorded the boxers deserving this honor and spectators' interest would be stimulated. This plan could be adopted at the same time the law calling for decision bouts in this State goes in effect.

On June 30, all boxers' licenses here expired and new licenses were issued, there to expire on June 30, 1932. This is fair to those who use their licenses a full year but individuals applying for licenses later in the season are unjustly discriminated against, in as much as their licenses also expire on June 30, 1932. Missouri's Commission, which is very fair in all other respects, should act to change this law and make licenses good for one year from the date they are issued.

Here is an interesting bit of information for St. Louis fans and fighters. The September issue of THE RING, out August 15, will have a full page of pictures of St. Louis ring stars. Be sure to reserve your copies with your newsdealers now.

Sammy Offerman, Missouri's leading lightweight, has an avocation. Do not try to guess; you would miss it a mile. Sammy is an author and writes very good stuff. Mostly short stories but some fact articles too.

Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis featherweight, at present under Gus Wilson's direction at Orange, N. J., is hitting a fast clip. Eddie Borden classes Ghnouly as the best featherweight prospect for the month of July. Joe has won every bout since he went east and we are all pulling for him. It would be a good idea and a great fight to match Ghnouly with Pee Wee Terry who has done all of his boxing here. Ghnouly dropped three bouts in St. Louis to the best of my recollection. Paul Steadman and Denver Kid shaded him as did Matty White of Philadelphia. Terry defeated Paul Steadman by a narrow margin and has lost only one decision since turning professional. Dave Berry, of Springfield, Ill., beat Terry in 6.

Al Rowe, Joe Sanders' lightweight, is to show in here soon.

Results of the first open air show here follow: Sammy Offerman stopped Wesley Senn in the 5th round. Lou Terry stopped Morris Stanton in less than two minutes of the opening round. Eddie Terry shaded Tommy Bambrough of Springfield, Ill. in six rounds. Dave Berry outpunched Pee Wee Terry in another thrilling six rounder at 126 pounds. Frank Doxey beat Servano Fabia in 4.

Eddie Felix will try his hand at matching wrestlers in his new Delmar Stadium. The Stadium is a brand new enterprise.

We will have boxing shows here every Monday during the summer for the open air season.

Johnny Hoekstra and Charley Burge, his able handler, are popular here. Hoekstra is a dandy prospect and Burge is the type of gentleman the boxing game is proud of.

Phil Shapiro, Worcester fight pilot and his three battlers, Eddie Williams, Ero Peterson and Ollie Koski, have made a host of friends here. The fighters are perfectly conditioned athletes and crowd pleasers of the first rank.

Tommy Bambrough, that pleasing Springfield, Ill. welterweight, showed for the first time here against Eddie Terry. The newspaper men thought Terry outscored Bambrough but Tommy can come in any time and box again.

Wildcat Monte, Tulsa, Okla. jr. welterweight is a member of our local fight colony. Monte is a busy fighter, throws lots of gloves and can punch.

Ray Palmer, former local featherweight and always popular with the fans, is bringing his amateur lightheavyweight, Johnny Miles rapidly to the fore. Miles has been boxing once a week and has lost only three fights in three years.

Kid Bandy is promoting amateur boxing shows as is Willie Miller. Both matchmakers have the knack of bringing together good fighters and their shows are interesting. George Wilsman, will probably spare enough time from his professional flock to promote an amateur junor championship show here. Wilsman has run off a junior championship for the past three years with remarkable success.

It wont be long now! Seneca Taylor, Missouri Athletic Commissioner is looking over his fishing tackle and consulting time tables. Good luck to you "Judge."

Fighters and managers wishing to show in here, should get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

## KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

ATCHISON, Kans.—Joe Trabon knocked out Battling Clemens in the third round of a scheduled 10-round main event. Carl Lauten beat Jackie Owens in 10. Eddie Benso knocked out Tom Cable in 5. Walter Dunster knocked out Lin Clinkinbeard in 3 rounds.

Salina, Kansas—The Kansas Aggies and Manhattan combined amateur team split even in their bouts against the strong Salina Amateur boxers in a one-night show. The feature bout between heavies which proved to be a thrilling, hair-raising event, was won by Joe Torkleson against Jack Edwards. Johnny Apt promoted the bouts.

Pratt, Kans.—Les Showers promoted a successful 3-day amateur boxing tournament here, and the fans are demanding that he return again next year. Showers promoted a one-night show at Lamar, Colorado, and the entire proceeds were given to the school children, victims of the great snowbound disaster of several weeks back.

Springfield, Mo.—Bearcat Wright, Negro heavyweight of Omaha, Neb., stopped Tiger Fox, colored heavy, in the ninth round.

St. Louis, Mo.—Art Stillman beat Joe Lohman in 10. Johnny Hoekstra beat Steve Marre in 6. George Daw beat Ollie Koski in 6. Wildcat Monte dropped a close 6-round decision to Eddie Williams. Roy Mitchell won from Roy Peterson in 6 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Babe Hunt defeated Walter Cobb in 10 rounds. Hymie Wiseman beat Tommy Maroon in 10 hard-fought rounds. Charley Arthurs knocked out Rusty Shawhan in 2. Jimmy Wooten beat Jess Freeman in 6. Steve Ketchell and Gyp Zarro fought 8 rounds to a draw.

Oxford, Kans.—Walker Brothers, of Oxford, staged a 3-day amateur tournament in this city on July 2-3-4.

Tulsa, Okla.—Wilson (Indian) Dunn, a free swinging middleweight who is as wild with his punches as a spendthrift is with his money, lost his first fight in over a year by fouling Floyd Herrington in the ninth round. Dunn was a mile in the lead on points when the accident happened. Johnny Wallace and Madero Villareal drew in 10. Johnny Nichols and Bobby Calmes drew in 10. Fred Nuncio knocked out Young Sharpenstein in 2 rounds. Kid Carter and Tommy Smith fought a 3-round draw.

Sedan, Kans.—Jackie Layman promoted a one-night amateur show here and had a bracket of real hot fights.

Loose and Drifting—Hamp McNally, welter, has moved from Tulsa back to Pittsburg, his old home town. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, was a recent visitor at Fort Scott, his former domicile. Jack Slattery is still gunning with his Cuban welter to get a crack at Ira Krueger's welter Chink Chancey in some amateur tournament. Johnny Husong and Sutro Pearl are angling for a big shot in the near future to be staged in the Wichita Forum or the ball park.

Jackie Fell and Windy Wilson are two mighty sweet featherweights. These two youngsters deserve more work in the territory. Les Showers is the premier amateur boxing promoter of the West. Harold Ripple of Dodge City reports he has several bouts lined up for Angus Snyder and Chick Rains. Karl Applegate, Joplin promoter is coming into the final stage of his professional elimination middleweight tournament. Emil Aronis, of the Wichita Olympic Athletic Club has a mighty promising middleweight in Jimmy Hickey.

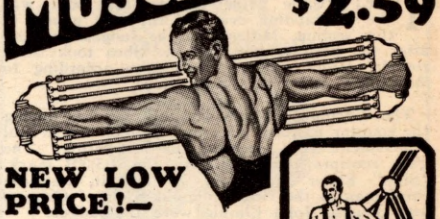
## AT ATCHISON, KANSAS

Atchison, Kans.—This town on the banks of the Missouri River has taken a new lease on its fistic life. John Fulton, who several years ago promoted a series of very successful professional cards for the American Legion here, returned to promotions in May in a card that featured Joe Trabon, Kansas City Mo., Italian, and Battling Chester Clemens, Weston, Mo. Tramon won by a knockout in the third.

Fulton, who formerly managed Clemens, plans to stage three big winter shows in Memorial Hall, featuring the best talent in the Middle West. While he has a regular traveling position, he is home long enough between trips to carry on his fight work.

At St. Benedict's college, Coach George Walsh plans to stage another series of intermural bouts next winter, spiced with several intercollegiate matches. During the past school year, Walsh had a fast team featured by Fernando Oritz Rubio, son of the president of Mexico, and a clever little mittman. In the only intercollegiate bout of the season the St. Benedict's fighters defeated a team representing the Kansas State agricultural college, six bouts to three.


BIG HUSKY MUSCLES ONLY $2.59

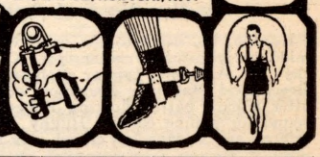


NEW LOW PRICE!—

Send No Money!

ACT quickly on this special offer. You save half on this big home Gym outfit. Husky 10 Cable Exerciser adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Complete Wall Apparatus for Back and Shoulder development. Hand Grip for husky Wrists and Forearms. Head Gear and Foot Stirrup and Harness for neck-building and sinewy Calf and Thigh Muscles. Regulation Heavy Skip Rope and novel rowing parts. And a complete illustrated Course of Instruction. All This—For Only $2.59. Act quickly before offer expires. Send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $2.59 plus postal charges. Outside U. S., cash with order.

HERCULES EXERCISER CO.
17 East 22nd St.
Dept. H-12, New York, N.Y.



MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
980 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING
Riding Academy Five Minutes from Camp Bridle Path

MOUTHPIECES MADE-TO-ORDER BY A DENTIST WHO KNOWS HOW,
for only $5.00
Why buy a ready-made ill-fitting mouthpiece that is always falling out, when you can get one made to fit you securely by my own Special Process?
Guaranteed to fit so that you can open your mouth and breathe. Made to defy detection.
Out of Town Boxers May Order By Mail.
NEW STYLE MOUTHPIECE! STOP BLEEDING & CUT LIPS!
Dr. B. HAINES
"THE FIGHTER'S DENTIST"
144 COLUMBUS AVE. (COR. 66 ST.) N.Y.
HOURS - DAILY 9-9 SUNDAY 10-1
Tel. TRAfalgar 6050

"All for $1.00, see page 61 about Gus Martel, the K.O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."

## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

**By J. JIMMIE AMANN**

THE Freddie Miller-Eddie Shea bout was the outstanding event of the past month in this section. Miller won the judges' decision after ten hard fought rounds. Shea took three rounds, Miller five and two even according to the judges' and referee's decisions.

The Cincinnatian landed timely punches during the counter fighting, although he took unmerciful punishment from Shea at the in-fighting. The gate receipts came close to the $15,000 mark. "Slim" Elmer McLelland, of Detroit, was the third man in the ring while Ed Klein of Chicago and General John Clinnin were the judges.

One sad event marred the fight from being a newspaper success when Joe Nolan, veteran sports editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, passed away at his home in Covington, Ky. in an early hour of the morning, the day of the fight. "Old Joe" as he was familiarly called was loved by all the sportsmen throughout the world, and no man a living can boast of the fact that he had more friends, direct, than Joe.

During his entire career in the boxing game, his favorite pastime. Joe made it a creed that "If I cannot boost a boy, I will not write anything about him." Another high light in Nolan's department was his known-the-world over "Visitors Register," in which every leading luminary in the sport world has signed his name. Joe served as the editor of the Enquirer for 33 years.

Joe Nolan is gone! We of THE RING as well as his thousands of admirers and friends can old say May His Soul Rest In Peace!

Ironton, O., came to the front with a big-time middleweight match when Joe Kennedy staged the Joe Anderson-Johnny Roberts bout at the Beechwood Stadium. Anderson won the decision after a hard battle, flooring Roberts in the fifth round for a nine count. Hughy Rudity was the referee and a capacity crowd was on hand.

In the prelims, George Barber, of Portsmouth, decisioned Bobby Powell, of Russell, in six rounds; Tuffy Griffiths and Chad Palmer drew in six; Art Shultz shaded Kid Williams in a four while Black Lightin' beat Bobby Brown in four.

Freddie Tompkins, hard hitting southpaw from Milwaukee knocked out Windy Meyers, of Cincinnati, in the fifth round on the Miller-Shea card. Tompkins looked great in doing this act. The duet of Glaser-Buxbaum have a great prospect here. Georgie Annarino defeated the tough Harry Ward in a six; Paul Eviston kayoed Jimmy Stewart in three and Battling Griffen stopped Harry Corbett in two.

Mickey Cohen, sensational Cleveland bantamweight, took on too big a task when he met Tommy Paul, of Buffalo, at Public Hall. Cohen was stopped in the first round. I wonder why Cohen's manager failed to take the tip which was mailed him a few days before the fight?

Joe Dragon, veteran bantam from Cincinnati, is back in training under the watchful eye of his manager Danny Davis. Dragon issues a challenge to the leading bantams of the world.

Matchmaker Jimmy Cutler, of the Victor Stier Post, No. 450, came through with two all-star cards. Jackie Raymond, the sensational Cuban light-heavyweight, was featured in both programs. Raymond made it two straight over Johnny Mack, Cincinnati veteran, by copping the verdict in six rounds and came back two weeks later to defeat Harvey Bass, of Cincinnati, in six. Raymond is going great guns.

Frankie Mieners beat Pete Leno in 6; Harvey Bass kayoed Ike Murphy in 2; Stanley Hutchinson trimmed Benny Adams in 4; Cowboy Guery beat Red Vaughn, Mickey Glass beat Jim Bowling and Larry Thacker defeated Kid Pruitt in three-rounders on the Raymond-Mack card.

The results of the prelims to the Raymond-Bass bout were: Frankie Mieners and Lee Cox drew in 6; Benny Adams lost to DeWitt Boshwer in 6; Billy Speeks knocked out Battling Rhiele in 2; Kid Katzie trimmed Cuck Kazer, Mickey Glass beat Bobbie Thacker, while Jackie Moore defeated Walter Turret in three-round bouts.

A record attendance was checked on the Raymond-Bass program for the Milford, Ohio arena. Matchmaker Jimmy Cutler, running three all-star six-round bouts, has played his shows to capacity crowds every time he shows. Cutler stages his programs every Monday night.

F. M. Foster, Bessemer, Ala., manager, will soon come north with his great lightweight prospect, Jackie Ausborne. Ausborne, last time out, trimmed Mickey Genaro, Nutmeg star. Roy Hayes, of Oklahoma, will also arrive soon with his stable of Mexican fighting aces. Both managers plan to make their offices in Cincinnati. The scribe has been appointed their local representative.

Fighters without any strings attached to them, who would like to get work in this section under capable management, should get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Also information in the game can be had by the same address. A self-stamped envelope will get a prompter than prompt reply.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . Millard Rauh learned the deaf lingo in 15 minutes . . . with Silent Rattan his teacher . . . they don't come any better than Rattan, both ability and gentlemanship . . . Jack Moran back from the Coast . . . then au revoir once again . . . Good luck Jack . . . G. C. Williams, former fight manager, now does the head work in Scotti's Italian Restaurant . . . Ninth at Main . . . other words G. C. is general manager . . . Scotti's is the rendezvous of all the sport fraternity . . . good spag, and everything . . . Johnnie Stote, Eastern grappler forced to return home . . . lack of opponents . . . would be champ if he and Reynolds ever met. . . .

Johnnie McPherson, once the brightest prospect in the Queen City now peddling peanuts at Brighton . . . Mac, if he made up his mind, could come back in a jiffy . . . Why waste your time like that Johnnie? . . . Jimmie Amann doing publicity for the Milford boxing club . . . succeeding Eddie Gerhardt . . . Billy Rose teaming up with Jack Singer out of Buffalo . . . Sammie Buxbaum says the Blue Grass is the best in the West . . . Eddie Shea can swear to this . . . Jack Reynolds learning the "Rumba." then hies himself off to wed . . . Miss Alice Martin is the lucky girl. . . .

Iota Shima leaving for his native Japan . . . a good prospect Jess Freeman, a lightweight . . . old Skinner has this one . . . Charlie Amann bulletins from New York City that Jack Berg is still the best in 140 class . . . we agree with him . . . glancing around the Blue Grass gym . . . Cavvy teaching some of the younger boys the art . . . Freeman and Brown mixing it like it was a real match . . . Skinner with his shirt open says it should always be just Skinner . . . Charlie Rieb himself squat . . . oh, yes why there's Joe Anderson himself . . . why the goggles Joe? . . . look who came in . . . McCann, Shea and Buxbaum . . . tough luck Eddie about Miller . . . but maybe next time. . . .

Izzie Schneiderman over there . . . just glancing around, eh, Izzie . . . sung the swan song with Mitchell, Heebe and O'Hara going over to Sanzere . . . We wonder why? . . . Cole Parks got into the dog racket . . . Cole has a couple of good domestic nags on his list . . . Eddie Johnson is doing around Eighthand Elm every other evening . . . why John Romano never wore spats the whole time here doing the press on the Miller-Shea mix . . . Johnnie was glad to be back in Cinci . . . and is still with the EVERLAST . . . remember when Bennie Dahlman was the Gym's champion . . . Kilbane polished off Mars so he could make the 10:15 rattler . . . Blockie Richards was the pride of Dayton and Jack Lawler mixed gloves with him . . . Charlie O'Neill was doing press for O'Brien and Hambright vs. Daly was the gate record in receipts . . . when Joe Nolan filled Harry Weldon's editor brogans on the Enquirer . . . and Bob Newhall was just coming along as a promising sportswriter . . . G. C. Williams was the "big shot" at the Dayton Gym . . . and Lou Richards was the head man . . . how could we forget such things and these . . . when Humboldt Park was running and Kid Rich was reigning sensation . . . Bobby LaSalle failed to arrive at the arena for his fight with Hambright and Sammy Smiley got out his hunting togs . . . and Bobby made a big hit . . . with a lot of monkey shines and a plenty of leather on Vince's chassis . . . and finis with a question for three certain young men to answer . . . where oh where was Elmer, Joe, and Johnny a few weeks ago . . . we will give you a start . . . Madison Avenue, Covington, Ky., about midnight . . . this might be finis this time but there's more yet to come.

W. O. (Doc) Rakestraw, superintendent of the L. B. Harrison Club was appointed by the local Boxing Commission to fill the place left vacant through the death of Edward Brendamour, Sr., Al Bechtold, secretary has been appointed treasurer. Best wishes Doc.

Zendon Jacobs, of Springfield, has the best middleweight in Southern Ohio in Joe "Battling Jocko" Walters, colored contender. Walters in his last few starts beat K. O. Kelly and stopped Buck McMillan in 2. Walters would make a great match with Gorilla Jones of Akron and would fill the highest seating capacity in either Akron or Springfield.

Like Striblin's famous "Ma," Jimmy Neal's mother "Ma" Neal, is handling her boy's business. "Ma" believes Jimmy would be the champ if he would be given the chance. If reports ring true, Neal may soon make a trip to the coast under local management. Jimmy has beaten the best around here and all the boys run to cover when his name is mentioned as an opponent.

Fred Batsche has a good heavyweight prospect in Johnny Kelly, a rugged coal miner from Scranton, Pa. By the time this goes to press Kelly will already have met Ted Graham at Milford, O.

## CLEVELAND CHATTER

**By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY**

STANLEY POREDO, the Jersey heavyweight stopped Emmett Rocco of Newcastle, Pa., at the Elysium Rink in the tenth round.

A bad cut over Rocco's eye compelled his seconds to toss in the towel. It was a great fight to look at and I tried to match Poredo with Johnny Risko, but Danny Dunn wants that fight in New York so will try and get K. O. Christner for the opening of the new Harvard bowl.

I am pinch hitting for Paul Hamilton who has been overcome by the heat. Promoter Joe Tuma gave the assignment to me, but I find that good matches are hard to get.

Paul Pirrone was stopped at Boston last week in the seventh round by the sensational French welterweight Bouillard. An effort is being made to match the Frenchman with Tommy Freeman, while the rival Boston club wants Freeman with Johnny Indrisano.

Freeman is back in good form again. At Erie he gave Canada Lee a good pasting, winning all by himself.

After a three-year wait, Phil Zwick, the fiery Dutchman finally broke into the Madison Square Garden in New York where he knocked out Jimmy Slavin, of Australia in the 2nd round. His work impressed Tom McArdle so much that he is trying to line up a shot with Battillino for Zwick.

Rosy Rosales went over for the second time at Boston when he knocked out Harry Allen, in the seventh round. He was signed to feature Eddie Mack's card at the Boston National League baseball park with George Courtney, but Courtney ducked out of the match and Rosy was signed to box Georgie Nichols, instead.

This pair fought it out in one of the roughest fights ever held in Boston. Rosales had Nichols down for the count in the first round but was knocked down himself in the third. Eddie Mack will put this pair back again soon as the Indian's eye heals, as he is a good card at Boston.

Mickey Cohen was badly matched in his fight with Tommy Paul and lasted less than a round. Paul has entirely too much experience for Cohen who has a lot to learn yet to be boxing good kids like Paul.

Walter Taylor is running weekly shows at the Equestrium and has a good card in Buhilihan, a Filipino—who is winning all his fights. Walter also plans to put on wrestling matches.

## BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

**By ANTHONY PETRONELLA**

PROFESSIONAL boxing has taken on new life in this section with the inaugural of the outdoor season. Matchmaker Sam Price is staging shows at two clubs in this state, namely, Mark Stadium at Tiverton; and St. Ann's Park at Woonsocket.

His first programmes at each place proved successes from a fan's viewpoint, and from the financial, too. At Tiverton, Tony Shucco of Boston beat Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford for the light-heavyweight championship of New England and received a silver belt.

Frankie Hennesey and Young Lefty, rival Fall River lightweights, waged a terrific draw in the semi-windup. Tommy King of Fall River won over Harry Scott, Atlantic City lightweight; Ed Briscoe of Boston received a disputable verdict over Jimmy Abbrussese of Warren and Tony Maderios of Taunton won the palm over Wildman Firpo of Providence.

As an added attraction Joe Walcott and Sam Langford, old-time colored greats, sparred for three rounds with the hearty approval of all.

Paris Apice, Providence junior-lightweight crack, reversed a previous defeat by beating Johnny Dube of Haverhill at Salem.

Billy Lynch, lightweight champion of Rhody, scored an impressive 10-round win over Billy Hines of Cleveland in the semi-final to the Bat Battalino-Johnny Datto attraction at Hartford. Lynch has installed himself as a favorite with Nutmeg fans.

LITTLE SHOTS—Tony Catalano, Providence 130-pounder, under the management of Frankie Travis, is after the scalp of any boys his poundage in this sector. . . . Cyrus Mitchell, Providence mat promoter, plans to have outdoor grunting shows this summer in the "Southern Gateway of New England." . . . Paris Apice has a new nickname. He is being called the "Jack Oakie" of the ring. . . . Frankie Curcio, Providence lightweight boxer, has retired from active ring work. . . . Babe Willard, old-time flyweight contender and brother of Paris Apice, will second his kin in future bouts. . . . Jack (SPLASH) Flynn of Providence, brother of the late Leo P. Flynn lost out in his court suit to cut in on Leo's estate.

## FROM WESTERN NEW YORK
**By TERRY J. BATTLES**

THE largest crowd that ever attended a wrestling match, turned out to open the outdoor season at Bison stadium to see Henri DeGlane, the French-Canadian title claimant, and Ed Don George, the pride of Buffalo in action. The bout resulted in a draw. DeGlane won the first fall in 13 minutes by means of a reverse body slam, into which position George worked himself by knotting his two legs about the Frenchman's chest. George gained the second fall in 16 minutes after a series of flying tackles. They went six minutes in the third joust, until the time set by the commission as the limit for all wrestling matches, which is 11 o'clock.

On the same card, George "Count" Zarynoff and Joe Malciewicz wrestled to a draw; 30 minutes time limit. Stanley Stasiak defeated Howard Cantowine, one fall, 18 minutes. Lenard Macaluso of East Aurora defeated Joe Cook, time 6.47. Karol Nowina defeated Gene Ledoux, time 16.19.

Jack Singer who has many boxers under his management has added Joe Marciante, the Brooklyn featherweight to his stable.

Steve Haliako, Buffalo lightweight champion, made quite a hit with Boston fans, when he knocked out Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge.

A mild frenzy of acclaim greeted the appearance of Primo Carnera, at Edgerton Park Hall, Rochester. Carnera may or may not be the best fighter in the world, but when it comes to drawing cash customers, Big Feet can outdraw anyone in the boxing game. About 6,000 persons fought their way into the big hall.

Lou Scozza, Buffalo light-heavyweight ace, won a ten-round decision from Tiger Roy Williams, of Chicago, at Flint, Mich.

At Rochester, Pepper Freeman, who is a very good clown and only a fair fighter, lost a six-round bout to Dominick Angelo, of Rochester. Virgil Kinkaid, Buffalo, knocked out Billy Britton, of Syracuse, in two rounds.

Terry-Bits—Lou Daro, formerly of Buffalo, who is now a big-time wrestling promoter out California way, stopped here long enough to tell us that he has offered Jim Londos $25,000 for a wrestling match with Strangler Lewis. It's not long ago that Daro had a hard time getting enough money for ham and . . . Barney Oldfield, famous auto driver, also was in town . . . Red Carr is still trying to corner Maxie Rosenbloom, for a title bout with his protege Jimmy Slattery . . If you think that wrestling hasn't taken a lot of interest from boxing, in this district, listen to this: Rochester has staged just two boxing shows, in the last two months, while Buffalo hasn't staged any. On the other hand, about eight wrestling shows have been held and they have been well attended . . . George Alesse has shifted his string of amateur fighters, from the Riverside to the Hollywood gym . . . Harry Fuller, popular Niagara Falls boxer, is now a benedict. Harry was married to the former Miss Lulu Belle Miller.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.
**By HUGH SHANNON**

CHARLIE MURRAY is still hunting for that Maxie Rosenbloom—Jimmy Slattery match for the light-heavyweight title. There was a time when Slattery could beat Maxie every day before breakfast but Jim can't do it any more.

There are really no attractive matches for Buffalo in sight. A title tilt between Tommy Paul and Bat Battalino would draw pretty well. And, according to inside dope, Battalino wants plenty for matches that involve his featherweight championship.

For over two years there has been talk of Kid Chocolate and Tommy Paul. This was red hot once and would have jammed the good old Broadway auditorium and would draw well here even now.

The glove sport is not only in bad shape in Buffalo but in Rochester, Syracuse, Binghamton, etc. Lack of good local cards and the huge demands of managers and boxers have injured boxing for the time being. A crop of hard hitters, ready to fight all comers, will bring it back. A colorful heavyweight champion would do more than anything else to revive interest. Oh for another Dempsey!

Lou Scozza, local Italian light-heavyweight, was married to Miss Betty Tripi on June 11. The popular Lou will keep right on fighting this Summer and, after a short honeymoon, Manager Bert Finch will book him for several important matches. Scozza wants another crack at Jimmy Slattery.

Big Joe Doktor has recovered from a minor operation and Manager Finch is pointing him towards matches in Detroit and Chicago. Doktor gives promise of developing into a good one.

Wrestling continues in high favor with no let up in sight. The mat sport should survive another Winter before boxing comes back to its own, which is a certainty when some real fighters are uncovered. Ed (Don) George, North Java, N. Y. boy, is the big Buffalo favorite. George went to school here at Canisius College.

Horace Lerch, sports editor of the Buffalo *Express* for over 30 years and later associate sports editor of the *Courier-Express*, died here on June 6th. Mr. Lerch was highly respected by all who knew him. At one time he was manager of Frank Gotch, world's heavyweight wrestling champion. Mr. Lerch was associated as boxing and wrestling promoter with the Queensberry A. C. of this city. He is survived by his widow, Nalbro Bartley Lerch, novelist.

Tommy Paul won a quick k. o. over Mickey Cohen at Cleveland on June 12th. Cohen looked like a good prospect but he was rushed too fast with the rugged, experienced Paul.

The writer would like to hear from some high class boxers who have no managerial ties or contracts. Address Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

## HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
**By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS**

MIDGET WOLGAST, flyweight champion in New York and Pennsylvania, won his second bout within a month from Lew Farber of New York at the Valley Arena. Wolgast scored two knockdowns. Tommy King, Fall River, junior-welter, took a well-earned decision from Eddie Dwillis of New York in a good eight-round semi-final.

Harry Alexanian, Worcester lightweight, scored a kayo over Bristol Brown of Fall River, Mass., with a right to the chin in the fourth and Ruby Bradley of Holyoke beat Kid Forcier of Worcester all the way through a six-rounder, while Al Annone of Springfield, Mass., won in the other six-rounder from Jerry McManus of Providence, R. I.

The scene of Battles has shifted over to West Springfield, under the American Legion, but still under the able promoting of Homer Rainault of Holyoke.

In the first outdoor show of the Haywood Arena of West Springfield, Pete DeGrassee won over Stanley Winneryk of Boston. Every round was full of action.

Johnny Dube of Haverhill, Mass., was given a decision over Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, Lecuyer floored Dube for a nine count and was aggressor throughout the fight but the judges decided differently.

In the last of the ten-rounders, Johnny Pena of New York won over Frankie Garcia, who substituted for Johnny Vacca on three hours' notice, and fought a very good fight with Pena winning.

Billy O'Brien of Springfield, Mass., won a four-round decision over Armond St. John of Holyoke. And Young Jefferies of Springfield, Mass., was too clever for Art O'Day of Easthampton, Mass.

Harry Lagess, well known in Holyoke, through his k.o. victory over Mickey Travers, has started a comeback by kayoing Salvi Penti of Somerville, Mass., at Kenne, N. H.

Young Jefferies won three fights last month, beating Pat Gendron at Burlington, in ten rounds, Battling Smith at Kenne, N. H. and Art O'Day at West Springfield.

At No. Adams, Mass., Meadowbrook Arena, opened up its outdoor season, with Leo Larvivee of Waterbury, Conn., winning the decision over Battling Tracy of New York in a ten-round main bout.

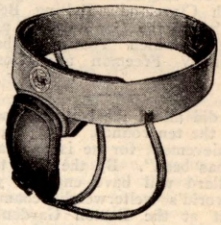
Lucien Larvivee of Waterbury, a brother of Leo, fought Milton Sample and fractured a bone in his right hand and was obliged to quit in the fifth round.

Eddie Decker of Housatonic, Mass., won a decision over Mike Toronto of Bridgeport, Conn., in a six-round fight.

Midget Wolgast won a technical k.o. over Jackie Harmon of Waterbury, Conn., in the seventh round at the Meadowbrook Arena. In the semi-final, Billy Champney of Worcester won a well earned decision over Baby Bear, Porto Rico in eight rounds.

Al Mariano of Waterbury, Conn. beat Olaf Herset of No. Adams, in six rounds. Miltch Tarso k.o'ed Kid Becket of Pittsfield in two rounds and Louis Boschetti of No. Adams, won over Billie Banas in four rounds.


The *Spalding* Foul-Proof Cup Supporter



No. 18

This Supporter has been Officially adopted in N. Y. and Pa.

The heavy metal cup has an inflated front. The belt is of white elastic with a strip of Belgium Foam Rubber at front above cup. Small, medium and large sizes. Complete with inflater. Each $10.00.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

518 Fifth Ave. 105 Nassau St.

In Newark: 589 Broad St.

Send for my Book

STRONG ARMS And BROAD SHOULDERS

for 25c coin or 30c stamps

Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands, without any apparatus.

Equal to a $20.00 Course

ANTHONY BARKER

1235 6th Avenue, Studio 61, New York City

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
108 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

BIG BARGAINS BRING YOU STEADY CASH EARNINGS!

Step into big money with Work Clothes. Every man needs Pants, Breeches, Coveralls. Long-wear's 4 complete lines sell on sight. Cash in your pocket every day. Belt Free with every 3. Complete outfit FREE.

Address Dept. M-8

LONGWEAR TROUSER CO.

489 Broome St. New York

Wrestling and Boxing Photographs, size 8x10 inches, on heavy, glossy paper, ready for framing, for sale at the Ring Bookshop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. Beautiful photos for your den.

EVERY schoolboy and college lad should take up the sport of wrestling. It is a great, invigorating, healthy sport. Learn it now. Send for the greatest wrestling books on the market. Sold by The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

| | |
|---|---|
| George Hackenschmidt's Scientific Wrestling | $1.50 |
| Frank Gotch's Wrestling | .50 |
| Text Book of Wrestling by Gruehn | .85 |
| Scientific Wrestling by Bothner | .75 |
| Earle Liederman's Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu | 3.00 |

**"All for $1.00, see page 61 about Gus Martel, the K.O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."**

## CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
**By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN**

AT last even the critical have been satisfied as to the ability of "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, New England welterweight champion. Matched with Cleveland's Belting Beauty, Paul Pirrone, at the Boston Garden, Lou proceeded to accomplish that which Young Corbett, Bucky Lawless, Tommy Freeman and Gorilla Jones could not.

Brouillard did all of the belting—and that only took eight of the ten rounds. Stopping Pirrone is really an achievement for he is only a youngster and not a "has been". By the time this goes to press, Brouillard will have engaged young Jack Thompson, world's welterweight champion, in a non-title bout at the Boston Garden. Frankly speaking Brouillard appears to be one of the greatest welterweights ever reared in New England.

Many fans will keep this RING as a souvenir number because of the Brouillard story in this issue and the writer is therefore giving a brief summary of the reception that was tendered "Dynamite" by his former home town admirers of Danielson, Conn., at Chopmist, R. I. There was a parade in Danielson with the local fire department, police department, town officials, members of the state barracks, guests from Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island participating. Following the parade guests left for Chopmist where a banquet was held. A purse of gold was given Lou at the gathering and Al Mello, from whom Lou won the title, was given a fine travelling bag. Approximately 350 guests were present.

The guests most of whom were speakers were Lou's manager, Maurice Lemoine, Promoter Cecil "Deak" Dodge, who nursed Lou along and his associate, Mr. Sullivan, Attorney Charles Murphy and Harold Nugent and Art Bergeron, featherweight boxer and intimate friend of Louis, all from Worcester. Lowell's delegation was composed of Al Mello's manager and his trainer, Nate Souza. Willimatic had sent two welcome visitors in Promoters Rothblatt and Connell who furnished Lou with his first professional opposition. Danielson's guests were Louis Peloquin, Brouillard's first manager; the champion's father, Joseph Brouillard, and his two brothers (both pugilists) Al and "Kid". King George Jacques of East Killingly and Fire Chief Put Woodward of Danielson. The committee responsible for the huge success of the venture included Chairman Nate Blumenthal, Mose Berthiaume, Jerry Boulaine, Joe Burton, Dolard Grenon, Frank Gorman and Joe LaBelle.

On the Boston undercard Vernon Cormier, featherweight stablemate of Bouillard, scored his second victory over Stanley Winnery; Victor Lotti, Marlboro lightweight, won a five-round decision from Patsy Pacino. Tommy Rawson, Jr., defeated Leo Ledous of Spencer in five.

Information will be given upon request when addressed to the writer at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass., enclosing the regular self-addressed envelope.

## WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
**By A. SOLOVEITZIK**

THE fighting depression is gone in Western Rhode Island, and all battlers looking for action can get plenty of the glove slinging business.

Big Boy Burlap, Westerly heavyweight, lost a close six round decision to Big Bill Hartwell, colored fighter from the south, at Providence, Burlap did so well in this bout, he was given a match with Rosy Batout, Canadian heavyweight.

Joe Russo, Rhode Island middleweight champ, seems to have hit the skids. The Westerly boy lost to Joe Cook of New London on a technical knockout in three rounds. Despite the fact that he has not been going so well of late, Russo is training faithfully. He is going to give Johnny Curcio, former middleweight champ of Rhode Island a chance at his crown. Russo won the title from the Providence veteran last winter, by a two round knockout.

Hookie Jackson, the latest sensation among the local fighters, lost a six round decision to Bernie Monahan of Providence, at New London. The bout was a slugging affair and the boys were immediately rematched.

Fighters who would like to appear in Westerly should get in touch with the above writer, at 13 Pleasant St., Westerly, R. I.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
**By BILL HAWKINS**

HARRY JONES, Sioux City's premier outdoor promoter has come to the front with one good show right after another. The Riverview Park promoter is also to be commended for giving the youngsters a chance to show their wares.

The opening boxing card of the season at Riverview Park, provided some excellent entertainment for the large crowd of fans. Kid Lehr, Waterloo, Ia., Jr. lightweight shaded Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha Neb. negro; Kid Ray Schneck, Waterloo, Ia. middleweight, out-boxed George Kenard, the dusky veteran from Omaha, and Pep Jennings, Des Moines, Ia. flyweight give away 13 pounds in weight, along with height and reach, and punched out a win over Young Corbett, of Omaha; Jimmy Johnson, Sioux City Jr. welter, knocked out Al Suda of Sioux Falls, S. D. in the second round, and Bobby Rogers, shaded Gene Kenny.

In looking over the results mailed in from Mason City, Ia., we find that Glen Lehr, of Waterloo, Ia. beat Billy McCabe of St. Paul, six rounds, and Kid Ray Schneck, of Waterloo, Ia. knocked out Tuffy Anderson, of Charles City, Ia. in five rounds.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Kid Leonard, of Moline, Ill. beat Billy Light, St. Paul welterweight in a ten-round bout staged her and Young Terry, tough Davenport, Ia. lightweight, won over Joe Rivers, of Cedar Rapids.

On the boxing program staged at the stag party of Sioux City lodge, No. 112, B. P. O. E. in the Elks clubrooms, five fast bouts were presented. In the six-round main event, Buzz Smith, Liberty, Neb. feather, decisioned Johnny De Otis, of Sioux Falls, S. D.; Danny Daley, clever Sioux Falls bantam, whipped Floyd Massey, of Lincoln, Neb. in four. George Kenard, Omaha negro, knocked out Jack Moore, Sioux City middleweight in the second, and Danny Schwartzkupt, Lincoln, Neb. middleweight beat Johnny Delmont, of Sioux City in four. Phil Montgomery, Sioux City lightweight, beat Joe Richards, of Lincoln, Neb.

Another good card was presented to Riverview Park fans. In the six round main event, Carl Wells, Omaha, jr. lightweight, suffered a set-back at the hands of Kid Lehr, of Waterloo, Ia. In another six-rounder, Ray Mann, Sioux City's welterweight ace, lost to Kid Ray Schneck, Waterloo, Ia. middleweight. Freddy Penn, Omaha bantam, beat Newsboy Joey Rich, of Sioux City. In the four round bouts, Mickey O'Donnell, out-boxed Young Tuffy Griffiths, and Doty Turner (colored), shaded Johnny Moran, Detroit welter.

Spencer, Ia.—In a slam-bang boxing show staged here, Wild Bill Gerdes, of Dickens, Ia., won from Elmer Rorah, of Spirit Lake, Ia. in six rounds. Johnny Moran, tough Detroit welter, held Doty Turner (colored), of Battle Creek, Mich. to a four round draw. Dox Olson stopped Denny Inman in the second. Kid Mickey knocked out Young Wilson in the third round, and Al Sutz knocked out Reddy Riner in the second. Frankie Kumzak drew with Brother Joe.

The largest crowd of the season turned out to watch Pep Jennings, of Des Moines, punch his way to an easy victory over Jackie Daniels, Omaha, Neb. flyweight at Riverview Park. Kid Carr, Onawa, Ia. middleweight won a hair-line decision over Glenn Allen of Atlantic, Ia. in six rounds. Jimmy Thompson, jr. lightweight, held Albert Manriquez of Atlantic, Ia. to a six round draw. Jimmy Johnson beat Doty Turner in four, and Harold Rogers lost by a shade to Jerry Kid Howard, So. Sioux City, Neb. bantam.

The following is a list of the results mailed in from Emmetsburg, Ia. regarding the first elimination amateur boxing tournament sponsored by St. Mary's Academy. Trickle, 196 pounds, defeated Turner, 190, of Curlew, Ia.; Fain, 158, of Emmetsburg, won by T. K. O. over Gilman, 159, of Emmetsburg, Ia.; Dick Girres, 140, of Mallard, Ia., drew with Easteon, of Curlew, Ia.; Jennings, 138, of Emmetsburg, won over Brewer, 135; Tom Jackson, 130, defeated Gretchen, by a T. K. O.; Bill Ball, 138, defeated McCormick, 135; Ronwon won over Titonka; Eddie McMahon defeated Kendle; Bob Neary out-boxed Alex Thompson; Harold Baker won by K. O. in the first round over Dan Grossnickel.

Fighters without managers wishing to show their wares in this section of the country get in touch with the writer at once. Address 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

No doubt my readers will be glad to know that Pinkie George is now located at Waterloo, Ia. Mr. George who has done a great deal of match-making and promoting around the state has the Electric Park arena there.

Last Minute Sparks—Newsboy Joey Rich is showing signs of improvement under his new manager Connie Curry. . . . Mickey Kane and Jake Isaacson, Omaha promoters, were in Sioux City looking over the Riverview Park arena. . . . Danny Desmond, Sports Editor of the Sioux City Journal speaks to the "sporting public" through his column "Sport Static". . . . Eddie Morris is being kept busy refereeing fight cards. . . . The writer would like to hear from Duke Barry. . . . Jack Murphy is a heavyweight that is making the wise ones take notice around Missoula, Mont. . . . Baby Sacco, who made it tough for all the young bantams last summer, is thinking about returning to action. . . . J. A. O'Brien will stage a series of fight cards for the American Legion at Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . Before we place this in the mail, your scribe wishes to thank all his out of town correspondents, and my local friends too, for the promptness in sending in their notes . . . sometimes there is not space for everything, so ta-ta until next month.

## INDIANA FIGHT NEWS
**By EARL McKEE**

INDIANAPOLIS is more than holding its own in the fistic world. For the last four years a major fistic show has been presented each Tuesday night the year around. From September to May, the seventeen American Legion posts of the city combine to hold shows each Tuesday night in the big National Guard Armory, and during the summer, the Fort Harrison Athletic Association holds forth at the Fort Harrison Punch Bowl, an open-air arena at the Army post located about nine miles from the city. Two wrestling shows each week also help entertain the sports followers of the Hoosier capital.

Gerald B. Ely was matchmaker for the Armory shows, which closed for the summer on May 26, and Ely will again be at the helm next season, starting early in September. His address is 5428 North Delaware street. He is anxious to keep in touch with managers during the summer months. Out at the Army post, Captain James R. Kennedy is the matchmaker, and may be addressed at Fort Harrison, Indiana.

By the time these notes are in print the new Indiana state boxing commission will be functioning. The commission was created by an act of the Indiana state legislature last January, but proclamation of the laws passed by that body has been held up by court action affecting a new bus law, and all the new laws have been held up as a result. The new mitt ruling body is composed of Andrew Weisberg, South Bend hotel owner, chairman; Lee Bays, attorney, of Sullivan, and J. R. Atles of Evansville. James I. Veach of Indianapolis has been named secretary of the body, and officers have been taken in the Circle Tower Building at Indianapolis.

The new Indianapolis boxing law follows closely laws in other states having commissions. A ten per cent tax will be collected on all admissions, which promoters will pass on to the customers by adding to admission prices. All promoters, boxers, managers, seconds, judges, referees, timekeepers and physicians will be licensed; uniform contracts will be used by all promoters, and proposed cards will be closely scrutinized by the commission, matchmakers being required to submit their programs to the commission several days before the dates for their shows.

The boxing commission will immediately seek membership in the N. B. A.

Boxing shows are being held weekly, on Thursday nights, at Muncie, and fine crowds are turning out for the cards, which are shown in the big National Guard Armory. Complete sellouts have greeted recent shows, which are under the auspices of the Muncie American Legion drum corps, with Fred Odendahl acting as matchmaker.

Evansville, Vincennes, Bedford, Terre Haute and Fort Wayne have been doing very well with fistic promotions.

Kerr, former football star at Southeastern College in Oklahoma, has had but a score of fights, but was barely outpointed by Benny Touchstone in a great battle on his first appearance in a headliner in Indianapolis. On his first showing in the Hoosier capital, Kerr whipped Harold Anderson, a Flint (Michigan) pug who had won four times at the Armory. In another ten-rounder on the same card, Burl knocked out Soldier Dombrowski of Detroit in three sessions. In a few weeks Kerr went to Oklahoma City and stopped Oklahoma Jack Dillon in nine rounds.

Another newcomer to Indianapolis is Guido Conti, Italian middleweight from Florida, who has likewise edged into popular favor as a classy performer. Conti, also, is under the direction of Atherton & McClure, as are Happy Atherton and Jackie Purvis. Conti, Atherton, Purvis and Willard Brown of the Indianapolis stable recently performed in Madison Square Garden as feature performers in Hugh Martin's new talent shows.

Among other good boys here are Red Myers (140-145), Otto Atterson (140-145), Tiger Purvis (155-169), Frank Rosenstein (160-165), Willard Chappell (160-170), Billy Rhodes (185), Packy Gardner (200), Billy Myers (175), Johnny Myers (185), Young Wills (185) (colored), Glen Nidy (138-142), Tuck Smith (110-112), Harry Babrick (112-115), Roy Woods (114-118), Sonny Mitchell (116-120), Kid Woods (122-126), Billy Long (112-118), Joe Napolitana (120-124), Frank Gierke (124-128), Bruce Britt (128-132), Tony Qualitia (133-136), Roy Pierson (137-142), Dick Porter (138-145), Carl Schmedel (140-145), Max Smith (144-148), and Eph Virt (165-179).

## EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARMAND VINCENT has achieved recognition as Montreal's leading fight promoter with his recent ventures and is on his way to the title of "Canada's greatest sports promoter." He staged the Pete Sanstol-Archie Bell bout, designated by the Montreal Athletic Commission for the world's bantam title, and then followed up with a local "natural" giving Art Giroux, newly crowned Canadian titleholder, a shot at Sanstol's piece of the title. Both attractions brought good houses that witnessed keen battles some 7,000 paying to see the Bell-Sanstol affair and nearly 10,000 crowding in to witness the Sanstol-Giroux spectacle. Vincent is doing well in the way of building up the game and here's hoping he'll keep it up.

Pete Sanstol, the blond blizzard from Norway who is now a Montrealer, lived up to his name in both of his clashes with Bell and Giroux. The bout with Bell was not so much in point of drama with Petey having the best of nearly every exchange throughout the ten rounds and the tireless Norse youth had the New Yorker slowed down to a walk in the final rounds to canter off with an easy victory plus the title.

Sanstol and Giroux engaged in a fifteen-round bout, the first match of that length staged in Canada for nearly twenty years. Sanstol had little trouble with Giroux. He floored him no less than ten times. Sanstol was impressive to the extreme. He proved he has every asset but a deadly wallop, and is entitled to full credit for his present status. Giroux was a hero in defeat, however, and the way he wobbled on determinedly to finish on his feet, was a tribute to his unexpected "guts."

Harry Leibovitz looms up as the logical lad to wear the vacated Canadian 112 lb. title. He turned in two smart wins over experienced and formidable opposition and should crash into Eddie Borden's ratings before long. Harry outpunched the shifty Harry Hill, a former Canadian titleholder in six gruelling rounds and then outsmarted the slugging New York Filipino, Tommy Palacio. Between Leibovitz and Sanstol, Manager Raoul Godbout is in rare good humour these days and why not?

Lew Farber, clever and hard hitting New York bantam, was held to a draw by Wee Willie Davies, Charleroi Welshman in the eight-round semi-windup staged after the Sanstol-Giroux bout. It was a peach of a battle and a good draw. Paul Mecteau, Gene Brosseau's clever ex-amateur champ, outboxed Eddie Saunders, heavy hitting local featherweight, in the six-round opener.

Al Foreman, British Empire Lightweight Champion, is in training as well as recuperating from an illness that has kept him inactive for seven weeks. He is rapidly returning to normal strength and stamina. Foreman's brother and manager, Harry Foreman, is expecting a match with Johnny Cuthbert or Al Brown sometime during July. Cuthbert and Brown engaged in a bout for the privilege of a match with the iron-fisted Montrealer but Brown spoiled the plans by fouling Cuthbert in the eighth. The writer is questioned every other day if Al is returning this summer and when, and what a boost the game would get locally if he did.

The front cover of this issue is adorned with a pose of Pete Sanstol, and he is worthy of a feature spot on the world's greatest sports magazine too. Fans will enjoy reading the article written about him by Elmer W. Ferguson, who is one of Canada's foremost sports writers. "Fergie" can write hockey, racing, boxing, wrestling and what not like nobody's business and is a typical newspaperman who is on the lookout for hot news and splashes it out in catchy style. He is sports editor of the "Herald," Montreal's noon daily, and makes boxing one of the features of his sheet.

## CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

AS we predicted in the last issue, "KID POPULARITY," and "Bat Boxing," have teamed up very strongly again and evidenced the fact in no uncertain manner, both in Toronto and Montreal. Popular Jack Corcoran, promoter and matchmaker of the Queensbury Club, arranged the best boxing card seen around Toronto for years, and featured an attraction that was the talk of the town for several days. Six thousand fans witnessed a helter-skelter ten-round slam-bang battle between Maxie Rosenbloom, and Charlie Bellanger the Canadian champion preceeded by four bouts of action seldom equalled in Canada.

The last time a Canadian favorite held the front cover spot on THE RING was in September 1929, when that great puncher, Al Foreman, appeared there. THE RING had a big sale in Canada, especially Montreal, that month as the fans stopped at the first newsstand where it was displayed and promptly bought one when they glimpsed their idol on the cover, which he also merited. Your correspondent wrote the story on Foreman and Al has since more than lived up to everything good said of him.

The simon-pures battled in the first open-air show of the season on the M. A. A. A.'s Golden Jubilee event for which the writer was matchmaker. Those amateurs always give action and the best of the lot include Tommy Sullivan, Johnny Keller, Hal Stewart plus a few others. Supervisor Denis White guards the simon-pures.

The main attraction, at the Arena Gardens between Maxie Rosenbloom and Charlie Bellanger, saw one of the greatest fights, and we mean fights ever witnessed here, especially from the fifth to the ninth rounds, when the sturdy Canuck almost had the fans in hysterics with spectacular rallies. Rosenbloom boxed a heady battle and to our thinking won a very close bout, and received the decision, but a large number of the crowd thought otherwise, and gave a tremendous ovation, to the battlin' westerner. "Boy, that bout was a 'Lulu' "!

George Sidders, cliamant to the Canadian welterweight crown, drew Ronnie Headley of Ottawa, as an opponent in the semi-windup and amazed the crowd with his accurate and sharp hitting. Sidders experienced little trouble with the Ottawa contender, as he shot a terrific left to the chin in the third.

Jimmy Travis, smart English featherweight, and Jackie Johnstone, Toronto star, gave a thrilling exhibition, with Johnston winning. Knute Christensen, a durable Danish fighter scored a technical knockout over Ray McIntyre, of Detroit, 5 rounds. Tommy Bland, of Toronto, won a pleasing battle from Billy Hindley, formerly of England. It was a great night's sport.

Montreal, also came back with a bang, and drew 10,000 wildly cheering fans for the Pete Sanstol-Art Giroux fifteen-rounder. Sanstol gave the gallant little Frenchman a beating and won the unanimous verdict of the judges after a very interesting battle.

Toronto promoters are figuring on several big outdoor attractions for the summer. Such fighters as Mickey Walker, Battling Battlino, the featherweight champion, and Jack Kid Berg, among other celebrities, are being sought.

Jack Peppin, the Winnipeg promoter, sends word along that Quina Lee, a corking good flyweight prospect, is now boxing under his direction and wants to send him east against Steve Rocco or any of the flyweights. Lee has a good record, but it is doubtful whether Lee or any other fiyweight as far as that goes, would draw here.

Laurie Peppin, claimant to the Canadian middleweight title, scored an easy win over Mike O'Day billed as the "Omaha Assassin" at Winnipeg. The "Assassin" received his "assassination," after two rounds. Steve Trojack, a heavyweight prospect, sent Ernie Potter of Minneapolis, to the cleaners in the first. Quina Lee popped down in front of Frankie Wolfram ,of Winnipeg, in the best battle of the card.

Since Larry Gains won over Phil Scott, his name has naturally been often mentioned in local sporting circles. Incidentally we would like to mention through this column that Gains scored a two-round knockout over Max Schmeling in a bout at Cologne, Germany in 1925. Joe Jacobs please note, that Gains was the victor.

Fighters, young and ambitious, who want to get ahead in the boxing game, are advised to get in touch with the writer, Care Queensbury Club, 2 Toronto Street, Toronto, send all particulars, records and pictures, with correspondence, together with a stamped envelope for reply. Antiquated performers, who would like to spend their declining years in this vicinity, please save your stamps, as the boxing game is on the upward trend here, and young fellows of promise who can really fight, can get some real money in Canada this season.

"On The Spot, And In The Spotlight"—Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champ, mingling with the beauties of the "Merrymakers troupe". Rosenbloom waxed funny, at the race track . . . asked Frank Bachman, his manager for $500 to bet on a horse. Frank gave him the icy stare . . . dropped it to a $50 plea . . . refused again . . . Maxie came back with the crack . . . "world's champion 'eh' and can't get $50 bucks!" . . . Dave Stormont, 250 pounds of good nature, funster et al, "Don't forget the number boys" . . . Playfair Brown burning the midnight oil, seeking attractions for outdoors . . . Willie Morrisey, manager of Steve Rocco, scanning the boxing horizon for heavyweights in the rough . . . Jack Corcoran preparing for a busy outdoor campaign, with the "rassler" and the boxers, this enterprising young fellow believes in giving the clientele plenty for their money . . . he certainly did, when his horse "Fire Girl" . . . paid $204 at the Woodbine track some time ago . . . George Harris, of the Queensbury staff, driving his new Reo . . . but still keeps his hat on . . . Dave Stormont remarks because "it ain't what it used to be. . . ."

## WINNIPEG, CANADA SHOTS

By GEORGE WALKER

FRANKIE BATTALIA scored another k. o. victory, this time over Young Joe Sharkey, Chicago middleweight. This makes it seven in a row. Other results on Jack Cancilla's card follow:

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis flyweight beat Frankie Wolfran, Winnipeg; Young Stroppa, Winnipeg knocked out Kid Staunch, 2; Joe Wakeham beat Young Schofield, 5; Joe Semengh beat Pat Sheridan, 5.

At Sashmatoon—Del Fontaine, Canadian middleweight champion beat Ted Moore, England, 10 rounds.

At Winnipeg's Canadian Legion show—Lawie Lippin, well-known Winnipeg middleweight stopped Mike O'Day, Omaha, in two. Quina Lee, Southern flyweight, drew with Frankie Wolfran, 10. Sammy Decosino beat Pat Sheridan, 4.

Freddie Blockridge, Dominion amateur middleweight champion, intends to turn pro and will go under the management of Jack Whittall, Jr.

If anyone in Canada by the name of Markham, who is related to Dobbs, Bissett or Perrin of Walworth, London, England, will get in touch with Ted Broadribb of No. 4 Phelp Street, Walworth, London, England, same will be appreciated by Ted. The Markhams landed in Canada about a quarter of a century ago.


EARN MORE PAY with QUAKER FREE OUTFIT

FREE SHIRTS TIES CASH BONUS GIVEN

Start earning right away. Quaker will help you with a marvelous free sample outfit that gets orders everywhere. Men's Fine Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, Workshirts, Sweaters, Lumberjackets. Unmatchable values. Ironclad guarantee. Unique selling features bring easy orders. Write NOW.

QUAKER SHIRT CORP.
Dept. R-8 1107 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL FOR $1.98

OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

GUS MARTEL gives 8 of the most complete athletic courses in the world, Boxing, Training, How to be fast, "And stand on a handkerchief without being hit as he showed Griffo," Physical Culture, Muscular Development, How to eat all you want at ½ the cost and gain strength including his copyrighted Secret Sure K. O. Punch, first fighters punch in history adopted by the Police to battle criminals. It's amazing, also his K. O. Record all for $1.98. But should I get what would have cost me, at least $25.00 it is then up to me to send more if I want to, and not otherwise considering I will save more than $1.98 the first week on eating alone. Send that $1.98 NOW, TODAY to Gus Martel, World's K. O. Record Holder, 198 Broadway, New York City, Dept. 128.

GUS MARTEL Famous Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder of The World.

SAVE ON TIRES

LOOK! TIRES NEW LOW PRICES Why Pay More?

GOODRICH · GOODYEAR · U.S. Firestone and OTHER TIRES

12 MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED

Low Prices on Rebuilt Tires

Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U.S.A. Our 16 years of business speaks for itself. This big responsible company will supply you with reconstructed standard make tires at lowest prices in history—Guaranteed to give 12 months' service otherwise Replaced at half Price.

DON'T DELAY—ORDER TODAY

| Size | CORD Tires | Tubes | Size | BALLOON Tires | Tubes |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30x3 | $2.20 | $1.00 | 29x4.40 | $2.30 | $1.10 |
| 30x3½ | 2.25 | 1.00 | 29x4.50 | 2.40 | 1.15 |
| 32x3½ | 2.70 | 1.15 | 30x4.50 | 2.45 | 1.20 |
| 31x4 | 2.95 | 1.15 | 28x4.75 | 2.45 | 1.20 |
| 32x4 | 2.95 | 1.15 | 29x4.75 | 2.45 | 1.20 |
| 33x4 | 2.95 | 1.15 | 30x4.95 | 2.90 | 1.35 |
| 34x4 | 3.50 | 1.15 | 29x5.00 | 2.95 | 1.35 |
| 32x4½ | 3.20 | 1.45 | 30x5.00 | 2.95 | 1.35 |
| 33x4½ | 3.20 | 1.45 | 28x5.25 | 2.95 | 1.35 |
| 34x4½ | 3.45 | 1.45 | 30x5.25 | 2.95 | 1.35 |
| 30x5 | 3.60 | 1.75 | 31x5.25 | 3.10 | 1.35 |
| 33x5 | 3.60 | 1.75 | 30x5.77 | 3.20 | 1.40 |
| 35x5 | 4.45 | 1.75 | 30x6.00 | 3.20 | 1.40 |
| All Other Sizes | | | 31x6.00 | 3.20 | 1.40 |
| | | | 32x6.00 | 3.20 | 1.40 |
| | | | 33x6.00 | 3.20 | 1.45 |
| | | | 32x6.20 | 3.50 | 1.65 |

DEALERS WANTED

Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. We ship balance C.O.D. Deduct 5 percent if cash in full accompanies order. Tires failing to give 12 months service will be replaced at half price.

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 646
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

## BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club continues to run its weekly shows and give the fans more than their money's worth of fighting. They have shown many of the best boys in the south at their arena this season and are looking for some big things next fall and winter. Fighters, get in touch with the matchmaker early so he can keep your name on file if you want to get booked.

Lee Broushue, light-heavy is laid up with a broken rib. He is one of the hardest hitters in the south.

Carl Knowles, a fine prospect, is now taking a rest at Tybee Beach and says he will get back into real action in about 30 days. He never fails to pack them in wherever he fights. Dr. Baron Haag, is his manager, Rome, Ga.

Monroe Porter stayed the limit twice with Carl Knowles. Porter always gives his best.

Sammy Lucas, a Savannah boy now located in Jacksonville, sure looks good to the writer. For a featherweight he can certainly punch.

Pat Flaherty, Irish welterweight is the most improved boy around Savannah. Look out for Pat next winter. He is sure to go over.

Bulldog Downs, is fighting like a real one now. He went over big in Charleston.

Speaking of Charleston, Manley S. Sullivan has the best-looking arena in the south and he is giving them good shows.

Abe Luckey could not do his best against Harry Burkel due to a sore left hand.

Pee Wee Harper of Augusta has the makings of a real fighter. He is a good puncher and as game as they come. Watch this boy.

Young Patsey Haley is going good but needs more opposition.

Charlie Kid Sharpe always gives the fans plenty of action and is a good clean kid. He lost to Frankie Doyle but wants another shot at him and he will get it. Frankie Doyle is a great little fighter, when in shape.

Reddy Pitts, Jackie Wilson, Jimmy Tuten and the other Savannah boys are all eager of work.

Ft. Benning, Ga., has some good fighters that are always open for offers. Tanks Grantham is handling them.

Joe Knight is sure to go to the top because he is a real fighter and a gentleman. Once you meet him you will fall for him. Get busy big promoters and don't pass this boy up. He is sure money.

Saw Wilbur Stokes and Roy Bailey of Lakeland go and believe me they sure look good. Nixon Jones of Lakeland is handling them. Stokes gave Martinez a great beating.

Pat Flaherty, star welter, gave Jackie Wilson a neat beating.

Charlie Kid Sharpe, bantam, is coming along fast. He stopped Big Bill Thompson in 4 rounds. When right Sharpe is a buzsaw.

Kid Williams is back in condition and says he is ready to take any middleweight in the south.

Am glad to see that Pat Boynton is back in the game again. He is handling Sam Crosby and is located in Waycross, Ga. You can't find a better manager.

The writer would like to hear from Mickey Ford.

## ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

DUE to limited space in this great magazine, this column will give only the outstanding results, and things of importance. Don't miss it, and don't forget "THE RING," for the most and best dope.

The Gorgas Post, in Birmingham, promoted the Petey Sarron-Davey Abad fight before a packed crowd. Sarron won by a vast margin in ten rounds.

Bill Cather, Birmingham welter and promoter in a few small towns of the State, failed in his comeback, and was knocked out by K. O. Terry, of Canton, Ohio.

Jackie Ausborne, the Bessemer featherweight, who mowed down opponent after opponent in the last six months, suffered a deep gash over one of his eyes in Miami, and was stopped in the fifth by Albert Leon.

At Anniston, Ala., Whitey Sailors, of Birmingham, defeated K. O. Terry, of Ohio, in the Legion Post show, with Bill Cather as matchmaker.

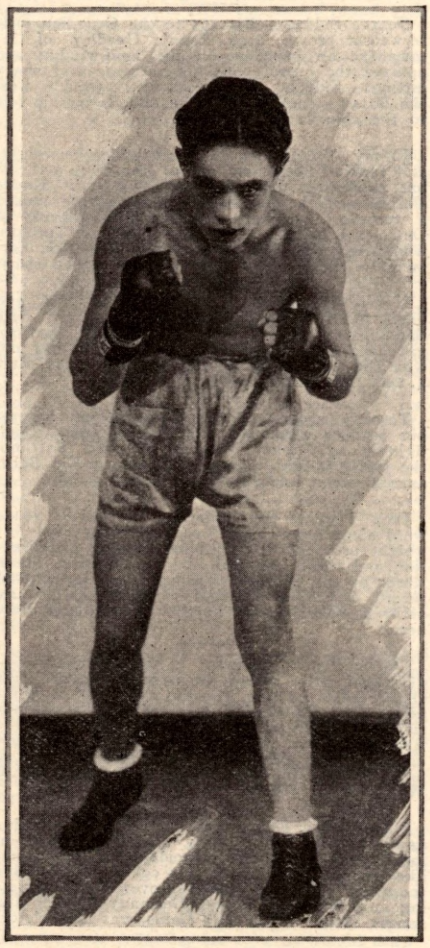
At Selma, Ala., Jack Ausborne beat Chic Meharon in ten rounds.

More than two hundred amateur fighters in this locality box for The Gorgas Post, in Birmingham, and The Tarrant City Post, which run six good shows per month. Bill Cather assists in matching the boys.

The Post No. 1, in Birmingham, promoted two big wrestling cards, and each drew well. Ernie Dusek threw Joe Cox. Jack Shannon lost to Tommy Marvin. All heavyweights.

Promoter Sam Siegel, who is also the referee, believes in juggling the wrestlers. Tommy Marvin downed Ernie Dusek, and Marshall Blackstock beat Nazarene Poggi, an Italian. The crowds are getting larger at each show.

The Gorgas Post No. 115 featured Battling Bozo, who pounded Jack Webb, Florida heavyweight, in ten rounds at the Auditorium.



*Vicente Torres, colorful Mexican bantam, full of action*

## IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

JACK KING, the Little Rock welter, is going great guns in these parts. He has stopped every opponent he has fought in the last six months with the exceptions of Luther Orr, Memphis middleweight, and Jimmy McGraw of Detroit, fighting out of Memphis. He stopped Eiler of Louisville, in the fourth round of a fast bout in his first show here. On the same card, Fred Rivialto drew with Spruce Gibbs in six rounds. Eddie Stewart lost a decision to Don Burton, of Blytheville, Ark., and Gene Demontriville K.O'd, Kid Blalock, in three rounds.

The Legion A. C., with Bob Beck as matchmaker, has opened the outdoor season here.

Greenville, Miss., opened its summer season with Luther Orr, and Jack King of Little Rock. Orr dropped the decision, his first loss in a year. Billy Maclin beat George Copeland in eight rounds.

Greenwood, Miss., opened its outdoor season with Babe Ruth of Louisville, Ky., and Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala., Sarron winning. Fred Rivialto lost to Sailor Cambell, of Greenwood. The decision was unpopular. This is the best little spot in the south, and boys should, and will draw here if they will fight. The Ruth-Sarron fight drew $1200.

Little Rock, Ark., has a show every week, drawing fair, and packing them when King fights.

Jackson, Tenn., is going along nicely. The clubs here are using such boys as Tarzen Leggett, Luther Orr, Danny Long, Jack Taylor, and other good ones. Leggett is their best drawing card.

To the managers and fighters of the Tri States—if you want to get your boys into print, *get the news to the writer* before the 15th of each month. Fighters who are looking for work in these parts get in touch with the writer at The Catholic Club, Memphis, Tenn.

## MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

WITH the reopening of the open air arena at Fort Washington, Md., Washington fans were given their first opportunity to witness a boxing show since last fall. Twenty-five hundred fans traveled the fifteen miles by motor or boat to see the show. Three tens, a six and four consisted the program and each bout was a whang. Jackie Portney and Phil Raymond punched each other all over the ring for ten heats and the verdict was a draw. Reds Barry pitched plenty at Joe Finazzo for ten heats and got the nod. Sailor McKenna outpointed Clarence Sloat in the other ten. Frankie Mann is acting as matchmaker for the Post.

On July first a new open air area will open at Laurel, Md. This site is halfway between Washington and Baltimore, Md. Angy Guerin is the director-general of the new outfit. The arena will have a seating capacity of ten thousand and the Frenchman promises top-notch attractions.

The most complete boxing arrangement ever witnessed by the writer is the Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va. Arthur Emmerson the promoter has an enclosed arena with a seating capacity of three thousand and next to the inclosed area, is an open air arena of similar size. The two are so completely equipped that it is possible to move the attendance from outside to inside in the event of rain while the show is in progress. Emmerson runs weekly, rain or shine, and always plays to a capacity house.

Nick Antonelli, former New York featherweight, now making his home in Washington, is going great guns at Portsmouth, Va. Nick recently dropped a decision there to Tootsie Vashara after having the Norfolk, Va. boy on the floor for two counts of nine. Antonelli wrenched his back in the sixth round of this bout and was compelled to ease up for the balance of the route.

Danny Kid Russell, pride of the Eastern Shore, stepped into one of "Reds" Journee's powerful rights recently at Salisbury, Md. and the lights went out in round one. Journee is a powerful hitter. Journee also recently won over Joe Rohanna.

Doc Conrad, Newark, N. J., and Bobby Godwin of Florida boxed a ten-round draw at Portsmouth, Va. Godwin is very popular in the Virginia city.

The American Legion of Newport News staged a boxing show there recently. Eric Larsen of Newport News was handed a decision over Reds Barry of Washington. Stumpie Jacobs received the nod over Sailor McKenna, Pete Powell won over Jabe Novas and Jimmy Bond knocked out Doc Belcher.

Bob Turner, Newport News middleweight, is one of the most promising boys in this vicinity. Turner recently dropped a decision to Eric Larsen but gave a wonderful account of himself considering his experienced opponent. Larsen dropped a decision to Jake Denning in eight heats at Virginia Beach. Denning got off to a good start in this bout but Larsen was coming strong at the final bell.

Joe Smallwood, Washington welterweight and Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia, fought a hard ten-round draw as Lynchburg, Va. Smallwood also fought a ten-round draw with Billy Algiers at Roanoke, Va.

Jumbo Eggleston, former Washington middleweight, is training for a comeback. Jumbo is one of Washington's most popular boys.

Eddie Buell and Frankie DeAngelo are two other Washington boxers back working after a lay-off of several months. Both these boys will show shortly at the Ford Washington, Md., arena.

Buddy Goodrich, Newport News, Va. middleweight has taken unto himself a wife. Goodrich runs a gym for professional boxers at the Virginia city.

Before the summer is out, Marty Gallagher, former Washington heavyweight will return to these parts for a showing before his homefolks Marty has been going great guns of late.

Ray Bowen, Washington lightweight was flattened by Johnnie Hayes in five heats at Philadelphia. Hayes seems to be Ray's jinx as Ray beats boys that take Hayes. This is the second knockout victory Hayes has scored over Bowen.

## FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO.

EDWARD JOHN TOMASELLO (Tommy Cello) retired lightweight champion of California, has a sweet prospect in Nish Kerkerian, Fresno, 19 year old Armenian lightheavyweight. At Dreamland, Bud Stringham had Nish on the floor for a nine count, but Nish got up and K. O'ed Bud in the third round. This was one of the most sensational bouts seen in this neck of the woods in years, and the promoters lost no time in rematching the pair.

Speedy Dado, bantam, scored a two round K. O. over Raymond Montoya. Dado is rated one of the best bantams in California. Montoya defeated Kid Francis. Montoya lost an unpopular decision to Newsboy Brown. Speedy Dado plans an invasion of the east and figures that August looks promising for the trip.

Paddy Ryan, manager, and Joe Conde, featherweight from San Francisco, have come to terms.

Here is a good bout for Hollywood—a natural—Klick vs. Conde. Klick, a big card there, is considered one of the best featherweights in the business to-day, and Joe Conde who will draw every Mexican in Los Angeles.

Now we'll let Hippo Burns say his part. Yes, he's boosting the stocks of Lou Savin, who has had eleven bouts and won them all by K. O.'s. Larry White is the manager and Hippo Burns is the trainer.

Seattle Promoters are after the services of Chick Delvin for a match with George Dixon. Larry White said its a go if the northern promoters are agreeable.

Clem Hamill, manager of fighters who fight, has quite a stable in Al Citrino, 122, Roy De Gans, Johnny Jaeger, Willie Davis, former amateur, Rudy Geutsch, Stanley Brady, Eddie Citrino and Mike La Grande.

Al Citrino is one of the best prospects in the featherweight division seen in these parts. He has beaten some of the best boys on the coast. His bouts total but seventeen and he has never been defeated.

Chic Devlin won a decision over Bud Gorman in a main event at Dreamland.

Punching Paul Negri, Joe Dutras welterweight, comes from a fighting family. His two brothers, Dummy Thomas and Frankie Thomas were of four round fame.

Andy Divodi is making trips via plane to and from Los Angeles. . . . Jack Connors is telling his short stories. . . . Captain John Flammer has charge of the gate at Dreamland. . . . Harry Jacobson, manager, is following the footsteps of his fighter, Red Weinberg, and has started to train for a match with Smileys champ, Al Johnson.

Don Colgate, heavyweight of Larry White, has his eyes set on a professional career. He is twenty-one, fairly tall and of good build, and in the few amateur bouts that he has had, he looked like a promising youngster.

Bob Stevens, Paddy Ryan's lightweight, is another boy who shows plenty of promise, but Mr. promoters fail to see this.

K. S. (Pop) Hubley, manager, has two real good boys in Lew Snyder and Lee Ramage. Snyder Koed Pinky Urquidi and Alfredo Imperial, beat Frankie Paluso, Sid Torres, Sammy Seaman, Young Sport and Young Salazar—all tough nuts in the bantam division in the southern part of the state.

Lee Ramage, they say, is better than benzine, because he cleans everything. He defeated Sandy Garrison, Jimmy Hanna, koed Joe Goeders, Jimmy Dermott, Andy Dumbler and Wally Frazier. Some souvenirs these two boys have? Right?

Tim McGrath, manager, is going to send his battler, Cowboy Jack Willis down to Mexico City some time this summer to fight Bert Colima.

The California managers association is now three months old, and so far, so good. The officers follow: The southern branch, Tom Kennedy, president; Tom Jones, vice president; F. A. Holmes secretary. The northern branch—Benny Ford, president; Larry White, vice president, and J. "Moose" Taussig, secretary.

There are 208 licensed managers in the state of California and 196 of these 208 are members of the California managers association. The object of the association is to help any disabled boxer under the management of any of the members of the association.

Two shows per year are given for the sick fund and the managers association work with the State Athletic Commission.

Promoter Al Young, they say, took out a license to promote wrestling matches.

K. O. Eddie Roberts, after more than a year's layoff, came back to the fistic wars at Dreamland Auditorium and lost a decision to Jimmy Evans in a sensational mill. In the fourth round, Roberts had Evans on the verge of a K. O. In the ninth round, Evans stretched Roberts on the canvas for a nine count, but Eddie got up, and in the last round they fought like two gamecocks.

Al Johnson, Smiley's fighting Swede, was asked if he cared for a return match with "Red" Weinberg. Johnson said that he wouldn't only fight Weinberg, but he'll also fight his manager, Harry Jacobson.

Joe Roche, in his comeback, won all of his bouts with the exception of one. It looks like old times, because his former manager, Pat Sylvester is looking after him again.

There are only four fighters in the bay region who are fighting to-day that were fighting in the four round days and they are: Joe Roche, middleweight, Angelo Pappas, welterweight, Al Robinson, flyweight, and Young Pancho Villa, insect weight.

Fritz Reschert, the maker of champions is still at the job at the Taussig and Ryan establishment and is doing fine.

"Moose" Taussig sent three boys to Japan to fight and they were mighty lucky lads. Don Levy, welterweight, Johnny O'Donnell, bantam, and Romeo Pavolini, lightweight were the three. "Moose" Taussig represents the Japanese Club in Japan, and claims that within the next three months, he will send over a few more boys.

Punching Paul Negri, in his last bout, won over Fred Bitnoff at Dreamland in six rounds.

Frankie Klick, the coast's featherweight champion, is a very proud young fellow. His little wife gave birth to a six pound baby boy.

Keep your peepers on this column for late California ring gossip and any late news you may read that might be news to your friends, don't forget you saw it in THE RING.

Boxers, send me your photos to insert in THE RING.

I have often been asked where to obtain a book on bag punching. The Ring Book Shop sends such a book for 50 cents. Also you fight and wrestling fans who seek pictures of your favorites. I can send them to you. THE RING photo department has beautiful photos of all wrestling and boxing stars, size 8 by 10 inches, price $1.00 each.

## FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—The best fight of the month ended in a tragedy. Stanley "Popeye" Sargant, game Vancouver boxer, was leading when a left-hook caught him off guard in the fifth round. He was up without a count and as he reached out his arms to taper off, Pete Meyers, his California opponent uncorked a short right that ended the battle and the ring career of Sargant, who remained unconscious some sixteen hours before death. It was the force with which Stanley hit the floor that caused a brain injury.

Pete Ritter, 161, Salmon Creek, Wn., chilled Jimmy Clark, Seattle, in four. Al Trumans, 153 San Diego, won on a T. K. O. over Willard Norton, 155, Eugene, in five. Red Millet, the "clowning fool," kayoed Jess Hottinger, 153, Astoria, in two. This was a middleweight tournament card of Harry Hansen.

On another Hansen card featuring middleweights Ray McQuillan 159, Denver Negro, outslugged Rocky Smith, 161, Jersey City veteran, in six. Pete Ritter defeated Cowboy Brooks, Texas, in six. Stanley Sargant kayoed Jiggs Dossey, substituting for Kenneth Kent, in one. Indian Jack Crim, Klamath Falls, beat Fred Gallas middleweight, in six.

For Ralph Gruman, Eddie Thomas, Northwestern Lightweight Champion, easily outpointed Benny Pelz, Portland slugger, in all but rounds one, two, and three. Jumbo Davies, Victoria, and Ray Archer Seattle lightweight, drew in six.

JUMBLED GEMS—All the cards of the last month were shown under new bargain prices—Leo Lomski, who was slightly injured in an auto accident recently, has located in the Rose City district of Portland from Aberdeen, Wn.,—Joe Marcus made a hit in his New York debut and will show again—Tom Medle, well-known conditioner of boxers, died recently in Oswego from a heart attack.

At Marshfield, Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, kayoed Denny Lenhart, San Jose heavyweight, in eight. Referee Cederstrom was floored by a wild swing of Byrne's and Promoter Lillard unscrambled the comical melee.

At Marshfield, Eddie Thomas, 135, Bellingham, easily defeated Joe Coffman, 139, Coquille, in ten.

## MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

ART GIROUX, Maine's flyweight champion, is going like a house on fire. He won from Willie Davies, Joe Villeneuve and Frankie Garcia.

In the Knights of Columbus show at Bangor, Jimmy McGonnigal of Rumford won in twelve rounds over Harrison Allen of Salem, Mass. Down twice in the first round, Cyclone Viollette, Old Town, came back to kayo Larry Dowd, Salem, Mass., in the fourth round.

Vincent Forgione, Philadelphia, outpointed Cowboy Jack Willis, of San Francisco at Portland, Me.

Pat Grant, Eastern Maine's latest sensation, surprised by kayoing Buster Price, of Lynn, Mass. at Bangor.

Charley Miller former Bangor boxer is running a training camp at Moosehead Lake.

In Portland, Harold Mays of Gardiner, the Pine Tree heavyweight champion, won a closely fought go from Con O'Kelly, Ireland.

Tex Austin is back in the RING office and may visit Maine again as in past years. Come again Tex.

Lincoln is planning an array of bouts for the summer season that will show some of the best talent in these parts.

Pete Lucci, Boston, went to a draw with Rene Loubier, 135, of Canada at Rumford before a full house.

## SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

AT the Auditorium in Spokane Carl Johnson was given the nod over Red Vandervert in the main event. Al Gracio took the decision from Lee Roberts and Hank Vogt easily outpointed Rocky Moore.

Ted Thye took two out of three falls from Stanley Pinto at Jack Routledge's "show" and Robin Reed took two falls from George Mahoney.

John Freberg took two out of three falls from Stanley Zbyszko at the Post Street Theater in Spokane. Stanley Pinto broke even with Bonnie Muir, and Huston Stockton and Harold Rumberg drew.

Maxie Rosenbloom gained a ten-round decision over Fred Lenhart at the Alan (Idaho) Punch Bowl in a non-title match, while Frankie Holland and Johnny Casebeer stole the show. Casebeer won by the K. O. route in the fifth canto.

Bob Kruse lost two out of three falls to John Evko in the bouts at the Post Street and Leo Numa took one fall from Jack O'Dell.


LEARN TO DANCE $1

Why be a lonely, unpopular wall-flower when you can learn all the smart dances, from the most modern to the old favorites—at home, in private, without teacher or music or partner? Complete course only $1.00; so simple even a child can learn quickly. Send $1 stamps, cash or M. O. Larger book—300 pages—50 illustrations $1.98 (C.O.D. orders 25c extra and shipping charges). One full course given free if two are ordered.

FRENCH ROY, Box 131, Varick Sta., New York, N.Y., Dept. H-93

for Your Spare Time Until Xmas!

$57 in 33 Minutes earned by J. K. Reid, Rutherfordton, Miss.

$240 in 55 Minutes earned by Gladys Peace, Shreveport, La.

Can you use a thousand dollars? Make a year's income in the next few months' spare time with the fastest selling line in America—Process "Famous Artists" Christmas Greeting Cards, imprinted to customers' order. Designs by James Montgomery Flagg, and other world famous artists—prices as low as for ordinary cards!

You earn from the first hour with our confidential sales plan—no experience needed, no calling on strangers. Friends, relatives, neighbors order on sight. Three million old customers waiting!

We send you big outfit, everything FREE—tell you where to go, what to say. Get your share of over a *million dollars* in commissions, cash bonuses, prizes and dividends we are paying this season. State time you can devote. NOW!

The Process Corporation Dept. 962-A Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

*Division Managers Wanted in Towns of 50,000 or less*

**"All for $1.00, see page 61 about Gus Martel, the K. O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."**

## AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

**By JAMES J. MANNION**

PERTH was the scene of two title bouts during the month. In the first, Jimmy Dexter won on points from Tich Wilson in 10 rounds at the Unity Stadium. The West Australian bantam title was at stake. Also at the Unity, Jack Cullen got a T. K. O. over Kid Reid in a W. A. lightweight championship bout.

Rus Critcher climbed a step higher when he outpointed Wally Hancock at Sydney Stadium. It was a great fight, with little between the boys.

Tommy Crowle lost on points to Leo Winch at Hobart in a keen battle.

Jack Heeney is improving. He gave Tommy Carr a licking at Fitzroy, and only exceptional grit kept Carr at it until the referee stopped the bout in the ninth round.

Hoyt's Ltd. is planning an ambitious winter campaign in the boxing world. Miniature golf took the place of talkies in several of their theatres, but with the passing of the craze, the management now proposes to turn six of them—one city and five suburban—into stadiums, in Melbourne. The Lyric, Prahran, is the first to be converted. This announcement, by the way, is about the most promising bit of boxing news we've heard for a long while.

Ken McLure disappointed in his bout with Jack Heeney. Heeney won an uninteresting fight.

When Billy Grime pulled off the lightweight title last month he seemed to be on the upgrade again. Perhaps he is, so far as the lightweights are concerned; but not as a welter. He was easily outpointed in 15 heats by Wally Hancock at Leichhardt. Evidently Billy can no longer give away a stone or so and win.

Another defeat came Tommy Fielding's way when Fred Hannaberry outpointed him. He's not living up to his early promise by a long chalk. But Hannaberry is having a great run. Fielding was his 20th victim in succession.

George Cook sprang a wee surprise on Melbourne fans when he KO'd Leo Bandias in round 9.

Bad organization and lack of publicity are generally planned for the loss of interest in Sydney boxing.

Bob Thornton, a hard hitter, drew with Frank Green at Roughcutters Bay, but the few spectators seemed to think Bob had the better of matters. These two are middles.

Jackie Cross outpointed Ernie Myers over 12 rounds at Fitzroy in a great tussle. Myers had won 25 straight until he met Cross.

Crahran Stadium had a great opening night with a full house and a great programme. In the main event Bert Malcolm got the decision over Tommy Carr in 15 rounds. Bert Spargo refereed.

Yank Pearl gave a draw decision when Wally Hancock and Tommy Fielding finished a fierce encounter at Leichhardt. Hancock 10.6½.

Billy Richards stopped Billy Thomas (Wales) in the 9th at Sydney. Enter Tragedy!

Bob Coffey lost on a T. K. O. to Bob Singleton in round 9 at Leichhardt, and died about 24 hours later. He was a promising lad—19 years old.

Billy Negus and Jack Heeney fought a desperate 15-rounder at Fitzroy. Negus gave a forceful display and got Bill Lang's decision.

Pete Herman won a good fight from Mike O'Connor on points at Fitzroy.

Norm Johnson (Queensland) drew with Walter Libert (Belgium) in 15 rounds at Brisbane.

Australia's welterweight hope, Jack Carroll, outclassed Tony Tuzzolino (middle) in Sydney. Carroll is undoubtedly a great fighter. Even Palmer would have trouble licking him. Some critics think he could beat the young middleweight champ.

Jimmy Dexter lost on points to Joe Blake in Perth. His state bantam title was not at stake.

Will Lawless ("Solar Plexus"), deserves the thanks of the Australian boxing public for his excellent proposals for the control of the game here. Likewise "The Sporting Globe" (Melbourne) has earned a pat on the back for giving a prominent position to the famous scribe's timely article. The question is—will the advice be needed by those "up top".

At Loxton (S. A.) Joe Murray, state lightweight champ., T. K. O'd. "Greaser" Habel in the 7th of a 12-rounder.

Bob Thornton punched through to another victory when he KO'd Oliver Buxton, a Newcastle footballer in round 4 in Sydney.

Rus Critcher drew with Keith Lawson at Wagga (N. S. W.) and outpointed Walter ("Kid") Lee at Leichhardt. Rus has fought about 30 times in the last 7 months and is showing signs of wear. And there's still nothing said about giving the lad a spell.

Bert Cossick knocked out Arthur Westley in the fifth round at Mt. Barker (S. A.).

Surely no one dreamt of a "no fight" decision in the Farrell-Terris bout! Yet that's just what happened, though Bill Lang let the affair drag on until the last round before sounding the cease fire. They're a promising pair, and it's queer how they managed to give such a poor display.

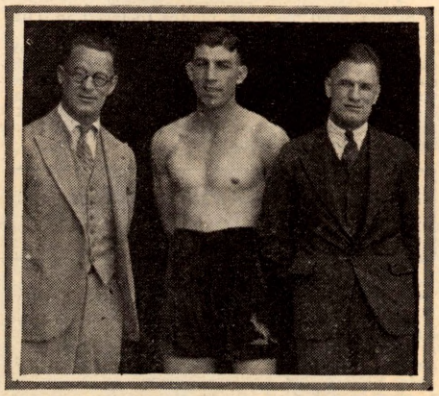
"It's a Long Road to Boxing Peaks," by Jack Kofoed in the April "Ring", could be read with advantage by some of what a well-known Sydney writer terms our "so-called managers of so-called boxers."

At the Unity, Perth, Joe Moore outpointed Kid (not Ken) McLure in 10 rounds.

N. B.—For the benefit of apparently uninformed correspondents, the postage rate from U. S. A. to Australia is five (5) cents. If you want attention don't ask the writer to pay double the deficiency on your letters.

N. B.—Again.—Boxers wishing to come to Australia for fights are advised, unless well-known, to get a testimonial as to their ability, from Nat Fleischer, THE RING Publisher. This is no Happy Hunting Ground for money-chasers, and it's only fair to state that NONE BUT THE BEST OR VERY-NEAR-BEST can hope to make a profitable trip. Visits by really good men should do a world of good for the game here; but others are, definitely, Not Wanted.

Finally, if it's not convenient for boxers to send their complete record, they should, at least, give a fairly explicit résumé of their activities during recent months. And when stating that opponents include Schmeling, Stribling, Chocolate, etc., the date, length of fight, and result are appreciated far more than the bare assertion: "I have fought Schmeling, etc." And that's that. Address me: 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia.



*Jack Haines, Australian middleweight champion, with manager and trainer*

## IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

**By J. A. ADEA**

CEFERINO GARCIA, after a three-year absence, staged a wonderful comeback by winning the welter title and beating Joe Hall. Rush Medina bested Dommy Reyes.

Joe Pahn, former navy lightweight champion, met defeat for the first time when M. Adriano kayoed him in the third round. Rush Martinez won over Little Samson in eight.

Little Pancho, brother of the late world champion Pancho Villa, stopped Joe Rivers in two rounds. Pancho seems headed for the championship.

Rough Dumaguilas beat Mariano Adriano in twelve rounds. Little Abayan outpointed Rush Martinez in eight rounds.

The veteran Irineo Flores, who insists on staging so many comebacks, lost to Frank Malinao in ten rounds.

Angel de la Cruz lost to Joe Velasco on a foul in the eighth round. Little Samsom won from Kid Joe.

Kid Vicente, lightweight champion, won the junior-lightweight title by outclassing Rough Dumaguilas in twelve rounds.

Ceferino Garcia retained his welterweight title when he easily outpointed Frank Malinao.

Pablo Daño bested Rush Amio in a ten-round contest, but the judges called it a draw.

Alberto Gretez, imported Spanish boxer, proved a failure when KO'd by M. Adriano, in the 5th round. Tony Sacramento stopped game Sammy Webb.

## IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

**By ANTHONY CHARLES**

YOUNG Panama Joe Gans who tried to make a comeback was knocked out in the seventh round by Kid Rodriguez.

Kid Caballero, the Calidonia pride won a two-round K. O. over David Duran.

Baby Quintana defeated Kid Juancito 15 rounds for the featherweight championship of the Isthmus.

Albin "Kid" Barber and Young Uzcudun battled eight interesting rounds to a draw.

Battling Ramos and Kid David battled to a draw in the Preliminary.

At Colon—Hook Dawson and Pedro Lemos battled eight rounds to a draw.

Kid Ambrosio stopped Dynamite Yamez in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Kid Alfonso defeated Young Godfrey in ten furious rounds. Both boys are middleweights.

Jimmy Stewart defeated Young Hurtado in six rounds.

Kid Froncoso took a decision over Kid Montana.

San Blas Kid won by a T. K. O. over Battling Rios.

Young Kid Barber defeated Kid Alfaro four rounds.

## FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA

**By H. C. KING**

RESULTS of the fights held at the Auditorium, follow: Dick Barnes, 143½, U. S. S. Houston, gained a T. K. O. over Marine Guhara.

Sailor Reed, 144½, U. S. Houston, and Marine Blackwood, U. S. M. C. fought 8 rounds to a draw.

Signalman Morris, 149, H. M. S. Suffolk, beat Herb Perstein, U. S. M. C. by decision.

Red Walsh, U. S. M. C., KO'd Kid Andre in the 4th round.

Babe Russ, 170½, local Russian, KO'd Lou Parker, U. S. S. Houston, in 4th round.

Frankie Remus, 162, U. S. S. Houston, won the middleweight title of China by scoring a T. K. O. over Jock Creighton in the 4th round.

## FROM SOUTH AFRICA

**By "GLOVES"**

CECIL "KID" COMO and Johnny Freeman are the latest American boxers to arrive in Africa. Como defeated Leslie Van Rooyen in his first fight at Ellis Park, Johannesburg. Como was affected by the high altitude and had considerable trouble breathing, yet he floored his man twice.

On the same card Joe Woods of California showed that his first knockout over Don McCorkindale wasn't a fluke by repeating the dose, this time by a clean K. O. in the 8th round. They are heavyweights.

Johnny Freeman made his debut against the veteran Johnny Squires and lost the decision after 15 rounds of fighting. The American was so peeved at the decision that he cancelled all future fights and returned to America.

On the same card Willie Smith, the Idol of the Rand, made a successful comeback when he defeated George Purchase of Cape Town over the 15-round route.

Ernie Eustace, former feather and lightweight king of South Africa made a comeback for the sole purpose of meeting Willie Smith, but Cecil "Kid" Como ruined these plans. The "Dixie Flash" won in a walk.

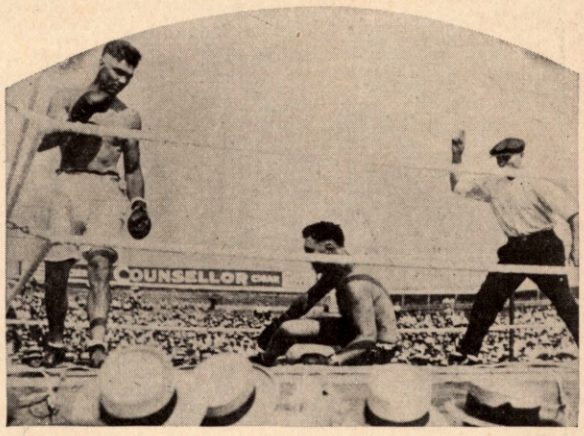
On the same card Willie Smith gave Sammy Shack, the globe-trotting American, a severe drubbing in 15 rounds. Shack fought a clever fight but was no match for his speedy African opponent.

Cecil "Kid" Como has boxed five exhibitions at various Amateur shows, always donating his services and has made himself one of the most popular American boxers that ever visited this country. Watch Como when he returns. He has everything and will make a hit.

# A Story with a PUNCH

## The Greatest Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

**324 Pages**
**142 Photos**



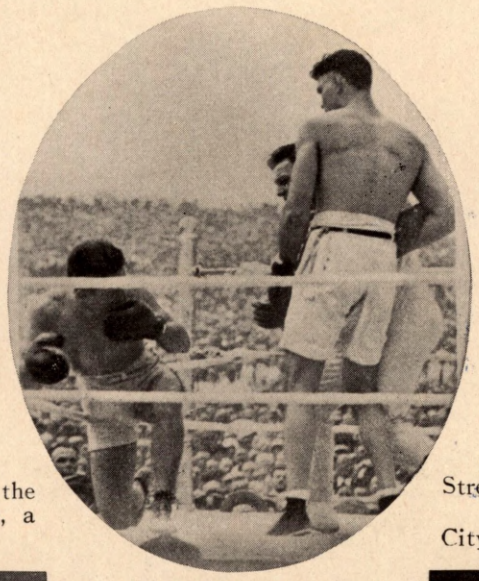

who knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact, anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.



*The first million dollar gate. Dempsey knocking out Georges Carpentier*

HIS THRILLING VICTORY over Jess Willard told in story and in pictures. His rise from the copper mines to a world's championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy, earning $2.50, to a pugilistic star drawing down a million dollars for a fight.

A Story with a Kick in Every Line.
A Knockout in Every Page.

The Most Thrilling Story of the most talked-of, most colorful and picturesque champion since the days of John L. Sullivan.

An intimate story and history combined of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy" and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

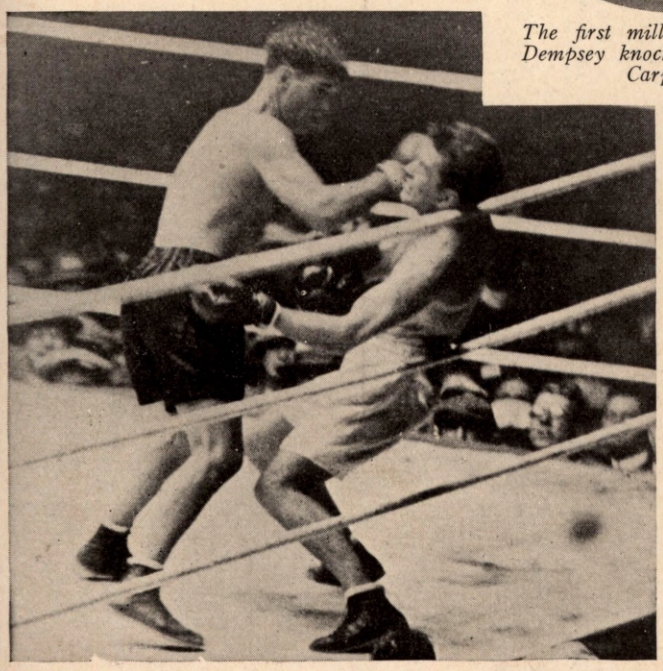
Send for it now. Cut this coupon and forward it with $2.00 to THE RING, 11 W. 42d Street, New York City.

Special De Luxe Edition, $10.00.

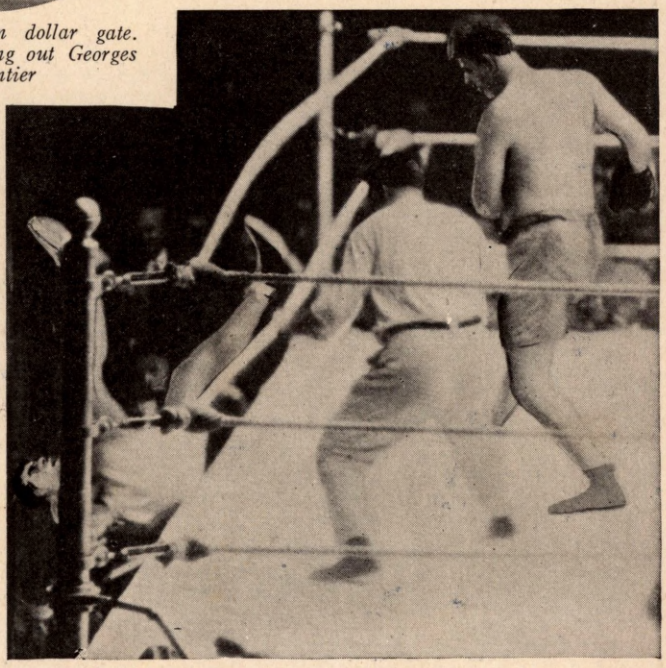
Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



*When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"*



*The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops*

# *Announcing* GENUINE BLUE WHITE DIAMONDS *at lowest prices* IN YEARS

**$50**

**FB 51** . . . Dazzling cluster of seven (7) expertly matched, genuine blue-white diamonds; newest style square prong 18-K Solid White Gold ring. Fashionable, baguette engraved sides. Looks like a $750. solitaire. *Only* $4.90 *a month.*

**$27.50**

**FB 48** . . . Wedding ring—beautifully hand engraved, Bridal Blossom design. Seven (7) expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds in latest style modern "step" setting of 18-K Solid White Gold. *Only* $2.65 *mo.*

**$50**

**FB 49** . . . Most popular of the new solitaires. Richly hand engraved square prong ring of 18-K Solid White Gold. Set with a perfect, genuine blue-white diamond and 2 matched genuine diamonds on sides. *Only* $4.90 *a month.*

*Engagement Rings in the modern mode.*



**$75**

**FB 54** . . . The **"Love-Link"** — new, square prong, engagement ring with the elegance and grace of much higher priced rings; offered now for only $75. Exquisitely hand engraved in every detail; 18-K Solid White Gold mounting; brilliant, perfect, genuine blue-white diamond in center and 4 matched genuine diamonds on the sides. **Special terms**; $5.00 with order. *Only* $7.00 *a month.*

**$48.50**

**FB 39** . . . **"America's Sweetheart"**—Ultra - modern 18 - K Solid White Gold engagement ring; dazzling, perfect, genuine blue-white diamond in center. 6 matched diamonds in engraved "step" effect sides. *Only* $4.75 *a month.*

**$25**

**FB 34** . . . Richly hand engraved 18-K Solid White Gold solitaire mounting; set with a fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. *Only* $2.40 a *month.*

**$75**

**FB 50** . . . Gentlemen's massive, "step" effect modern mounting of 18-K Solid White Gold or 14-K Solid Green Gold. Large, perfect blue-white diamond. **Special terms**; $5.00 with order. *Only* $7.00 *a mo.*

*Charming and Graceful*

**BENRUS BAGUETTE**

**$37.50**

**FB 52** . . . **Benrus Baguette** — petite, slender Wrist Watch for ladies! A baguette model for the first time at this low price. Engraved, white, permanent case. Guaranteed 15-jewel **Benrus** "shockproof" movement. Baguette effect link bracelet to match. *Only* $3.65 *a month.*

**$34.50**

**2 Diamonds**
**2 Emeralds or Sapphires**

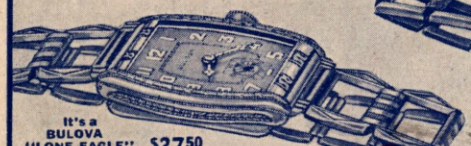
**FB 53** . . . **Diamond Wrist Watch.** Two (2) genuine diamonds and four (4) Sapphires or Emeralds. Beautifully engraved 14-K Solid White Gold case; Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Engraved open link bracelet to match. Unusual value! *Only* $3.35 a *month.*

**$19.75**

**FB 55** . . . "American Girl"—Beautifully engraved White Gold filled rectangular case. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Pierced, flexible wristacrat bracelet with Sapphire set stem. *Only* $1.87 *mo.*

**$22**

**FB 42** . . . Nationally advertised **Waltham** or **Elgin**; guaranteed accurate and dependable. Engraved white lifetime case. Fine engraved open link bracelet to match; with an extension center opening. $2.10 *a month.*



**It's a BULOVA "LONE EAGLE" $37.50**

**FB 40** . . . "Lone Eagle"—Dedicated to Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh—Handsomely engraved white permanent case, guaranteed 15-jewel **Bulova** precision movement. Radium hands and dial. Patented "dust-tite" protector. Engraved, open link bracelet; extension center opening. *Only* $3.65 *a mo.*

**GIFT CASE FREE**

Every article comes to you in a most beautiful and appropriate presentation case.

**$27.50**

**WALTHAM POCKET WATCH COMBINATION**

**FB 19** . . . Nationally advertised, tested and regulated 15-jewel **Waltham** movement; 20-year warranted, engraved White Gold filled, 12 size, thin model, decagon case. White Gold filled knife and fine Waldemar chain. All complete in handsome gift case. *Only* $2.65 *mo.*

**Sent for $1** Balance 10 MONTHS TO PAY

## Direct Diamond Importations and Large Volume Buying Enable Us to Offer UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES

Direct, diamond importations and over $2,000,000 in orders yearly in our national mail order and retail chain store system, give us tremendous advantages in the world's most important buying markets—these benefits we pass on to you in the greatest values in our history. Order now in full confidence—you will be delighted and surprised with our saving prices on genuine blue-white diamonds, fine standard watches and exquisite, modern jewelry. No extra charge for the convenience of dignified liberal credit.

**HOW TO ORDER** Just send $1.00 with your order and your selection comes to you on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. NO C.O.D. TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.** After full examination and free trial, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.** You have the full privilege of 10 days free trial—if not completely satisfied, return shipment at our expense and the entire deposit will be refunded. Our written guarantee bond accompanies every diamond and watch purchased.

**ALL DEALINGS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL — NO EMBARRASSING INVESTIGATIONS—10 MONTHS TO PAY!** No interest—no extras—no red tape; you take no risk. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

(Residents of New York City and vicinity, who prefer, are invited to call in person at our salesrooms for these marvelous values.)

**ADULTS! SEND FOR OUR NEW FREE CATALOGUE!**

Completely illustrated new catalogue describing hundreds of very special values in genuine, blue-white diamonds from $25. to $1000.; also Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Howard, Illinois Watches, on credit at cash prices — watches from $12.50 and upward; special bargains in smart modern jewelry and silverware. Write today for your free copy.

ESTABLISHED 1895

# ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

Address: DEPT. 121-V — 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.